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The Harvard Illustrated Magazine

VOLUME VII.

OCTOBER, 1905.

NUMBER 1.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

ARTHUR EVANS WOOD, '06..... *Editor-in-Chief*

HARRIES ARTHUR MUMMA, '07..... *Secretary*

HAROLD FIELD KELLOGG, '06..... *Art Editor*

GUY CLINTON TOWNSEND, '06

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Its aim is, chiefly, to portray the current events of college life in timely articles upon matters interesting both to students and graduates. As an illustrated historical record, therefore, it becomes increasingly valuable. The ILLUSTRATED offers opportunities for men of literary, artistic or business ability to train themselves by actual practice. While endeavoring to be a representative publication the Magazine is by no means limited to University affairs, and, therefore, does not restrict its field exclusively to the work of students and alumni.

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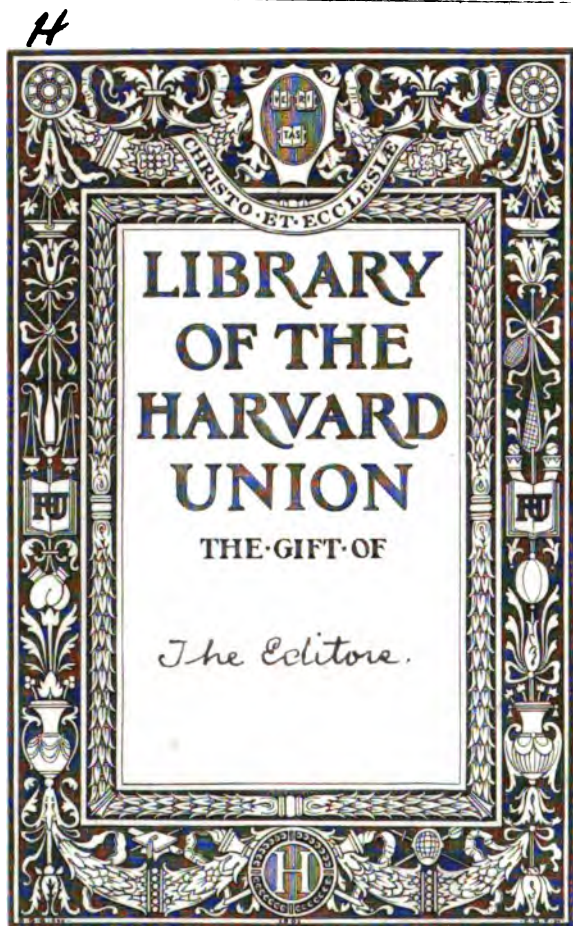
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THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



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EMERSON'S EMPIRICISM.

BY HORATIO W. DRESSER.

There are two classes of men who have profoundly influenced mankind, those who have dwelt near the sources and by their genius have brought the supreme realities of life near, and those who have rendered scientifically explicit the laws, principles and logical implications of our natural human experience. Men of the latter type are able to give reasons for the faith that is in them, and they seldom venture beyond the limits of well-recognized rational authority. Representatives of the former class are usually free, unconventional, and only partially able to justify their dicta. The distinction is roughly that which separates the man of science and the philosopher from the poet, although a great genius may be both philosopher and poet. Again, the distinction is that by which the empiricist of the practical school is separated from the rationalist. Emerson belongs among the empiricists of the poetic type. Few writers in any age have written more confidently concerning the original sources of human experience, few have more consistently carried out their higher empiricism. Yet his is not the consistency of explicit reason. The incongruities of form which have puzzled the rhetoricians and

wearied those whose criterion is the letter rather than the spirit, are due to the fact that for him there is another sort of connectedness which experience alone can reveal. Hence the clue to Emerson is a certain spirit.

In the first place, Emerson's empiricism pertains to the individual. What a man is, his own deeper spontaneities must show him. When he finds himself giving voice to original and engaging sentiments he should believe those intimations of his own soul's message, make note of them and report them, though he fail to see their mutual bearings. When the divine fire burns, the hour is too sacred to devote to other displays of power. The man who knows what true self-reliance is has already advanced far on the road to reality.

In the next place, this empiricism relates to the pursuit of truth. He who really loves truth must expect to put up with a great amount of uncertainty with respect to life's next developments. To love truth is to be willing to cast oneself adrift from precisely those moorings where truth is ordinarily said to be found, to be unsettled and to unsettle. Again, it means entire allegiance to the revelation of to-day, even if that mes-



EMERSON HALL.

sage contradict yesterday's report. It means relative unconcern when other men eclipse our little scheme by a wider system of their own. It means an austere fidelity which is in due time rewarded by the inspirations of the unexpected. Thus the truth-seeker mounts to victory on "the stairway of surprise."

More important, however, is the spiritual bearing of this empiricism. Emerson sincerely believed in the existence of an over-element, an added something which made its presence known by a higher law. This doctrine of the Over-soul has been claimed by various devotees of other cults, as if Emerson were forsooth a Hindoo or some other sort of mystic. But there is neither external nor internal evidence for this. When Emerson read, it was not to discover and report in scientific fashion precisely what other men believed, he read to find Emerson. In his essay on Plato, for instance, he declares that Plato had no system. But the fault lay with Emerson. Hence Emerson on Plato should be read before one reads Plato. If Emerson borrowed or reported he re-stated what pleased him. The Over-soul is Emerson himself reporting what he saw on the supernal heights. If you would know the reality whereof he speaks you must put yourself in corresponding relations. That Emerson on the heights witnessed somewhat that was superlatively absorbing is the great fact alike in his prose and in his verse. He well knew that if he could tell what he beheld all men would be there, too. But to tell—that was the difficulty. Yet unless one knows that higher experience in some measure, Emerson at his best is a sealed book. It were futile to test the validity of

Emerson's report by considering whether his propositions logically cohere. Yet it is not because Emerson misunderstands or disparages rational philosophy that he pursues his own somewhat random method. He saw certain defects in all systems, that a reality was left over which the system-makers were unable to classify. This element was to Emerson the test of all reality. Hence he found a faithful report more satisfactory than a system. In his *Natural History of Intellect* he sought to justify this method to some extent, but Emerson making himself explicit is never equal to Emerson the genius. Hence to test the truth of his sayings, one must take him at his word and experimentally adopt the same method.

The significance of Emerson in relation to a philosophic age in which practical interests very largely prevail is that as seer and prophet Emerson announced in spiritual terms a doctrine that is now becoming explicit as a pragmatic method. His pragmatism is not, however, of the pluralistic type. He is profoundly convinced of the divine unity of things, and his empiricism consists in the faithful portrayal of that unity. The reports of his insights are no doubt in fragmentary form, but meanwhile, Emerson is no fragment. He did not apply his empiricism as later pragmatists have done, nor did he even formulate his method as a test of truth. But these developments of his central insight are after all secondary. The important consideration is the quality of his thought, what he was, what he stood for. It is much more important to understand his spiritual empiricism than to undertake to classify his teachings in their relation to German idealism, or to

any other philosophy by which he was in part aided in the expression of his genius. That the realities of the Spirit existed at first-hand for every soul was his profound belief. Hence his teachings are from first to last very much in

line with a notable tendency in American life and thought, namely, the desire to experience and to know for one's self, to accept no man's word as authority, but to stand for the independence of the individual mind.



OPPORTUNITIES OF HARVARD MEN FOR SOCIAL SERVICE.

BY A. E. WOOD.

I read last June of an enthusiastic reception given to a Harvard man by a group of men in the north end of Boston that many times had been delighted by his music. Happy man! For here was one who had chosen to work during a part of his time for others. With most of us it is indisputable that the right kind of social service is valuable to him that renders it. There are, moreover, only a few that deny that Social Service work, as carried on in various settlement houses, is morally and physically strengthening to the people in the more shabby parts of our cities. A service, then, that helps him who gives and those that receive should recommend itself favorably to Harvard men. That it does so is shown by the fact that last year over 200 Harvard men were working at different times in institutions in Cambridge and Boston. In spite of this showing, however, the objection is often

made that a man before attempting philanthropic work should finish his college course; that college life should be one of pure acquisition. To this, I would say that no life at any time beyond infancy can well be spent in merely acquiring, and that the more the opportunities of a man are for getting, the more does his life need the leaven of giving. What then are some of our chances for helping a little in the outside world?

First, I should mention as of peculiar interest to Harvard men, the work done in connection with the South End House at 20 Union Park, Boston. Here resides the man who holds the University South End House Fellowship. For the coming year, this institution could well use a dozen men. Some are needed to conduct debating clubs in the district. Men are wanted also to coach the checker team, so that the boys



T Wharf, Boston, where some of the magazines are sent.

may learn to play a scientific game; to take charge of the foot-ball team; to drill the boys in basket-ball and in other athletic sports. Again, volunteer attendants are wanted for the room where the boys bring their books evenings, that they may prepare their lessons in a quiet place. Here is a fine chance for five or six fellows to co-operate, each agreeing to attend one evening a week during the college year. These are not all the things that could be done by college fellows even at this one institution; and there are dozens of such places in different parts of Cambridge and Boston requiring willing hands for the same kind of work.

Secondly, there are plenty of other opportunities for such as are not tactful or sympathetic with boys. Men who have had good musical training are greatly in demand. A fellow who plays the piano or violin well can find no more sincerely attentive audience than he will have among those to whom music is a luxury.

There is furthermore a kind of work in which every member of the university is likely to be able to participate, I refer to the clothing and magazine collections undertaken every spring and fall by the Social Service Committee. The clothes and reading matter gath-



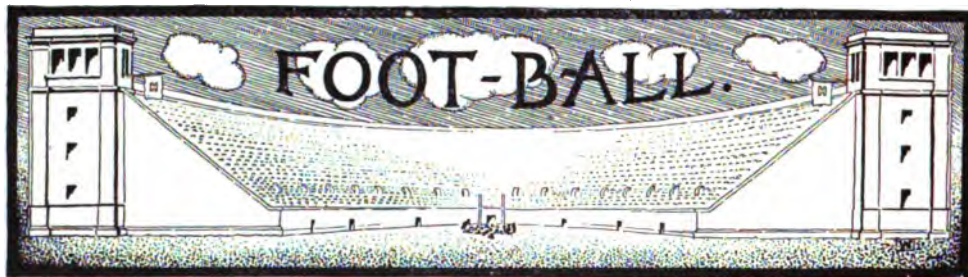
South Bay Union — Work Shop of the South End House.

ered in are sent where they may do the most good in or out of Boston. It would be an excellent scheme, saving of time and trouble both to the donors and collectors, if men kept in their rooms, boxes into which they could throw, from time to time, clothes, papers, and books for the committee.

I have mentioned but a few of the ways by which Harvard men can co-operate in this wonderful modern movement of organized philanthropy. The clubs of the Riverside Alliance, the work of teaching at the Prospect and Social Unions need helpers from the college community. The Harvard method is not to make a great display, either of what has been done, or of what might be done, but rather to accept tacitly what chances come our way, and then — to work. Some trouble there

has been with men who, after they agree to do work, "peter out." This difficulty, and the embarrassment resulting therefrom, can be avoided in the future by greater care in the selection of men. Those who are willing to offer themselves as ready to take part in some branch of the work will find full particulars from Mr. Groves, whose office is in Phillips Brooks House.

Finally while we, as Harvard men are thinking of Social Service opportunities let us not forget that during the course of the year some of our acquaintances are liable to be housed temporarily in our own hospital. In such cases, if we have the genius for friendly visiting, let us not forget to go to our unfortunate neighbors, and cheer them up with a copy of the *Lampoon* or of the latest *Monthly*.



THE YALE, PENNSYLVANIA, AND HARVARD FOOT-BALL MATERIAL FOR THE SEASON OF 1905.

BY GUY C. TOWNSEND.

"What are our chances in foot-ball this year?" is a query that is heard on every lip these first days of college. A thousand different answers are made to this absorbing athletic question, all the way from the cheerful prediction of one of our neighboring college dailies that

"Harvard has seven of the best men back in college from her strong team of last year and the outlook at Cambridge this year is very bright. Certainly Harvard cannot complain of a lack of heavy experienced material," to the gloomiest pessimist who cannot even

imagine a Harvard foot-ball victory over Yale, and who sees a sure defeat at the hands of "Penn" again this season.

How the material now in hand at Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania, will be developed into one first-class eleven from each institution is a matter that rests solely in the hands of the various coaching corps of each college. What luck each head coach is to have in the matter of injuries is a matter of chance.

But more important than either of these, in the determination of the result of this year's foot-ball campaign, is the kind of stuff from which Harvard and her great rivals must build their elevens.

Yale finds herself without a ready-made line of experienced giants from tackle to tackle, and immediately the daily papers have it that "the Blue is already beaten by the Crimson in their annual gridiron clash," etc.; and the term "Yale's light-weight eleven" is thrown upon the public as the battle cry from New Haven in the preliminary politics of the foot-ball season.

From last year's 'varsity eleven Yale has two men for a nucleus for her line: Captain Shevlin, weight 190 pounds, and chosen for three successive years, all America end; and Tripp, height six feet two inches, weight 205 pounds, with 'varsity experience at both Yale and the University of Chicago. In addition to this another rock around which the Blue line will be built is Forbes, the old Wesleyan captain, who was ineligible for the Yale team last year, but of whom Head Coach Owsley of Yale declares: "he throws every other tackle in the country in the shade." Forbes is already conceded the position of left tackle at New Haven.



Capt. Hurley.

Centre on the Yale line is now being played by Flanders, who, though he has never played regularly on the New Haven eleven, has had the experience of two or three years as a substitute on the 'varsity. Flander's physical qualifications are: height, six feet three inches, weight 205 pounds. With these four men on the line there remains room for only two "light-weights," Erwin and



Brill, Tackle.

Russell, both mature men over the six foot mark, and both having foot-ball experience which makes them the candidates for the vacant left guard. Right end and especially right tackle appear to be bothering the Yale coaches more than any of the other positions.

In the back field Yale lost from last year's team that played in the Harvard

game only quarter back Rockwell. Jones, last year's quarter at Exeter, is now playing at New Haven, and according to daily reports "his work is the feature of the practice." The array of Yale half back, full back, and kicking material at hand at New Haven is most formidable. Morse, height five feet eleven inches, weight 170; right half back, Hoyt, six feet one inch, 178; left half, Flinn, full back, five feet eleven inches, weight 175, make a strapping trio of backs that could face a team now as well as they faced Harvard last fall. Quill, Roome, and Veeder, are other Yale backs so nearly on a par with the three from last year's eleven that it is hard to choose between the two groups. Another back of prominence at New Haven now, and one who is an unusually good punter, is Zimowski, a former Brown full back. In fact, the question of punting is well settled for Yale by the fact that Veeder, Hoyt, Jones, Roome, and Zimowski are all strong punters.

An excellent preparatory school quarter back and a splendid array for halves and full back, together with Shevlin, Tripp, Forbes, and Flanders in the line, make the "material" situation at Yale.

The situation at Pennsylvania is frankly cheerful. From last season's championship team, Lampson, tackle; Ziegler, guard; Torrey, centre; Stephenson, quarter, and Reynolds and Green, half backs, are out as candidates for the 1905 eleven. These men were all regulars last year. Weede, sub end, considered by many a superior to the regular end; Sinkler, from last year's team, and Folwell, sub full back, who was beaten out for a regular position only by Smith, are further recruits for this year. Some of the promising new men

at Penn. are, tackles: Draper, 5 feet 11½ inches in height, weight 203 pounds; Zilligen, 6 feet, 221 in weight; guards: Horr, 5 feet 10½ inches, 242 pounds in weight; Junk, 6 feet 2½ inches, weight 215; Hobson, 6 feet 1½ inches, weight 201; Robinson, 5 feet 8 inches, weight 203, and others, including Bankhard the last year's Exeter centre. With these men and the veterans Lampson and Ziegler both 200 pound men, Penn will have a line from tackle to tackle that will average over 200 pounds. Not only this but each of the line men will have height and speed.

And Harvard,—on paper seven men from last year's 'varsity,—Montgomery at end, Brill and Squires at tackles; White and Parker at guards; Starr at quarter, and Captain Hurley at half back. Added to these men there are

the following on the squad this year who won their "II" as substitutes last year, Leary, end; McFaddon, guard; Cunniff, centre; Nesmith and Wendell, half backs. But these men are from an eleven that had the most disastrous season that Harvard has experienced in years. Montgomery has been shifted to tackle from end on account of a lack of speed. No one who follows the foot-ball work each afternoon on the side lines, regards either Leary or Pruyn as possible men for end this year. Both Brill and Squires will have to move faster than they are now doing at tackle if they are to hold those positions successfully. White has been shifted to centre from which he has recently been displaced by Cunniff. Parker has not yet had a chance to show what he could do at guard this year as he has been laid off





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into his front pockets, just as if he were afraid the names might slip out of them.

"Ah, but look here," I replied, holding before their eyes a bag of red candy I had bought in the village.

As if I had restored their speech, or were calling for their names at a Christmas party, they both eagerly cried out:

"Ruth Glines! Eddie Glines!"

Eddie at once sat down on his legs, and began chewing the candy, now and then lapping his fingers. Ruth leaned against me as I sat on my hard pillow. There we nibbled for some time without speaking a word, while the old tree hummed easily for company. All at once Eddie exclaimed (and his eyes were very wide open as he said it),

"You don't know where my grandpa is, do you?" As he asked this Ruth's candy dropped into the pine needles and got all stuck up, but picking it up again, she slowly rubbed it off on the front of her dress.

Though somewhat surprised at the question, I began to guess where his grandpapa might be.

"He's gone down to the village to get a package of nails," I said.

But Ruth and Eddie just shook their heads, while I looked puzzled.

"He's out in the pasture chopping down scrub oaks," I ventured again.

This time Eddie drew out a long "N-n-n-o-o-o-o-," and Ruth looked way down into the ground. It took all my courage to suggest once more.

"He's in the orchard picking off the early apples."

I couldn't see Ruth's face, for she had two or three curls drawn around into her mouth; but Eddie looked as if I had guessed farther away than ever.



"Well, my dear boy, where is your grandpapa?" I finally had to ask in despair.

"He's dead!" Eddie exclaimed, just as if I ought to have known; and as he said it he looked at Ruth, who assented by bobbing her head slowly.

I felt very sorry for asking the question, especially as neither of them said a word, and there was no noise at all, except that we could hear the wind blowing on the branches up in the top of the old tree, while an occasional needle fluttered down to the ground.

At last Ruth said it was time to go to bed, and made me lie down and put my head on the stone I had been sitting on. I wanted to keep my eyes open, and watch the sun sparkle through the limbs over my head, but Eddie, putting his hands over my eyes told me I was asleep.

Then they both lay down. Eddie at first began to snore, but awoke again long enough to say,

"Now the first one that gets to sleep must holler."

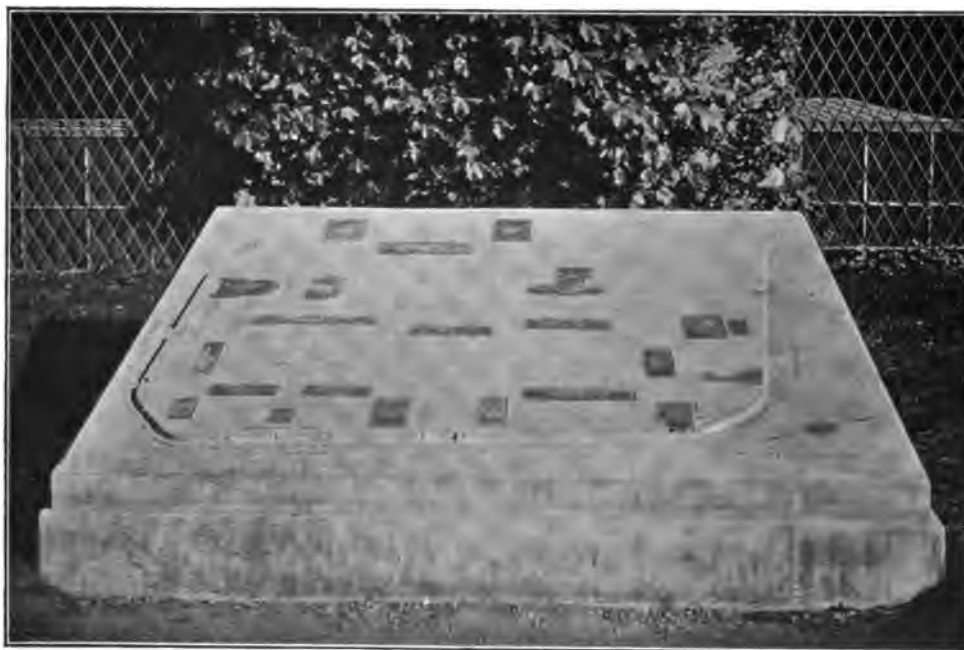
THE WORK OF THE HARVARD MEMORIAL SOCIETY.

BY H. A. MUMMA.

The most recent undertaking of the Harvard Memorial Society during the summer has been to place a cement block, representing a plan of the Yard, in front of University. The location of each building within the Yard is indicated, with the date of its erection; and each gate of the Fence bears the name of the class or of the individual that gave it. The Yard itself is divided into tracts as it was acquired by the University. Upon each tract is given the date of acquisition, and name of former owner, except in two cases: one where the block is marked simply "Be-

fore 1642," the name of owner being unknown; and the other where the block is marked "Ox Pasture." In this latter exception the plot belonged to the town, having been used as a public pasture. The date of its acquisition being unknown.

Besides placing this block the Memorial Society has been engaged in numerous similar enterprises since its foundation in 1895. It has caused bronze tablets to be placed on Massachusetts, Hollis, Stoughton, and Harvard, giving a very brief history of the buildings. The stone in front of Wadsworth



Cement Block, representing plan of the Yard.

was erected by the Society; a guide book of the University has been published; lists of the occupants of each room in Hollis, Stoughton, and Holworthy, have been placed in the halls and rooms of these buildings, and a similar list is in preparation of the former occupants of Massachusetts. An act of filial piety, of which few know, was performed several years ago by the Society when the grave of a former President of the University in the cemetery on the corner of Massachusetts and Huron Avenues was repaired.

The next undertaking of the Society will probably be the marking of the site of old Stoughton, which used to stand

east of Harvard and Massachusetts Halls.

The Memorial Society was organized in 1895, chiefly by Prof. Norton, Mr. Windsor, the librarian at the time, and Professor Hart. Mr. Windsor was the first President; Prof. Norton the next, and he was succeeded by Prof. Palmer, the President at this time. The funds of the Society to carry on its praiseworthy work are rather limited, derived mainly from a small fund at its disposal, the initiation fees of its members, and contributions, such as were received from former occupants of Hollis, Stoughton and Holworthy to prepare the lists put up last year.



THE SONG OF THE NYMPH.

By PAUL BARR KAYSER.

"Oh miller, my miller, come live with me
 Beneath the crystal wave –
 Far under lake and ocean stream
 My kingdom lies as in a dream –
The rarest sweets I'll serve to thee,
If thou wilt come beneath the sea
 Unto my emerald cave.

"Oh miller, my miller, if thou wouldst see
 A land of reigning joy,
 Where nymphs are sporting in the light,
 And precious jewels please the sight,
Then come where love is free;
In endless mirth and jollity
 We will our time employ!

"Oh miller, my miller, if thou wouldst know
 What mortal could never dream,
 Then come and I will be thy bride,
 To sing and frolic by thy side –
The fairest sights the earth may show
Are nothing to what lies below
 In the fantastic gleam!"

"THE SCARLET LETTER"—AN APPRECIATION.

BY J. E. S.

To draw from the unromantic, unbending life of Puritan New England, materials for a romance as engrossing as any story of the Middle Ages, was the work of Hawthorne in the *Scarlet Letter*. For, while on the surface is portrayed the solemnity of the Puritan institutions and ideals, yet enveloped in this grim atmosphere is a fantastic tale that shines forth from its gloomy surroundings, like the lights of a distant city at dusk. The story is the time-worn tale of the husband, the wife and the lover, told with all the power of an imaginative genius and artistic temperament. The author, drawing aside the veil of features merely superficial in the Puritan life, shows us the vivid reality in romance that is there. Such was a work of art peculiarly adapted to Hawthorne's sensitive nature.

The novel begins and ends with tragedy. The opening scene of Hester Prynne, standing with her babe on the scaffold in the market place of Boston, together with the closing scene of the confession and death on the same scaffold of Arthur Dimmesdale, Puritan preacher and her lover, forms a composite whole. Hester, disgraced in the public eye, and condemned to wear the scarlet letter as a token of her guilt, develops that strength and beauty of character which results from philosophic thought and charitable deeds. Dimmesdale, adored by the public as a saintly man, pines away under a tormenting conscience until he is forced to find re-

lief in an open avowal of his crime. The minister's ordeal is made doubly hard by the husband of Hester, who, assuming the name of Roger Chillingworth, determines to take revenge by playing upon the conscience of his offender. Between these elements of the narrative, the half-wild, elf-child, Hester, is both a connecting and disjoining factor. Characters and situation, then, combine to produce a unique romance.

If, however, the conception of the novel is artistic, the characters are even more so. Little Pearl has drawn from her mother's passionate nature, a wild and flighty disposition. She is a curious mixture of affection and cruelty. She is Hester's sole comfort, as well as the constant reminder of her mother's guilt. She twines her arms about Hester only to kiss the scarlet letter and brand it deeper into her mother's breast. Though she continually, by word and deed, keeps alive in one memory the scarlet letter, that we would fain forget in the exemplary life of Hester, yet she fascinates. We eagerly read of her, though we are always glad to turn the page to new events. She is the Scylla that attracts, only to draw us upon the rocks of despair. Intellect, beauty and almost savage cruelty unite in this child to make her a fitting offspring of crime that savors of delicacy.

Passing from the realm of fantasy in which Pearl is enshrouded, in considering the characters of Dimmesdale and

Chillingworth, we enter that very real world, where conscience and passion struggle for mastery. Though these are the characters of action in the book, the interest of their action lies rather in mental than in physical activity. The very souls of the men are laid bare for our inspection. Chillingworth, who is a skilled leech, maliciously conceives the idea of taking his revenge by ministering to the physical ailments that he may gloat over the mental torture of his victim. Such a process transforms a man of intellectual and studious temperament to a veritable fiend. Truly, to become the devil one has merely to do the devil's tasks! In Dimmesdale, on the other hand, we see a sensitive and refined nature breaking down under the pangs of a guilty conscience. His parishioners believe him the more holy because of his dejection. This deceit serves but to intensify his misery. He is naturally a lover of truth, but his life is a lie. "To the untrue man the whole universe is false." In the blackness of the night, he stands upon the scaffold where Hester had stood. He confesses his crime to the empty air; yet on the following morning he stirs his congregation by his holy eloquence. More vivid still is the antithesis in his moral degradation, after planning to escape with Hester to a happier clime. Better the sorrow that results from facing the consequences of guilt than the sensual and false joy that arises from an effort to escape just retribution.

The *Scarlet Letter*, however, is re-

markable not only in its exquisite antitheses and sublime climaxes, but also in its philosophic spirit. Professor Wendell has said in his literary history of America, "The essence of the romantic spirit is that the artist, whatever his conception, is always aware of the infinite mysteries which lie beyond it." Of such a spirit the *Scarlet Letter* is a striking example. The author bids us to consider the subtle problems of life and of human relations, but leaves them unsolved. He is the artist who suggests the moral by the picture, rather than the philosopher who expounds it. The *Scarlet Letter*, with all its significance, burns its way into our memory, there to remain till the dawn of a new and better era. It is grotesquely reflected in the armorial bearings of the Puritan manor-houses; it is mimicked in a thousand different ways by little Pearl; and it is even flashed across the heavens by the fiery trail of a comet. The tone of the book, however, is good. Though we lay it down with a sigh and almost with despair, we read it again with enthusiasm. In this repeated reading, we always glean some new truth; some new phase of the divine order of things,—the sorrow in the transgression and the peace and joy in the fulfilling of the law. The cloak of the novel is its environment in the gray and hazy period of New England Puritanism; its heart is in the warring of those vital human forces that are the life of romance, and which beautifully to express is the height of art.






WORK.

(From an address by the late Emile Zola to the Paris students.)

"Gentlemen, I presume to offer you a faith; yes, I beseech you to put your trust and your faith in work. Toil, young men, toil! I am keenly conscious of the triteness of the advice. It is the seed which is sewn at every distribution of prizes in every school, and sown in rocky soil, but I ask you to reflect upon it, because I, who have been nothing but a worker, am a witness to its marvellously soothing effects upon the soul. The work I allude to is daily work; the duty of moving one step forward in one's allotted task every day. How often in the morning have I taken my place at my table, my head, so to say, lost, my mouth bitter, my mind tortured by some terrible suffering — and every time, in spite of the feeling of rebellion, after the first minutes of agony, my task proved a balm and a consolation. I have invariably risen from my daily work, my heart throbbing with pain, but firm and erect, able and willing to live till the morrow. Yes! work is the only one great law of the world which leads organized matter slowly but steadily to its unknown goal. Life has no other meaning, and our mission here is to contribute our share to the total sum of labor, after which we vanish from the earth!"





GREETING TO 1909.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ILLUSTRATED begs to call attention to the changes in its editorial board for the coming year. The purpose of the magazine shall be to represent in its columns the athletic, debating, dramatic, literary, philanthropic, and general interests of the college throughout the year; it will endeavor to present timely articles upon popular subjects. The very fact that last year, a special magazine to represent the debating interests of the college was started, but discontinued, seems to show that THE ILLUSTRATED might do a service to the cause of debating. Its name reminds us that it is the only college journal that attempts on a considerable degree to give place to photographic art. It is impossible that each activity in the college have its own publication. If, therefore, THE ILLUSTRATED can serve any worthy interest that needs a voice in the college journals, its editors will be only too glad to do so.

The decrease in the number of freshmen this year, as compared to the size of the entering class last year, not in the least dampens our welcome to 1909. Though it is a fine thing to be "the largest entering class on record," yet, after all, to excel in mere numbers is small cause for congratulation. We look with pleasure to 1909, because we expect men of that class to make up in quality what is lacking in quantity. To surpass in athletics, in debating, in scholarship, or in general worthiness is the happy opportunity open to the members of each entering class. To make the college better than he finds it is a high ideal, worthy the effort of every freshman. To this endeavor smaller numbers may be even favorable.

For example, for the purpose of stimulating class spirit a comparatively small class has a decided advantage; large classes have to overcome the cold momentum of numbers. Class unity then is one of the very precious sentiments that 1909 can easily foster. The assertion is often made by the defendant of the small college that in any class at Har-

vard general homogeneity of interests is but occasional. If, then, the freshmen will show us new examples of universal good-will, fresh instances of class enthusiasm, they will bring honor to themselves and to the college.

With every class lies the great responsibility of preserving the good that has gone before. We assuredly expect the men of 1909 to do this; but we honor them with the hope that they will teach us even new lessons in earnest endeavor and hearty fellowship.



HARVARD INDIFFERENCE.

So much have we heard of Harvard "indifference" during the opening days of college that we have almost convinced ourselves that we are indifferent. Unconsciously we become what we fear. Would it not be better if Freshmen were told in the opening homilies to avoid "nonchalance?" Not knowing what this meant, many of them might escape the fear of indifference. As it is, however, that vague attitude called "indifference" is, we believe, fostered by too much talking against it.

The peculiar quality of Harvard men (if they have any) rather than stolid indifference is perhaps an apparent reticence, bred by the largeness of the college. Ties between men in any institution are hard to realize just in proportion to the size of the organization. It is easy and natural for men to cherish affection for one another in the club, in the church, or in the home; but in

larger groups—in the university, in the city, or in the State—men tend to become strangers to all outside of their nearest associates. In these latter communities it takes effort to appreciate the common bonds between men. "Deep calls unto deep." In Harvard, as in every other great body of men, there is the danger of being crushed into smallness by the weight of one's private interests. When this evil assails it is worth the effort to strive for that enlarged perspective that desires the welfare of each and all.



DORMITORY CREWS.

Great praise is due to the ones that devised the new system of dormitory crews. This scheme aiming to popularize rowing as a sport is proposed most opportunely at this season when foot-ball tends to eclipse every other athletic interest. Not only the predominance of foot-ball, but also the very nature of rowing, as formerly conducted, hampered the progress of that sport. The facts that but a small number of men are needed on the "Varsity" crews, and that but two or three great races are rowed, have often restrained inexperienced fellows from competing for places on the crew. With the dormitory system, however, greater opportunity for partaking in the sport will be given. From this larger chance should result a much greater interest in rowing on the part of the undergraduates. Many men will take up the exercise who never would have done so

under the old conditions. This will be a good thing for the men, as rowing is perhaps the cleanest and best of sports. The change will also be a good thing for our "Varsity" prospects as we may reasonably suppose that henceforth coaches will have more material from which to choose.

Besides these large results which we hope for, the new system should tend to create an *esprit de corps* in the life of the different dormitories — a thing that we may gladly welcome.

EMERSON HALL.

It will be a great pleasure to the philosophical students of the University when the Department of Philosophy moves from its multifarious quarters in the periphery of the yard to the splendidly equipped Emerson Hall. The article upon Emerson's Empiricism, which we print in another part of this issue, aims to suggest to students unacquainted with his work, the spirit of that great man. The accompanying picture tells, more than can mere words, that he did not live and preach in vain. Just how much self-reliance Emerson gleaned from Harvard as a youth, or how much of independence Harvard men have learned from Emerson since he taught here can never be exactly ascertained. But the important thing for us is, that now with our new and beautiful hall, the memory of the man becomes a part of our every day experience. The beauty of his spirit is crystallized before us.

In the spring of 1903, when the corner-stone was laid, Professor Münsterburg closed his address with some such words as these, "Happy, happy is that university which can write the name of Emerson over the door of its hall of Philosophy." And may we not add: Happy are those who are privileged to enter and study under the great successors of Emerson.

DEBATING.

The plans for the organization of the Freshman Debating Society recall to many upperclassmen pleasant memories of their freshman year. The help that *debating* renders toward self-control, and the knowledge of current events it gives are invaluable in one's education. But it is not of these advantages that we now wish to speak. The great educational opportunities in *debating* are sometimes thought to be offset by the fact that debating work is confining. A man should seek recreation in athletics rather than in debating. The value of debating, however, lies not merely in the training it gives the mind. Besides being an excellent study, *debating* gives happy opportunities for making friends. The humor and good-natured repartee in almost every debate creates a delightful atmosphere of friendliness. To this fact many upperclassmen will assent. Some will even say that their best friends were found and won in the Freshman Debating Club. In every class many will go

into debating with the intention of doing hard, consistent work. These are the ones that have made Harvard's excellent debating reputation. But there are even

more that go into debating for the good purpose of making friends among their classmates. Let us hope we will have many debaters of each kind from 1909.

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Green, '09: "Gosh, that so! What did yer get?"

Fox, '08: "Ma sent a chicken from home!"



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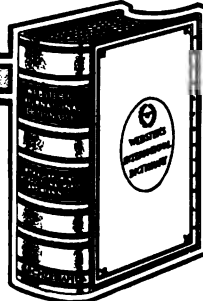
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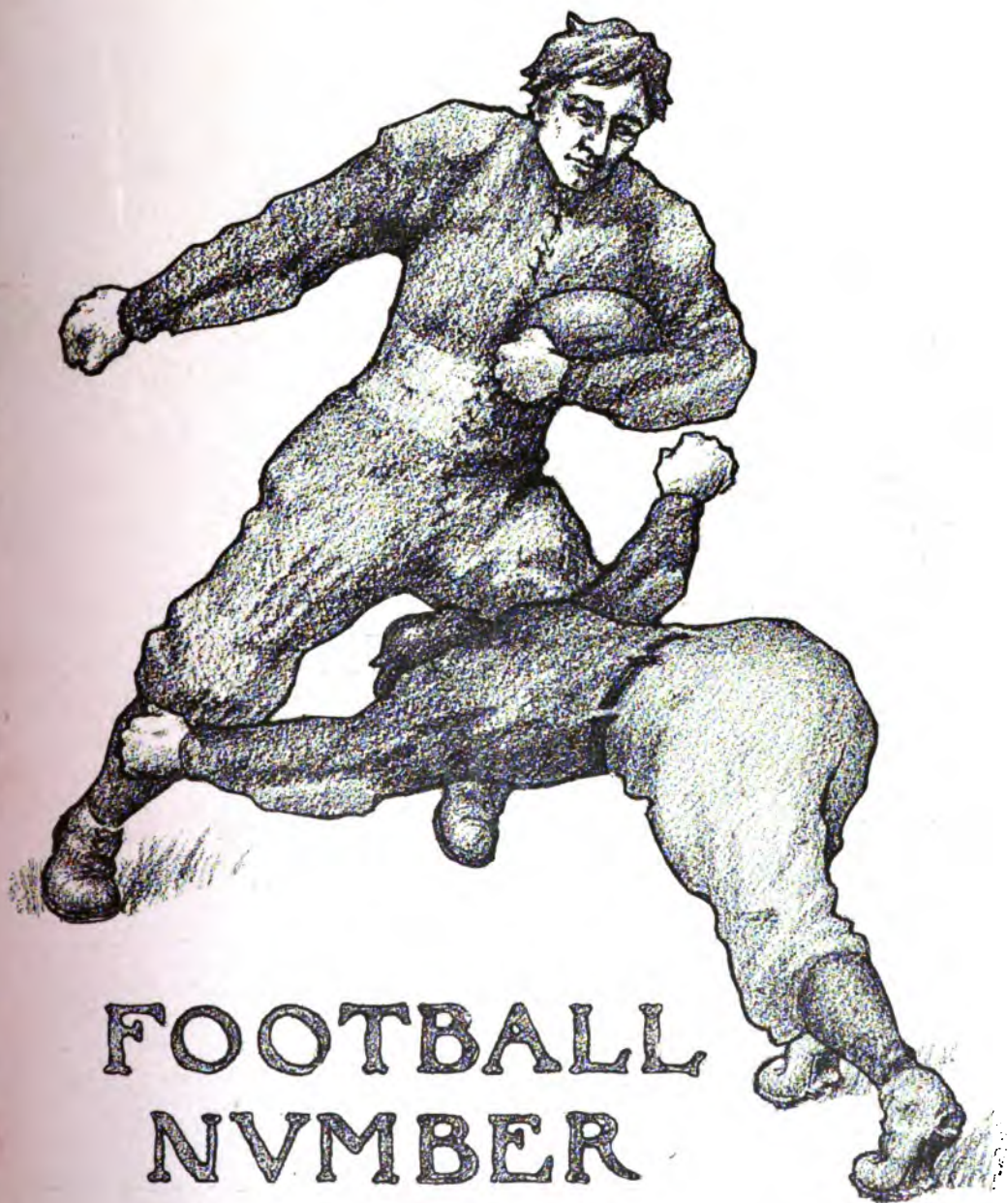
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The Harvard Illustrated Magazine

VOLUME VII.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

NUMBER 2.

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All Business Communications should be sent to the Business Manager, P. G. Lamson, 42 Mt. Auburn Street, Cambridge, Mass.

All mail matter, other than business communications, should be sent to the Secretary, H. A. Mumma, 42 Mt. Auburn Street, Cambridge.

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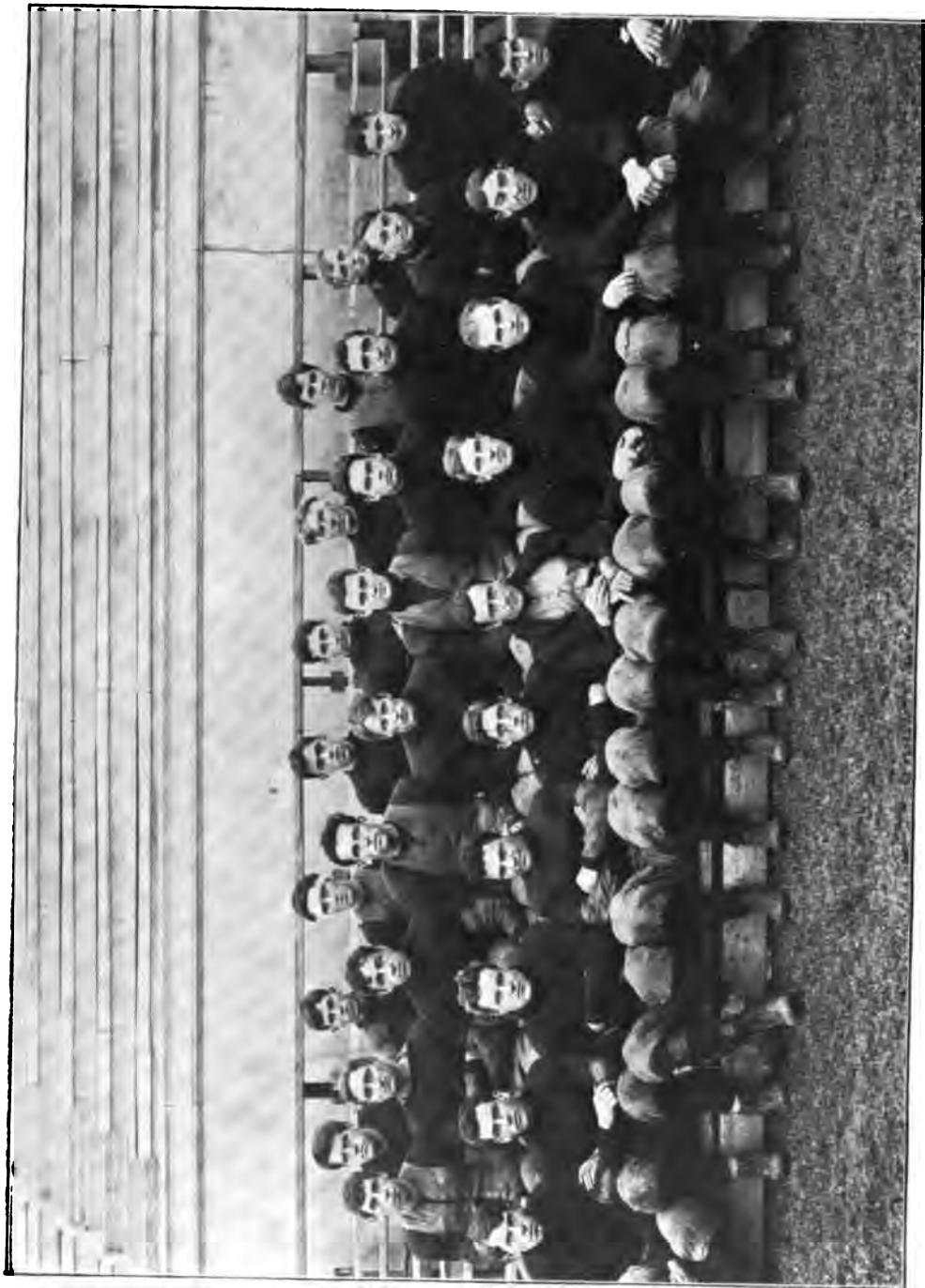
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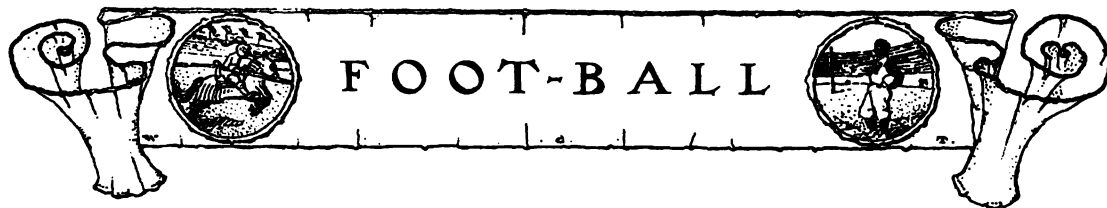
VARSITY SQUAD

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No. 2



POST PENNSY PROSPECTS.

BY GUY C. TOWNSEND.

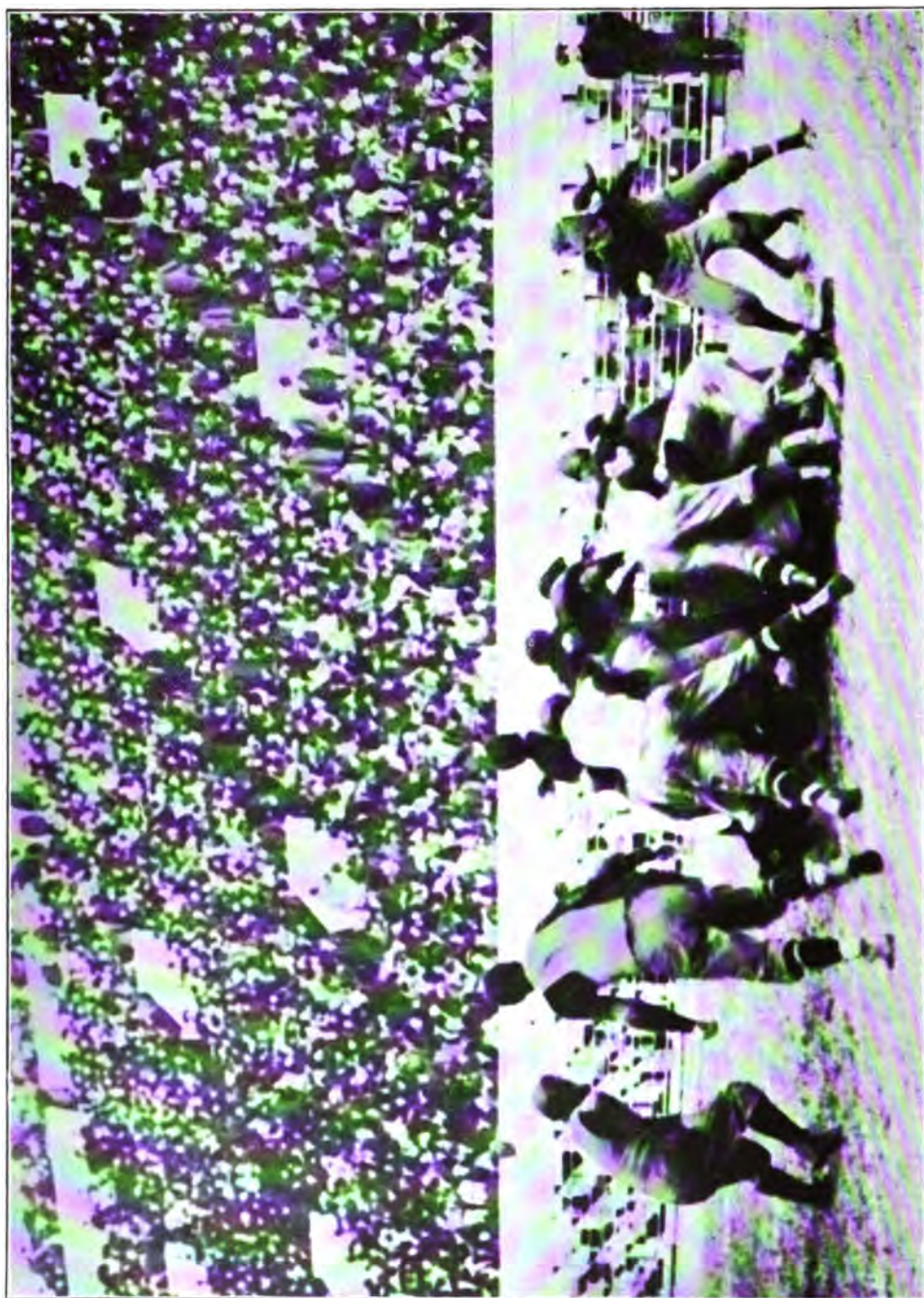
The foot-ball query of the early fall at Cambridge—"What is the prospect of the University eleven this year?"—has now, after the Pennsylvania game, been supplanted by a new and more definite question in Harvard—"Has the eleven *any* chance of defeating Yale on November 25?" The tone of voice in which the question is put makes it in large measure self answering.

With Yale the proud possessor of an uncrossed goal line, at the time of writing, and Harvard already a once beaten team, there can be no doubt of the fact that the sign boards point down the way of a Yale victory on November 25. The eleven from New Haven is hailed by critics as the strongest scoring team that has come from Yale in a long time; and, on the basis of the scores already made, the claim seems a just one. Yale's defense is not insurmountable this year, however, for both West Point and Brown carried the leather for many yards through the Blue line nearly scoring a touchdown. Here, it is true, the Yale determination and grit held; but it was grit and not great defensive strength. Grit can be overcome with grit, but a great natural defense can be mastered

only by an equally great offense. We have, then,—Yale, phenomenally fast on the offense and good on the defense but not unsurpassingly so. And Harvard—

To those who saw the Pennsylvania game, the strength of the University team is not yet solved. Up to that game there were unmistakable signs of a winning Harvard eleven for 1905. The Brown game was most encouraging, especially in the light of the record that the Providence eleven made against Yale two weeks later. The Indian game gave evidence of an increased offensive strength in the Crimson team. But against Penn. the Harvard team was a great disappointment.

No real conclusions can be drawn from that contest, however, until Pennsylvania's real strength is taken into account. The Philadelphia eleven was generally supposed to be a weak one. Those, however, who knew the real situation at Penn. knew better. The manager of a recent Harvard eleven who is now residing in Philadelphia, and who had seen Penn. play all her games this season, said on the day before the Harvard-Penn. match that the Quakers this year were



A LINE PLAY IN THE INDIAN GAME.

but little inferior to the Pennsylvania eleven that beat Harvard last year. Results justified this statement.

On the ends, Penn. could not have been stronger last year than this, for the work of her 1905 ends, Levine and Scarlett, was phenomenal throughout the whole game. The Red and Blue line from tackle to tackle was made up of mature, muscular men who were constantly on the alert and played a powerful, shifty game throughout. Their back field with Greene and Sheble at halves, Folwell at full back and Stevenson at quarter, was as effective as last year when Smith and Reynolds were playing instead of Folwell and Sheble.

There were three things in regard to the Harvard work in the Penn. game that were generally commented upon by the spectators: the Harvard quarter was badly outgeneraled by his opponent; the Harvard men were not in the physical condition to stand two fast thirty-five minute halves; the Harvard line from tackle to tackle was not sufficiently alert.

It was estimated that in the first half, Pennsylvania rushed the ball 13 yards and Harvard just about ten times that distance. More than eighty of these yards that Harvard forced out of a stubborn defense were gained in mid-field where the strength used went to waste. All this time Penn. was husbanding her strength, holding Harvard when the Crimson got anywhere near her goal.

As a result of this Harvard in the second half was plainly worn out. Penn. at once took the offensive with a fierceness that was not to be denied. Harvard simply could not meet the burst of speed and strength that the Penn. men let loose—they did not have it in them. The steady grind of rushing in the first half

could not account for this completely. The Harvard men were not properly conditioned. The contrast between them and the Penn. players proved this conclusively. Not until fresh Harvard backs had gone into the game just before its close was Harvard able to gain a single first down in this second period.

The charging of the Harvard line seemed to be somewhat blind in the Penn. game. The Harvard forwards did not exercise as much individual alertness as



Hurley. Reid. Brill. McMasters.

did their opponents. There was more lunging blindly forward on the part of the Harvard men, relying on sheer weight to stop Penn.'s play, than tearing and fighting.

With the three faults enumerated above, eliminated, Harvard's chances against Yale on November 25, are by no means hopeless. The eleven men who played the greater part of the game

against Penn. are every one of them much better qualified to meet Yale than they would have been had they not had their Pennsylvania experience. They should all now play with more individual confidence and with greater fierceness, having a defeat to retrieve.

The eleven has proved this year that it possessed strength. The faults of the Penn. game can be eradicated and the eleven *has some chance* of beating Yale.

That chance depends upon the spirit with which the Harvard players regard that situation. Not to offer themselves as martyrs and hold Yale to a low score but to believe in themselves, and succeed in forcing Yale to admit defeat—this unalterable determination on the part of the Harvard men will make it entirely possible to give Yale the surprise of her life, when the Crimson and the Blue meet on Soldiers Field in their battle this year.



THE TUBBS' SILVER WEDDING.

BY H. H. HARBOUR.

"Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Tubbs kindly invite you to be present at their silver wedding to be celebrated next Thursday evening at their residence, 64 Minnesota Street. Come early and have a good time."

I found this invitation, written on pale pink note-paper highly scented, in my mail one morning. Of course I accepted. Simeon was janitor of the building where I had my office. He had always taken an especial liking to me, often going out of his way to do me little favors. Altogether our relations were too cordial to permit me to decline his invitation even if I had wished to do so.

Thursday evening, accordingly, found me ringing the bell at the hospitable domicile of the Tubbses in Minnesota Street. The door was opened with a jerk by a very diminutive boy, one of Simeon's later offspring. "Gentlemen will please lay off their clothes in the front hall, ladies in the dining-room," he announced, stiffly, as I entered. I looked round for the lady, but seeing none, concluded that the invitation was a formula, repeated every time the door opened.

The tiny parlor of the Tubbses presented a brilliant spectacle. Large streamers of red, white and blue paper were stretched from the chandeliers to

each corner of the room. Several American flags were conspicuously displayed over the doors, windows, and mantelpiece. The only reason for the patriotic nature of the decorations that I could imagine was that they were intended to suggest Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs' generous contributions to the body of their country's future citizens. There were ten of these contributions present, all of them looking very ill at ease in unaccustomed party clothes.

At the door of the parlor stood one of the older boys. I heard him ask the head of a family that was passing in just before me, "What's the names, please?" and then came out loud enough to be heard above the hum of conversation, "Mister and Missis Puttenblower, Miss Alfreda Puttenblower and Master Willy Puttenblower." I was announced next, and at once entered the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs were moving about among the guests, happy and flushed with the excitement of the occasion. Simeon was a mild-spoken little man, just the antithesis of his wife, a ponderous woman who fairly overpowered one by her mere physical immensity. She was dressed in a light blue gown which seemed ready to fly asunder at any moment. In fact, I think that disintegration had already set in under the arms, judging from her extreme caution in shaking hands with me. She stuck out her arm at me like a pump-handle, saying very cordially, "I declare, I'm glad to see yuh, sir. My old man's told me so much about yuh. Well, jus' pitch in an' enjoy yourself. Jus' talk to anybody, eat all yuh can hold, and have a good time any way you're a mind to."

Mr. Tubbs' welcome was even more cordial. "Ain't I glad to see yuh, though?" he exclaimed, rushing up to

me. "Oh! you didn't bring a present?" with an air of great surprise. "Well, the folks that *have* brought presents are laying them on the sofy in the corner there." Then he whispered in my ear, "Doesn't the old girl look bully, tonight? Shows her feed, I say. Pictur of health, ain't she? Yes, she shows her keep, she does."

As the clock struck eight, Simeon worked a pair of white gloves on his hands and solemnly took up his stand under the flamboyant chandeliers. Mrs. Tubbs did likewise, taking her position close by her husband's side. Neither showed the slightest suggestion of a smile now. They stood stiffly erect, staring straight ahead with absolutely expressionless faces. Meanwhile, little Antoinette Tubbs was going about among the guests, arranging them in pairs, and whispering to each, "Pa and Ma are going to receive now." In this distribution I was singled out for special attention by being coupled with Miss Jerusha, maiden sister of Mrs. Tubbs.

When every gentleman had been supplied with a lady, the guests were formed in line and led forward, two by two, by Antoinette, who introduced each couple to her parents with great formality. The first pair was introduced as "Mr. Benjamin Tubbs, and his wife, Mrs. Tubbs." Benjamin was Simeon's own brother, but of this fact Simeon's face showed not a trace of recognition. He shook hands with Benjamin and wife, saying deliberately as he did so, "Pleased to see yuh, Mr. Tubbs, an' you, too, Mrs. Tubbs." Then Mrs. Tubbs extended her arm and pumped solemnly the hands of her brother-in-law and his wife.

"How d'yuh do, Mr. Tubbs? Glad to see yuh, Mrs. Tubbs," she said, mechanically. Then sisters, uncles, nieces, with

all of whom Simeon and his wife had been chatting and laughing during the earlier part of the evening, were escorted forward, and presented. For each couple, Simeon had the same greeting, uttered as from a talking machine, "Pleased to see yuh." Mrs. Tubbs, also, preserved an unbroken rigidity during the long ceremony, although the rent under her arm was widened perceptibly as a result of her continuous hand-shakings, cautious as these were.

When we had all been introduced, detachments of the young Tubbses lined us up against the walls. Then, in the midst of an expectant hush, Archibald Tubbs, aged eleven, made his appearance in the room, red-faced and awkward. He carried a tray on which reposed a large red-plush picture album. Marching up to his mother, he stuck the tray out to her, saying as he did so, "For Ma from Pa." Mrs. Tubbs took the album, tucked it under her arm, and turning to her husband, kissed him resoundingly but with perfect seriousness. "Thank yuh kindly, Pa," she said heartily. Again came an embarrassing silence. Then Antoinette made her appearance with the tray, which was surmounted this time by a huge punch-bowl, gorgeous with purple and yellow asters on its sides. "For Pa from Ma," Antoinette observed, shyly, as she extended the tray to her father. Simeon took the bowl in both hands. At first he did not know what to do with it; then he set it down at his feet with the utmost care, and turning to his wife, said, "Much obliged, Ma," kissing both her red cheeks loudly. Antoinette found something very amusing in this procedure, for she tittered audibly as she turned to go. Mrs. Tubbs glared at her, sternly. "Antoinette Tubbs, I am ashamed of you! Can't a great girl like you behave

proper at her own Ma's silver wedding? You just wait, Antoinette Tubbs!"

Still the guests stood expectantly at their posts about the room. Evidently something more was to come. A subdued whispering and giggling in the dining-room was heard, and then the door flew open, and John and Clara, the grown-up son and daughter, entered the room, and behind them the other eight children, two by two. One of the lady guests started a march on the parlor organ, and to its strains the little procession marched into the room and up to the smiling couple under the chandeliers. Then each child stepped forward in turn, and recited a bit of verse, fitting the day, evidently composed for the occasion. When the last one had repeated his verses, all ten children recited a sort of epithalamium in unison, ending with the lines:

"And so may our loving father and
mother
Never have to marry another;
But may he with her, and she with him
Go down to the river we all must swim."

With this the formal ceremonies came to an end. Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs relapsed at once into their former affability. Ice-cream and cake made their appearance, borne around by the juvenile Tubbses. The arrival of these delicacies had a dampening effect on the conversation, except among those few who wished to have it seen that they were quite accustomed to such festivities. These few picked daintily at the refreshments, keeping up a polite and voluble conversation the while. I noticed one of the "lady guests," however, secretly conveying several slices of fruit cake to the bosom of her gown, with the evident determination

to save something from her sacrifice on the altar of refinement.

Songs and instrumental music entertained us during the lethargy following the refreshments. At this point it was that Peter, Antoinette and Archibald became involved in a noisy altercation over a piece of cake which one of the ladies had left on her plate. This tumult being quelled by the combined efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs, the floor was cleared for dancing. Owing to the very limited space arrangements it was found impossible for more than one couple at a time to take the floor. Simeon and Mrs. Tubbs led off, of course. The joyous couple seemed to take more pleasure in the imaginary sensation they were arousing among the spectators, than in any intrinsic delight in the dance itself. There was, to be sure, considerable rustling and stirring about among the guests, due chiefly, however, to their efforts to dodge out of the way, as the dancers bore down upon them. The couple's approach to any of the groups gathered in various corners of the room, was sufficient to silence all conversation in that quarter, and to make every one draw his feet out of the way, and hold his breath in

terror lest Mrs. Tubbs should be precipitated on some of them.

The night was far advanced when the party finally broke up, and the guests took leave of their host and hostess, tired but beaming with happiness.

Simeon was about his work as usual the next morning; but there was an air of suppressed pleasure evident in every flirt of his duster. Finally, he could contain himself no longer, but stepped up and touched me on the shoulder.

"I thought you'd like to know how we come out on the party last night," he said in a voice full of eagerness. "Well, I tell you, we did pretty well. Everything went all right, and everybody seemed to be having a good time, didn't they? Well, how much do you s'pose we *made* out of it? Seven dollars, and fifty-three cents, clear gain! My wife and I figgered it out last night after the folks went away. We fixed the worth of the presents, near's we could, judgin' from the tags and such; an' then we had to subtract the cost of the ice-cream and fixin's, but that wan't much. An' we found we came out seven fifty-three to the good. That's doing pretty well, don't you think so, hey?"



A MEMORIAL OF PRESIDENT JAMES WALKER.

BY HARRIES A. MUMMA.

A bust of James Walker, President of Harvard College from 1853 to 1860, has recently been placed in the entrance to Appleton Chapel. The bust is of beautiful workmanship in pure white marble. Although but lately presented to the College it was sculptured in 1883, and since then it has been in the Harvard Church of Charlestown till a year or so ago. When that ancient memorial was torn down, the bust, together with various other articles, was donated to the College.

The destruction of this church took away a monument of the past with which not many Harvard men are familiar. The old Harvard Church of Charlestown was "gathered" in 1816, and was named in memory of John Harvard, who lived and died in that town. The church ever since its founding has had intimate relations with the University, as its pastors were all Harvard men. It was the custom for the President of the University to preach the sermon upon the ordination of each new pastor. President Walker was pastor from 1817 till 1839, and hence all the old associations of the church are intimately connected with his name. Dr. Walker was a close student of literature and philosophy, and in 1839 resigned his pastorate to become Alford professor of moral and intellectual philosophy in Harvard, which chair he held till 1853, when he was elected president of the college. He resigned the presidency in 1860, and after more years of study, died in 1874, leaving his valuable library and estate to Harvard.

After the elevated railroad was built in Charlestown the church could no longer be used, and was therefore demolished. When this took place, the bust and several paintings of President Walker, the fine mahogany pulpit in which he preached, a valuable old-time clock, and a beautiful crystal chandelier were fittingly presented to Harvard. The bust was placed on the north wall of the entrance to Appleton Chapel. With it was placed the original inscription in marble showing that it was presented to the Harvard Church in 1883 in memory of Reuben Hunt. A bronze tablet is to be placed beneath to indicate its presentation to the College.

The clock has been placed in Divinity Hall. This was in the original church on High Street during the ministry of Thomas Prentice, of the famous class of 1811 which included Edward Everett. Dr. Prentice preceded President Walker as pastor.

The glass chandelier, of most elaborate and beautiful crystal, now hangs in the Faculty Room in University Hall. It was made in England and was given to the church in 1821.

The pulpit, of solid mahogany, has not yet been given a definite location, as it is too small for Appleton Chapel and too large for Divinity Hall.

Three oil paintings were also presented to the College. Two were of President Walker, one of which was painted by Frothingham, who was second only to Stuart of the painters of his time; and the



Photo by A. E. Van Bibber.

THE BUST OF PRESIDENT JAMES WALKER.

other by Pratt, a local artist. The third was of Dr. George E. Ellis, Professor in the Theological School, and Secretary of the Board of Overseers. One portrait of President Walker has been placed in

Divinity Hall, and the other is to be put in Emerson Hall. This latter place is a most fitting location, considering President Walker's long service as a teacher of philosophy.



DEBATING AT HARVARD.

BY GEORGE WRIGHT HINCKLEY,

President University Debating Club.

"The Debating System of Harvard University is the result of evolution" and this year we see another step in the process. The purpose of the debating organization,—to give the debating interest already existing the most efficient expression—is the same as formerly; but those who are interested in this work have seen an opportunity to perfect its mechanism and again we have a change, more radical than any that have preceded it. The history of Harvard debating is a happy one. Of the fifteen debates with Yale, Harvard has won eleven and of the eleven debates with Princeton, Harvard has won eight. Notwithstanding this good record it has been a recognized fact that real debating interest of the University has been declining. The spirited debates within the clubs and the pleasant fellowship of men with a common interest has been gradually disappearing. It is to meet these evils that the present organization was adopted. The day of rambling, unending discussions has passed. To none can such be very profitable and to many they are a bore.

What is needed is an opportunity for men who are truly interested in the questions of the day to meet and under some organized plan of discussion to obtain practice in debate and a wider knowledge of public affairs. Previous experience has shown that this result was not altogether possible under the old regime. There was too great a disparity between the various members of the then University Debating Club. It would often happen that upon a single debate would be a man for whom it was an initial effort and a man who had already debated Yale or Princeton. This was rarely satisfactory. The 'Varsity man desired an opportunity to meet other experienced men, and the new man desired to be where his crudeness would be less marked. To meet these needs the present system was adopted. The University Debating Club now offers a field for those who have already had some experience in debating. The Freshmen Debating Club, as its name indicates is for the Freshmen. It is open to all of this class and it is expected that, by means of care-



Newald.

Blagden.

Kabatchnick.

The Harvard Debaters with Yale.

ful criticism, the younger men may here secure the rudiments of the art of debate. To every group of twenty men who have not satisfied the qualifications for the University Club permission is given to form an independent club, with the assurance that the University Debating Council—the administrative body and father of all—will do everything in its power to secure competent critics for the debates, and help the life of the club generally.

This, in brief, is the present debating organization here at the University. To every man according as he is capable is given an opportunity. The University Debating Club, by requiring some previous experience in debating is limited to those who will not only show a fitness

for the work but will also take an active interest in it. The Freshmen and Group Debating Clubs will give the new men a chance to gain experience under the direction of older and more experienced men.

Debating is an art and a game. It has its rules and mechanism as does any art. It has the joy of contest and of strategy as does any game. The fellowship that may come with it when all are facing the same difficulties and working for a common end is a lasting and pleasant one. To the ambitious comes the opportunity to represent the University; but to all comes a stimulating companionship and a truer appreciation of the value of rational discussion.

A SUMMER ON THE MISSOURI.

BY H. J. SPINDEN.

We were camped—four fellows from the same Class and the same Entry—on a windy hill overlooking the Missouri, where it swings in that wide curve called on the old steamboat maps Mountaineer Bend. The site is a vantage point for a little of the finest scenery the "prairie country" can afford; and that is a large order of praise.



"Puttering."

On the southern horizon, lightly traced in wonderful, beautiful blue, are the Fort Rice hills, the fabled home of the Calumet Birds. Closer at hand, the railroad bridge at Bismark is discernible over the stretches of tufted cottonwoods that separate broad meadows dotted with sugar-loaf hay-stacks while in the foreground,

just over the brim of the hill, the great river spreads a yellow maze of channels and sand-bars, a maze that changes and shifts from day to day.

In the West, above round, rolling hills divided by zig-zaging coulees, rises Crown Butte, a begetter of thunder storms; and to the North, beyond the double swerve of the river, lie the Square Buttes of the Missouri, prominent in many a narrative of frontier adventure. None who have seen can ever forget them, as they stand dimmed and gray in the driving storm mist, or royal purple against the red of sunset.

From our camp, an old trail led down the hill, across a little meadow, and through a fringe of diamond willow thicket to the shelving river bank. Up this trail we toiled with all our water and fuel, and down it we raced each evening for a cooling plunge. In this you may be sure we kept near shore, for bold indeed is he who lays his hand on the mane of the tawny Missouri.

All who have heard the Red Gods calling, all who know and love the open spaces of the world, the winding of unmastered rivers, the dip of dizzy valleys from hill rim to hill rim, understand well that a camper speaks of the trials of camping not with a sullen spirit but with abiding affection and pleasant afterthought. Thus, the leaden first fruits of the Dutch oven one passes over lightly; one remembers the fragrant, golden corn-cake it yielded later. If one possesses Aurelian equanimity, the scampering of mice across one's face at night is rightly

counted among the Joys of Life. One laughs over treasure-trove of prune stones cunningly stored in shoes and tobacco cans. One rather likes the sound of gophers gnawing all night at the grub-box, that sound and the melancholy howl of the coyote combine to make the gentlest soporific.

But even Paradise possessed the snake, and so, for a week at least, we were tormented by the iniquitous and ubiquitous mosquito. He simmered at sunset, and by star-dawn he was roaring like a waterfall. On the river bottom he made the bellowing cattle rush madly through the willow brake; on the hills he was pervasive of all things; even on the rock summit of the sharpest needle butte, whither we had fled to escape him, he was present in clouds. He loved a smudge above fine gold, and a sleeping net above rubies.

One of us constructed a wonderful sarcophagus of netting, entered like an Eskimo house by a winding subway. But it was not impervious, and only showed the evils of restricting competition; the mosquitos inside fattened themselves in peace and comfort, while thousands outside set up shrill cries for Free Trade and the Open Door. The silence of the night, if an unvarying roar may be called by that term, was troubled by ominous rumblings frequently followed by Vesuvian eruptions of sulphurous profanity.

Add to this, for the first week of our sojourn we had a thunder-storm each night. The wind tugged at the guy-ropes, and bellied the tent; we spent some hours carefully sitting on the sides. The thunder was a continuous diapason; the lightning crinkled across the low-lying clouds or fanned out like seaweed. One night was particularly memorable in these respects. Half the sky was clear

and sparkling with stars, the other half was black with ragged clouds, sheet lightning flared in the distance, and the orange moon climbed through the scurrying outposts of the storm.

We cannot boast of having discovered this ideal camping place with its enhancing discomforts. The Indian had known it long before us. We were camped upon the site of an ancient Mandan village, abandoned, it may be, for a hundred and fifty years.

Tradition and early narrative are



An Arikara Burial.

vague and untrustworthy in a wild, new country. Perhaps that intrepid Frenchman, Verendrye, lead on by fabulous tales of a people to the West, called Mandans, who possessed cities and civilization, may have visited this site in 1747. He confessed himself disappointed, yet the accounts he gave are wonderful enough. Coming nearly fifty years later, Lewis and Clark saw in this region only the crumbling remains of earthen lodges. The small-pox and the Sioux had driven the Mandans up the river. Now the ruins are covered with heavy sod.

The village site is roughly eight hundred feet in width and twelve hundred feet in length. The remains consist of an irregular and broken chain of earth-works on the outside; then two ditches encircling an inner area marked with "house-rings." The large exterior mounds are about eight feet in height, and of various shapes, oblongs, ovals and crescents. The outer ditch is not always traceable, but the inner one is distinct. A cross section shows these ditches to have been originally twenty feet wide and nine feet deep.

The large mounds seem to have been



A "Prairie Dog."

made of loose dirt, ashes, and general refuse. Potsherds and implements of stone and bone are found scattered indiscriminately through the mass. The ashes are in "pockets" or "pits" and in layers. Often the layers contain beans, squash seed, and charred corn. The "pits" extend below the original surface of the ground and are either round and bottle-shaped or are quite irregular. The deepest pit we excavated was six feet below bed-rock and thirteen feet below the surface of the mound.

The large majority of the implements

found were of bone, often very neatly worked. A partial list may give some idea of the variety: there were awls, varying in size from a case knife to a cambric needle, there were shovels and hoes of buffalo shoulder-blades and of elk horn, there were scrapers, arrow-straightners, and fish hooks. Of ornaments, there were beads, bracelets and buckle-studs.

Worked stone was more uncommon, yet we found many beautiful arrow-heads, spear-heads, and knives, besides hammers, axes and various disc and oblong stones used in games.

The pottery was all broken, unfortunately, though we found many large fragments. The Mandans were expert pottery makers; their ware is thin, and exhibits some beautiful profiles. The decorations show great variety within a narrow compass, for they were mostly made by pressing string into the clay while it was soft. This string decoration is often finer than one would look for from so simple a method. The ware is usually black, but some specimens are found overlaid with orange or red pigment.

Besides the large mounds, we investigated some of the "caches" or pits in which the Indians used to store their corn. We found these pits filled with refuse which yielded the same sorts of article as the fortification mounds.

We also dug trenches across some of the "house-rings." In the center of the ring, in each case, we found a fire place, and near the circumference we found the stumps of the posts used in the construction of the lodge. These lodges seemingly averaged about forty feet in diameter, though some were easily twice that distance.

Concerning the burial methods the evidence we gathered was contradictory.

We found one pit burial under one of the large mounds. In this burial the body lay on the left side with the knees drawn up. This is not an unusual form of burial. It is the method commonly ascribed to the Arikara but not to the Mandan Indians. The latter are said to have placed the skulls of the dead in a circle in the "village square" where food was placed before them. The body was placed on a scaffold outside of the town, and when the body became dessicated the bones were bundled together and buried. We found just such a bundle of human bones in a little mound outside the fortifications: the skull alone was missing. Curiously enough we found the skull

bones of children in all the large mounds we investigated.

Finding evidence of customs so utterly at variance with our own, shocks us into considering that, after all, whatever we hold sacred may be founded upon no firmer base than convention. Thus, whatever shows us how other peoples have lived is apt to give enlightenment to our own lives. One way to spend a summer vacation—and by no means the worst way—is to enjoy the boon of sun and storm, and incidentally to try and swell the sum of human knowledge. It may be done by puttering with a trowel in a mound that can tell secrets of the past.



NOVEMBER IN CAMBRIDGE.

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

Even in her mourning is the College fair,
With burial robes of scarlet leaves and gold
That flicker down in misty morning cold
Or fall reluctant through gray evening air.
The Gothic elms rise desolately bare;
A clinging flame the twisted ivy crawls
Its blood-red course athwart the time-worn walls
And spreads its crimson arras everywhere.

High noon brings some wan ghost of summer, still;
Fresh stand the rose-trees yet, the lawns show green
With leaves inlaid, and still the pigeons fly
Round sun-warm gables where they court and preen;
But evenfall comes shuddering down, a-chill,
And bare black branches fret the leaden sky.



A STUDY IN FEAR.

BY M. S. MC N. WATTS.

The crew of No. 8 had already been called to quarters for ten minutes and the men, in the bow torpedo room, had grown visibly restless, when the sharp note of an electric bell and the ensuing throb and quiver throughout the steel boat, indicated that the flotilla had received its signal. To the men who were penned in the submerged metal cell, almost crouching beneath the fish-like Whiteheads in the rack above, the sound of the bell broke a charm, or spell of speculation, which had possessed them all during the unwonted delay, and was productive of doubts which threatened to unman them. Hargrave, who commanded the little squad, felt the suspense with greater keenness than the seamen, for he knew the work which was cut out for the little fleet. Weeks of idleness on blockade, varied only by an occasional prize, proved inadequate preparation for a young man's nerves, in the presence of this sudden and very real danger-service, and the fear that he now experienced. In accordance with unexpected orders, his boat had hurried to join the main fleet which had bottled up its enemy in a harbor protected by powerful forts. Only two days had elapsed since the enemy were driven into the harbor, and a continuous cannonade made it certain that no mine of a nature that could stop the daring dash of torpedo boats had been placed. Supplies and repairs the fleet needed, and this factor precluded a protracted blockade, making it necessary to attempt something quickly to cripple the opposing squadron.

Therefore it was ordered, that the seven available torpedo boats rush the

harbor after dark, and do what damage they might. Some were sure to be wiped out by the fire of the forts and fleet, but not all, for a boat running thirty knots is a difficult target, and the fire zone, at such a speed, is necessarily narrow. The motion of the boat increased, and No. 8 began to leap like a hound as the powerful engines lifted the light prow over an easy swell. The thundering of guns, whose dulled roar was decreasing, told those down in the bowels of the boat that she was swiftly leaving the fleet. Soon the swish of the spray along the bow became audible, and finally superseded the sound of firing.

Hargrave leaned against the partition near the speaking tube and watched his men. They were a crew noted for their speed in handling the ungainly torpedoes, and were certain to make record time in reloading their tube if they ever had the chance. The helplessness of himself and his men oppressed Hargrave, he was not ready to sacrifice himself, he wanted to fight, and he grew excited and his thoughts rebelled when he considered the chances against him. The boat rushed on, and the engines were generating their maximum power, working almost without noise. Hargrave studied individually the men of his little group as they balanced themselves to the pitch and sway of the boat, or stared at the small electric lamp above the loaded tube. Most of the faces had a suspicious lack of expression and meaning, but the ensign intuitively felt the strain his men suffered and overcame.

A sharp swerve hurled a pile of

figures against the port side of the torpedo room, followed in an instant by a roar and shock. As the men resumed their places they became conscious of the sound of heavy firing; and one man leaned toward another and whispered something. There was a slight movement among the crew and more whispered remarks. Hargrave, with a strange feeling like that of an onlooker, heard his own voice say, "steady;" and the crew again grew silent. The strain grew more intense and less painful, blank faces reset with hard lines and a fierce expression. They were in the fire belt now. The regular dodging from one direction to another indicated that, and the hot breath of the ventilators testified that the forced draught was being worked to the uttermost. Hargrave pressed his ear to the opening of the tube and waited for orders, striving at the same time to hear what might be said in the conning tower. Time seemed eliminated. Knowing his excitement, he wisely did not let himself speculate on this subject, but he felt that he must be well into the fire zone and was also satisfied that the severe explosion which had made his boat change her course was that of a mine.

This thought brought another "Was he really running into action?" Perhaps that sudden swerve had meant retreat. After all he had no way of telling, and he could not determine in what direction he was being rushed. The thought set him almost on fire and the desire for battle mastered him completely. He would not go out of action. He wanted to shout through the tube and demand what was being done. He desired the wheel himself, and in his excited imagination pictured the course of his long black craft past obstacles, through fire-zones, and down long reaches close to the shore of the harbor, by which he would steer her to success.

The thought of ultimate destruction, and the possibility of his boat being only a sacrifice never occurred to him now; and he thought only of the havoc that would be wrought among the big battle-ships, if he could let loose some of those gray, fishy things on the rack above.

A ripping sensation, and the shiver of his boat made his flesh creep. The steel plates trembled in unison to an explosion right overhead. Before Hargrave could investigate, a hail came through the tube: "All right below?" "Yes," he called back, "What was it?" "Shell from the fleet," came the laconic reply. They were in the harbor then! Past the forts! Only a question of minutes until he had his chance! But how far away was he? Evidently within range of light batteries and at the very extreme danger point. The men in the compartment looked at him inquiringly. "We're close to the fleet," he announced. The same hound-like leaping continued. It seemed that they must soon strike, for the enemy could not have hit them at any great distance, and they were traveling at a terrific rate. Where were the others? Hargrave could not bear the thought that they should get there first. He wanted to kill. He wanted to send his deadly messengers to strike those enemy ships from beneath the sea; and he wanted to be the first and the surest. Time began to drag more and more heavily and slowly. They must ram something pretty quick. He caught himself calculating the number of miles they had gone since that shell had struck them, and then telling himself that he was a fool and that his speculations were worthless, he turned his attention to his tube, saw that it was ready and immediately plunged into the same useless calculation.

His men were cooler. Individually they examined the torpedoes above and

mentally prepared to get them into the tube on the first notice. They peered through the narrow doorway at the swashing water that had come down from above, for spray had made its way plentifully through the shot hole.

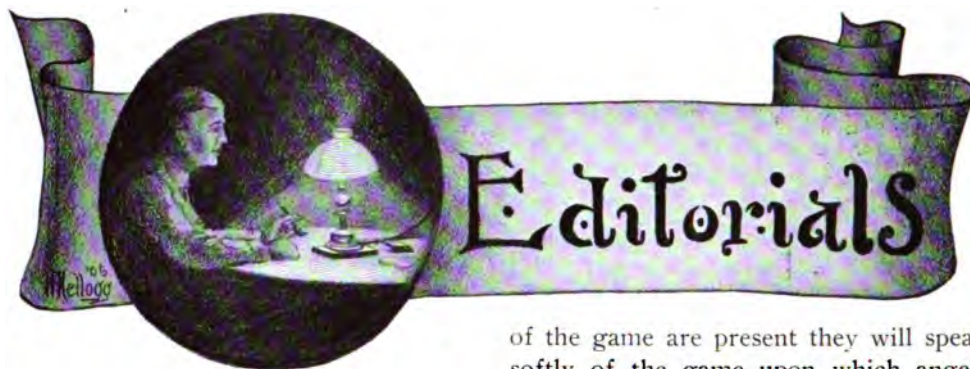
Sharply to the right swerved No. 8, and reeling to the swell of the sea, the port side rose, sliding the crew across the torpedo room toward the officer. Hargrave was about to order the men to seat themselves, when a rattle as of hail almost deafened him. He knew what that meant, and his spirits rose with a flare of savage satisfaction. He was in now, and the enemy, unable to stop the swift moving craft by gunfire were sweeping the decks with a machine gun, in the hope that the torpedo tube was upon the upper deck and unprotected. The engines ceased their throbbing! Through the tube with a force that could be heard by all came the lieutenant's shout: "Let her go." Hargrave seized the pistol grip beneath the tube and hurled his weight back on the trigger.

The torpedo leaped from its nest. A second later the boat lurched and staggered.

Above the crash of bursting plates came the voice: "Save yourselves." Hargrave turned to see his men rushing out of the compartment and up the ladder to the decks. The electric lights began to flicker; a seaman rushed from the after sections, closed the steel door behind him, and sprang at the ladder where the other men had disappeared. Hargrave followed. Disappointment made him careless of safety. The shattered No. 8 reeled as he neared the top of the ladder; and a pair of hands grabbed him and pulled him up into the glare of a searchlight. He stopped a moment on the slippery deck and peered toward the light. It disappeared; and in an instant a flash at the waters edge, lit up the battleship. A roar — then silence.

The men of his crew reached from the water and dragged Hargrave down to them, and away from the sinking torpedo boat.





DEBATING AND FOOT-BALL.

When the merits and demerits of the game of foot-ball are set forth in the coming Harvard-Princeton debate, we shall no doubt be better able to pass final judgment on the game. There is something ironical in the submission of the case for foot-ball to the cool, discriminating judgment of debaters. Debating is unlike foot-ball, for it is genteel, unostentatious, and even Christian. In view of the coming debate, one is reminded that, after all, "not by might nor by power" is the old world kept a'going. Let us hope, however, that the debaters will not say anything *very* bad about foot-ball. For, after all is said against the game, we still love it. There must be something of the Viking in us to make us enjoy the game in spite of the November blast, cold feet, and the doubtful issue of the contest. Now, if the men in the coming debate are too harsh on foot-ball, some of us may be inclined to say "sour grapes," believing that the debaters are disgusted because more people don't come and see *them* act. Let those of us then, who really love foot-ball, and would hate to see its good parts abolished together with its evils, come and hear what the debaters will have to say. It may be that if they know so many lovers

of the game are present they will speak softly of the game upon which angels have been treading for a number of years.

THE FOOT-BALL QUESTION.

The foot-ball problem is too complex to be solved according to any one formula. Some, abhorring its roughness, would make radical changes in the game itself; others, leaving the game as it is, would abolish intercollegiate contests; still others, nearly satisfied with present conditions, would like a revision and strict enforcement of the rules. These varying opinions suggest the intricacy of the question.

In the opinion of Coach Reid, fundamental changes should be made in the game so as to eliminate the opportunities for taking unfair advantage of one's opponents. This opinion appears to us to strike at the root of the evil. The chief fault in the present game is its brutality. In this respect foot-ball contravenes the softening influence of the ages. Just what innovations are needed to remedy this fault are known only to experienced coaches and foot-ball players. To those of them, like Coach Reid, who are sincerely desirous for reforming the game may be entrusted the solution of this phase of the problem.

In regard to the question, however, "Shall intercollegiate foot-ball be abol-

ished?" the opinions of ordinary thoughtful undergraduates have more weight. The evils of intercollegiate athletics are certainly more prevalent in foot-ball than in other sports. On the other hand, nothing binds the undergraduates together, heart and soul, like the common desire to see a 'Varsity foot-ball victory. In the disintergrated life of a large University like Harvard this is a strong argument for continuing intercollegiate contests. Moreover, the hospitality shown between Harvard and Yale men on the days of our big games is of great value in ce-

menting the hearts of men in these two universities. To lose the opportunity for this display of sentiment would be a great misfortune, especially when a large gift has been made to increase good feeling between Harvard and Yale.

If then the brutality of foot-ball can be eliminated by a more open game, if eligibility rules can be put on a generally accepted basis, we hope that the advantages of the big games in increasing noble and generous sentiment will induce the authorities to continue the intercollegiate contests.



THE HOUSE OF MIRTH. By Edith Wharton. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Wharton's latest novel, "The House of Mirth," has appeared as a surprise. Book reviewers and critics have been taken off their guard and startled from brief, conventional judgments into lively discussions and editorial appreciations.

The author, in making fashionable society the setting for her story, has chosen to tell of people with the smallest details of whose life she has as complete a familiarity, as she has contemptuous pity. Other books, indeed, have been written of this same society, clever books and entertaining: some intended to exploit the remarkable life of the fashionable set,

others intended to show up its worthlessness by caustic satire; but all failing to interest or impress because of being overdrawn.

Mrs. Wharton has shown her remarkable mastery of dramatic art in the preservation of a delicate balance of artistic values. Lily Bart is chosen as an example of the society belle, beautiful, accomplished, tactful, in possession of the keenest feminine intuition coupled with a knowledge of how to use that intuition to her best advantage. In this attractive heroine we have embodied that duality of self which makes conduct the curious product of conflicting natures. Fully aware of her superior intelligence she realizes how complete is her dependence on that society which has made her its crea-

ture. She knows how unrelentingly she must bring every faculty to bear to maintain her supremacy in that gaudy pageant which the one man she might have loved early taught her to despise. Through rapid vicissitudes of fortune she resolutely crushes her nobler instincts and maintains appearances.

All the characters of the book are found within the precincts of fashion, differing only in their degree of dependence on its favor. Society is a favored body, removed, capable of shielding from the world, sanctioning loose morals and unnumbered unconventionalities, — yes, but also capable of enslaving! This, Mrs. Wharton knew as well as the author of that recent book, "Slaves of Society." In the portrayal of that luxurious life, organized wholly for pleasure, free from intellectual tastes and aims, there is no

need to satirize! The logical pursuit of that very life will show fate as relentless as the most thorough despiser of society glitter and tinsel could wish. The brilliant Lily Bart is chosen as a figure upon which fate may work. Little by little, with no melodramatic suddenness, the law works itself out. Exposed to the contamination of society, she is forced from one compromise to another, until the struggle of selves becomes too great, and a bottle of chloral must be the relief!

As a creation, "The House of Mirth" reveals the expert workmanship of one who has that rare talent of producing dramatic effects without a distortion of values. We do not stand off and watch the characters move; we move with them, think with them, and think about their life!

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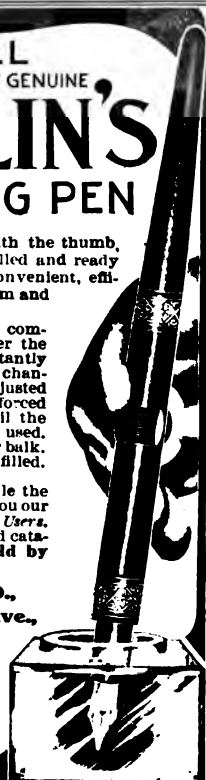
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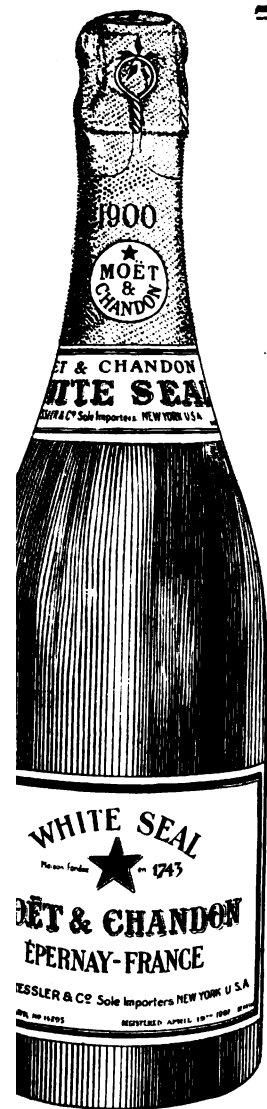
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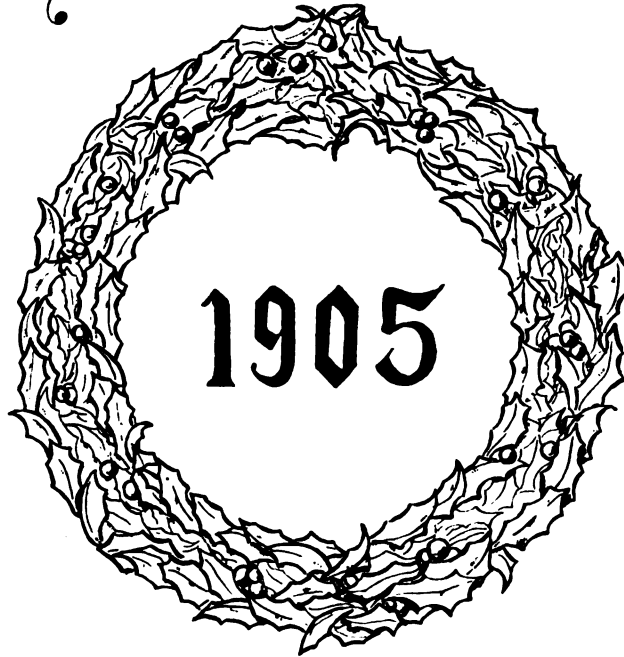
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The Harvard Illustrated Magazine

VOLUME VII.

DECEMBER, 1906.

NUMBER 3.

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Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait.

THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII

DECEMBER, 1905.

No. 3

HARVARD IN THE NEWSPAPERS.

BY GUY C. TOWNSEND.

"Gambling Den Unearthed at Harvard," read a huge headline in a Boston paper last year; "Harvard Union a Two Hundred Thousand Dollar Failure," was the purport of another prominent head in a very eminent New York paper at about the same time. "Favoritism Rampant in Harvard Foot-ball," was the subject of a full column in a very respectable New York "sheet" during the past fall. How do these misrepresentations get into print? Who is responsible for them? How can they be stopped?

Practically all the Boston, New York, and Philadelphia newspapers have a "Harvard Correspondent," whose business it is to get the news as it comes up at Harvard, and forward it to his particular sheet. In the capacity of Harvard correspondents, about eight men in Harvard find a method of defraying a great part, if not all, of their college expenses. The quality of the paper does not determine whether it shall be represented by a correspondent at Harvard. Of all the papers in Boston, only one is without a regular "Harvard man." From the most conservative to the most sensational, the Boston papers pay a Harvard student to get the news for them at his University. Moreover, they pay well for the amount of work that is re-

quired, and each, according to what the different city editors conceive to be good newspaper work, demands that the brevity of the time required be made up in the quality of the work. Each paper has its own idea of what constitutes a good quality of newspaper work. Though it is commonly thought that the aim of the majority of Boston newspapers is for respectable stories, experience as a Harvard correspondent has shown that there are only two Boston papers that are not hungering after sensational stories. Furthermore, this majority part of the Boston press is constantly bringing pressure to bear to get "yellow" articles from their Harvard correspondent.

When a freshman comes to Harvard whose father is one of the great national figures of the hour, the wires between Boston and Cambridge and New York and Cambridge are kept hot by the demands of the daily press, that their Harvard man get interviews, and pictures of the Freshman. When a man, who happens to be a person of wealth, by the dint of hard work, earns a place on the 'Varsity eleven, pictures, interviews, and special stories, are again in order; and if you can make out that the head coach has been entertained on the well-to-do student's yacht in the summer time, and

that there is a possibility that some other man on the squad is a better man for the position which the well-to-do occupies, you have the settings for a front page, red-letter story. You must ignore the fact that the man somewhat better than the student who owns the yacht has a strained back and is being saved for the big game of the year.

Pressed by his city editor for such stories as these, the Harvard correspondent is met by his own belief that the Freshman whose father is a noted man, is entitled to the ordinary privileges of undergraduate life without being molested by insistent reporters and exploited in cheap papers. The story of the student with the yacht, and the coach, is a very good example of what is commonly known as a "favoritism story," and is the best selling of all the brands of stories written about Harvard life for newspapers. That these are not exaggerated cases is well known to Harvard men who have followed the New York, as well as Boston, newspapers, for the past three months.

Individual students are constantly achieving performances, that, if set forth on the front page of a penny "sheet," or any "sheet," for that matter, under such a head as: — "Gambling Den at Harvard," throws a false light on the University that only too many people are ready to accept without question. It is not the fact of the existence of a gambling den, if there be one, but the fact that it was at *Harvard*, that sticks.

Be it said in favor of the men who do the work at Harvard for papers that are constantly searching for this kind of story, that the papers get very little of this variety of literature from their Har-

vard correspondents. Once in a while they do, but more often the stories detrimental to the good of Harvard, are written by regular reporters of the "sheet," not connected with the University. But here is not the greatest difficulty for the student who has to send "feature" stories of Harvard life to his paper, if he is to keep his position, and remain in college. Take such a matter as the story on the "Failure of the Union" referred to above. The correspondent of the "sheet" which printed this story realized from statistics that, in point of membership, the Union was not on the sound basis it should be. Accordingly, he wrote a story for his paper, that, up to date, the Union has failed in the expectation of its founders. Straightway, in the headlines of this "sheet," the Harvard Union was a complete failure.

This correspondent, with his eyes open for a good story, had seized upon the fact that the Union had not been entirely successful, and had translated this into terms of partial failure, a questionable interpretation, but still quite within the bounds of reason. With a little more serious thought he probably would not have written as he did, for the Union was not a failure. As a matter of fact, when the attention of the correspondent who had written the story was called to the wrong implication of his article, he at once did his best to correct the wrong impression created. It takes considerable courage for a correspondent to stand up and tell his city editor that he will not write a certain "yellow" story, when the income from the paper affords the only means whereby the correspondent may remain in college. But this is

constantly done by many of the Harvard correspondents.

It is even more difficult than this, however, to steer a straight course between the cross winds of what is due the college and the call of the editor, when the proper course is not just clear. The most level headed correspondent will sooner or later set a story in type of which he does not realize the full import until he sees it in cold print under a two inch headline. The attitude of those about the University who have news to give, is often times hostile to the student who represents the "yellow sheet." This makes it much harder for the Harvard correspondent of this variety of paper to get the news, and at the same time the correspondent feels that he is looked down upon because he does the work for this paper. The correspondent finds at times that he has to fight very hard to keep from harboring a feeling of resentment against those who have slighted him when he has approached them as the representative of the undesirable "sheet."

There is always a consoling thought for such of the "scribes," the college term for the Harvard correspondents. "Yellow" newspapers are a fact that cannot be done away with by an attitude of Harvard College. Harvard offers a field for brilliantly colored newspaper stories that is exceptional. The "scribe" who is thoroughly conversant with all departments of activity at Harvard, and who has a "nose for news" of the lurid sort, is never lacking in settings for a sensational story. If any regular reporter on one of the typical Boston or New York papers, knew one-fifth of the facts about Harvard in possession of a

Harvard correspondent, the output of "yellow" stories from Cambridge would be enormous. But no ordinary newspaper reporter can gain a knowledge of Harvard life sufficient to enable him even to see the chances for these stories. Only a man who has lived in the midst of Harvard activities for two or more years can gain such a knowledge as this.

The Harvard correspondent has the safeguarding of the good name of Harvard in his hands. He has to be vigilant and keen not to hurt that good name unintentionally, for no correspondent can afford to let any legitimate story get by him, and frequently the line of demarcation between the legitimate and the harmful story, in the mass of stuff that he has before him, is very shadowy. He has to be strong not to hurt it at the instigation of his editor. His is a position of constant responsibility to the University.

Some control, by the faculty or otherwise, of the news sent out from Harvard, has been frequently advocated. The formation of a "Press Club" backed up by the University officers, whereby every paper would be required to agree to accept Harvard news from one man only, has been suggested. This would offer little advantage over the present method, except that one man would be held responsible for all the news that any one paper printed. There are two objections to such a scheme. In the first place, it is highly doubtful whether the papers would accept this, for they all need more than one man to write their Harvard items. Every Harvard man who is today regularly writing Harvard news for any paper, is always ready to stand behind what he has written. In

this respect a "Press Club" would not be the means of cleaner news about Harvard.

No mechanical device, but the loyalty of the men who write for the "sheets" that will accept sensational, harmful, and untruthful stories, is the best safeguard of Harvard in the press. No Harvard student can afford to go too far in the matter of "digging up stories," or he will be summarily dealt with by the Dean. But the men who fill the "scribe" positions at Harvard, think enough of a Harvard degree to do a considerable amount of unpleasant work to get that degree. Such men are not likely to throw away their degree for the sake of a newspaper story, nor to smirch the good name of the University which they are making sacrifices to attend.

The best thing for the preservation of the fair name of Harvard in the daily

press is the maintenance of the present system whereby the Harvard correspondents are all Harvard students. This is especially true of the so-called "yellow sheets." These are the papers that are the most constantly seeking for sensational stories about Harvard. In the main, only the Harvard correspondent can supply these stories. So long as the correspondent of the "yellow sheet" is a Harvard student to whom sensational methods are just as distasteful as to other Harvard men, and to whom the name of Harvard is just as dear, the chance for vicious or nasty stories about Harvard appearing in these columns is comparatively small. But when the Harvard correspondents become outsiders, men devoted exclusively to the interests of their paper, then Harvard will be dragged through all sorts of stories in the columns of the press.



THE HOME COMING OF ANDREW.

BY H. H. HARBOUR.

The chill December day had come to a close in the woods that covered the sides of Temple Mountain. A cold breeze that had risen after sundown was souging fitfully in the tops of the dark hemlocks and spruces. Through their branches one could see the full moon just rising, cold and sullen over the eastern hills. A well-worn path wound irregularly through the woods, and up this path a man was slowly climbing. He looked about forty years old, tall, and of powerful physique. In one hand he carried a gun, and in the other a bag full of freshly stripped skins, mink, fox, and squirrel.

He walked very slowly, almost feeling his way up the dark, rocky path. Suddenly he stopped short, and listened intently. Some distance up the mountain he had heard a whimpering wail like that of a young lynx cub that has lost its mother. After listening a moment, he broke into a run, and soon came out into a little opening in the woods, flooded with clear moonlight. At the upper end of the opening stood a log cabin built against the mountain wall, and raised above the ground by four poles, one at each corner. A flight of steps led up to a board platform extending along the front of the structure. At the top of the steps lay a small, white bundle, and from this the wailing proceeded. With an impatient exclamation the man ran through the opening and up the steps. There he bent over the bundle. A dog was barking and whining inside the shack; and with a sudden impulse the man opened

the door, and let out a little black and white terrier, who ran up to the bundle, sniffing at it suspiciously.

"It's a brat, Danny!" The man addressed these words to the dog, who showed his comprehension by a shrill yelp. "It's one of them lumbermen's kids, them that've been choppin' over on the north side of the mountain. I met one o' them down in the woods this mornin', an' he tol' me they was goin' to light out f'r Canady to-day. So they think they kin dump their leavin's on me, do they? Come on, Danny, we won't touch the brat."

He entered the hut, slamming the door behind him. A renewed wail from the baby followed his departure. For a long time the little creature's screams echoed through the woods; but they gradually subsided, dying away into occasional plaintive whimpers. Then silence fell on the clearing once more.

After several hours the door of the hut opened, and the man appeared on the platform again, the dog close at his heels.

"Well, Danny," he murmured, apologetically, "I ain't no murderer, anyway. This brat would die on my hands ef I left it out all night. Lord, it ain't cryin' any now! It can't be —"

He picked up the bundle, and carried it hastily into the house. The interior consisted of but one room, lighted by a flickering fire of logs on the hearth. The man hurried over to a tumbled bed that stood in one corner of the shanty, and began to unwrap the baby from its ban-



dages, and to chafe its tiny limbs. The dog watched his every movement with the most eager interest. Suddenly the baby opened its eyes and set up a shrill crying. At the first scream the hunter dropped it on the bed as if it had been hot metal; the dog barked furiously.

"Lord! Danny, what'll we do with it now?" The man looked at the dog inquiringly, "I reckon I ought to give him somethin' to eat, to keep him alive till mornin'. Then I'll take him right down to the poor-farm. I wonder ef I kin fix up some broth from that coon I shot yistiddy? Reckon I'll try, Dannny."

With brisk movements the hunter stepped about the room. The dog darted back and forth constantly between his master and the baby, as if to assure each of the other's safety. Finally the soup was done. The man tried to apply the edge of a saucer full of the warm beverage to the child's lips; but the baby clutched the edge of the dish, and spilled the contents over his body, the bed, the floor, in fact everywhere but down the eager, wide-open mouth. A second saucer-full met with a similar fate. At last the man found a spoon, and managed to get a few drops of the broth into the mouth of the wriggling baby. After a while the little creature stopped crying, and swallowed the warm liquid with eagerness. Then he began to smile, then to laugh, squirming up into little balls of merriment. The man and the dog watched his antics in amazed silence.

"He ain't half bad after all, is he, Danny?" the man observed, finally. "Puts me in mind of a young sucking pig, some. It ain't that soup that's makin' him wriggle so, is it, Danny? No, jus' see him laugh!" Then, recollecting himself, he

added gruffly, "But I ain't a-goin' to have anybody else's brat on my hands. He's goin', to-morrow mornin', I say."

Nevertheless, the baby did not go the next morning. "Reckon I'll keep him a few days, jus' to see him laugh," the hunter explained to his dog, rather shamefacedly. "I s'pose you think I'm gittin' foolish, Danny. Reckon I be."

For fifteen years John Raymond had lived a solitary life, unloved and unloving, in his shanty among the woods of Temple Mountain. During the winter months he hunted, and sold his skins to an agent in the village; but outside of business transactions he rarely spoke to anybody. Most people were afraid of him, believing him insane.

But the coming of the child put a new force into the man's life. The story is as old as man, and as new as this morning's sunrise. As the baby grew to boyhood, he became the constant companion of his foster-father on his long expeditions across country. He never showed the least inclination to associate with anyone else. The two found a constant and all-sufficient delight in each other's company. The older man idolized the alert, handsome young fellow who showed such an extraordinary skill and interest in the life he had come to regard as peculiarly his own. The boy, on his part, loved the gruff-spoken, tender-hearted old hunter, as a son rarely loves his own father. Together they hunted and fished, planted and gathered, ate and slept.

One summer a wealthy merchant from a distant city hired the boy as his guide on a hunting trip through the mountains. A warm liking on the part of the merchant for the finely-formed young hunter



soon ripened into a positive affection. He interested himself most zealously in the boy's future, and at the close of the summer literally forced the acceptance of his offer to give him a thorough education in an academy in the town where he resided. Both the old man and Andrew — or Andy, as the foster-father always called him, — were inexorable at first in their refusal of the offer, and were won over only by the merchant's glowing pictures of the brilliant future awaiting the boy if he would only consent to spend a few years at this institution.

One clear morning in September, accordingly, Andy left the old cabin on Temple Mountain, and took the train for the distant city. Two months passed by, and the lonely hunter heard not a word from his absent boy. The old man was inconsolable; he wandered all day through the woods, letting the rabbits and squirrels scamper unmolested about him. He wasted perceptibly, rarely touched food, and was constantly mumbling and muttering to himself. He had not even Danny to talk to now. The little terrier had long since found a grave among the rocky terraces of the mountain. If anyone addressed the old man, no matter how respectfully, he would scowl fiercely at the offender, and stalk on his way, muttering under his breath.

December came once more, bringing with it faded fields and hard, gray skies. On Christmas eve, John Raymond came stumbling up the rocky path to his cabin, after a day of aimless wandering. Of a sudden he stopped short, and looked sharply about him.

"Lord!" he ejaculated in a hoarse undertone, "this evenin' puts me in mind o' that time I found Andy. It seems to

me somehow as if I was goin' to find him on those steps to-night, jes' a wee bit of a baby, yellin' an' screamin' f'r all he's wuth. Lemme see, it must be about twenty year ago now. O Lord! it is twenty year this very night. And to think after twenty year, I should have to come to this! O Lord, O Lord!" He dropped to his knees in the hard foot-path, clasping and unclasping his hands in unutterable misery. "I never asked much of You, Lord, now did I? You know Yourself I never wanted to be blessed with this world's goods, with silver and gold. You gave me just one thing that I loved and cherished, Lord, an' now You've taken him away from me. Why didn't You take him away that night, twenty year ago, before I got all wrapped up in him? It ain't right, Lord; it ain't the right way to treat a poor old man. But if You'll do me jus' one little favor, Lord, we'll call it all fair and square. Take me away too, Lord. I can't live any longer. I don't want to live a day longer. Lord, take me away, too."

The grief-stricken man rocked to and fro for a long time in hopeless sorrow. Finally he rose stiffly to his feet, and tottered up the path to his cabin, his breath catching every now and then in short, dry sobs. He reached the clearing, and stumbled up the cabin-steps. Utterly fatigued by the exertion, he sat down on the top step, resting his chin on his shrunken hands. The full moon had just rolled up in the east; its light fell on his seamed face, bringing out the furrows and wrinkles with cruel distinctness.

"Looks to me jus' like a baby's face, like Andy's face," the sorrowful figure muttered to itself. "Seems as if Andy was laughin' at me, same's he used to do. Looks like he's come up to say

good-night to me. O Andy, come over to your old Daddy. Andy! Andy! Andy, I say!" He rose to his feet, and putting his hands to his mouth like a trumpet he called shrilly to the great, round wheel. Then he sank back, talking incoherently.

He did not hear the door of the cabin shut softly behind him, nor did he notice at first a man who came out of the hut, and sat down by his side. It was Andy himself, unmistakably, Andy. But when the old man found that he was not alone on the step, he turned and stared full into the intruder's face with cold suspicion.

"Who be you, now?" he asked, gruffly.

"Why, Daddy, dear old Daddy, don't you know me?" Andy cried in grieved surprise. "I ran away from the school three days ago. I've walked ever since to get back to you. Don't scold me, Daddy, I couldn't have lived another day in that — prison."

John Raymond looked doubtfully at the boy, then at the moon. Suddenly he clutched Andy's arm. "Why — why — why, Andy!" he stammered, wildly, his voice shrilling high with joyful excitement. "Where've you been this long time, these twenty year, you young scamp?" Then, lifting his face to the

sky, he murmured, "Lord, dear Lord, I thank ye. I can live now, I reckon. I want to live now!"

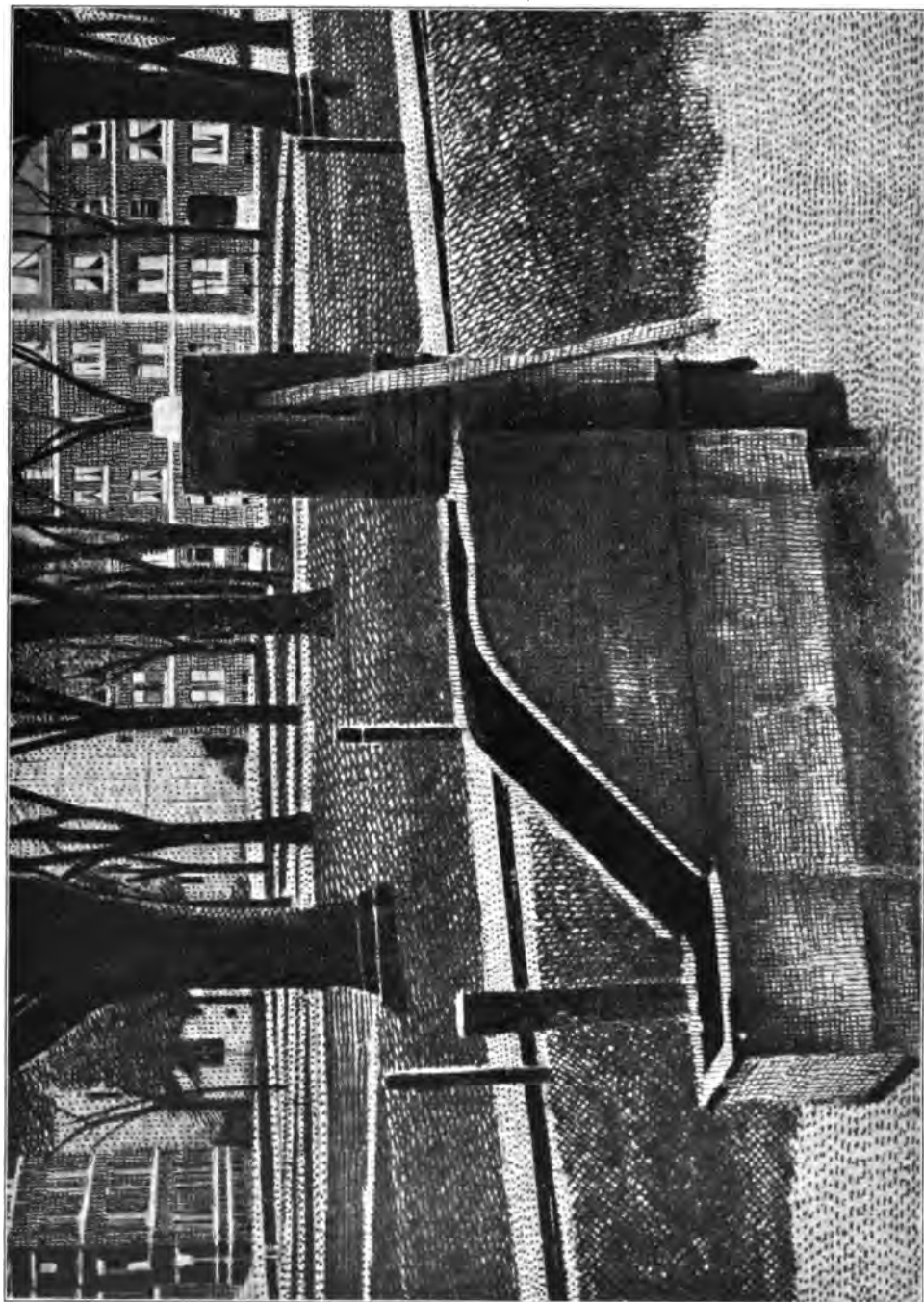
"Live!" Andy broke in on him, joyfully. "Well, I guess so! Who's talking of anything else on Christmas eve? I'm almighty glad I happened to stop and buy a lot of victuals down at the store, for I see you ain't got a bite to eat in the house. What you been livin' on, Daddy?"

"Hope," the old hunter muttered, solemnly, "jus' hopin' an' prayin' to the good Lord that you'd come back the way you've done."

Andy's eyes filled with sudden tears. "Poor, old Daddy," he said, gently. "I never dreamed you — you — keered so much. But that's all over now, an' we'll have a great old Christmas together, jes' we two. Come on in, Daddy, an' I'll cook up somethin' good an' warm fer our supper."

He turned to enter the shack. The old man followed him, but turned on the threshold, and faced the soaring moon. "Wa'n't I mean to whine an' complain 'bout you down there, Lord, when You had all this jes' a-savin' up fer me?" he murmured, as if to himself. "I won't never, never fergit it." Then he turned and joined Andy in the dark, little cabin.





THE COLLEGE PUMP.
Blown up, April, 1901.

THE COLLEGE PUMP.

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

In Summertide, beneath high-vaulted shade,
In Winter, frosted all with glistening rime,
In chanting Spring, or Autumn's sullen time
When sodden leaves their tawny beds have made —
Alike when spendthrift Sun his gold afar
Downthrows, or earth lies shrouded all in cold,
By evil men and good, by young, by old,
In every season blessed thy waters are.

Grandsires and children drink with solaced eyes.
Dazed revellers early come with thirsty shame
Beneath gray glimmering of the sober skies.
All day men pause; and some, at eventide,
Poets, have hallowed with their touch thy name,
And with their lips thy waters sanctified.



MAETERLINCK'S "WISDOM AND DESTINY."

BY A. E. WOOD.

In every age there will be some who value more the interpretation of life than the understanding of it. But it is particularly refreshing in our day to read a mystic like Maeterlinck, because this age prides itself upon its rationality. A friend with whom I was reading "Wisdom and Destiny," declared, "This is funny stuff to be reading after studying Mill and Spencer and those men." If one is seeking for a well-defined system of thought he must not turn to Maeterlinck. In regard to his work he says, "It will be vain to seek for any rigorous method. For indeed (this book), is composed of oft interrupted thoughts that entwine themselves with more or less system around two or three subjects. Its object is not to convince; there is nothing it professes to prove." His interest in life, then, is like that of the florist in his flowers, who is not much concerned with what the botanist could tell him about them.

His subject, moreover, is not the outward facts of life. In these he is interested only so far as they reflect the inward spirit. They are the stuff to try the soul upon. He speaks of *Love*, *Sorrow*, *Wisdom* and *Destiny*, giving them definitions whose poetry remind us of Ruskin's explanation of the terms of political economy. Thus he declares, "Wisdom is the triumph of Reason Divine over the Reason of man." And again, "*Wisdom* is the lamp of *Love* and *Love* is the oil of the lamp." The happiness of man lies in moral rather than in intellectual growth. "Happiness is a plant

that thrives more readily in the moral than in the intellectual life." He further says, "The vase wherein we should tend the true *Wisdom* is *Love* not *Reason*"

The imagery of these extracts is beautified by the way the author draws his illustrations for the most part from imaginative literature. Thus Antigone gives him an example of sacrifice; Hamlet of indecision and Macbeth of ambition. The destiny of each of these was not imposed, but arose from the quality of their souls. The real destiny of the soul is one of purity and light, and it falls from this height only through its own insufficiency. The individual is master of his fate through the exercise of the sovereign qualities of *Wisdom* and *Love*. "Destiny can vanquish the wise and just only by the good she compels them to do. Other men are like cities with a hundred gates that she finds unguarded and open; but the upright man is a fortified city with one gate open — of light; and this gate remains closed till love be induced to knock, and to crave admission. Other men she compels to obey her; and destiny doing her will, wills nothing but evil; but would she subdue the upright she needs must desire noble acts." Thus *Destiny* overcomes the unjust but sustains the good.

Maeterlinck, however, does not, like many other modern idealists, ignore the facts of sorrow and calamity. Indeed, to his mind, sorrow is ingrained on the panels of life. "It merely restores to us

that which our soul has lent in happier days." It is our wage. But we may accept it in peace or in disquiet, for sorrow like water takes the form of the vase that contains it. The seeming indifference of nature is necessary if we are to have any morality at all. The beauty of the just man is that he stands amid unrelenting external forces. But here, as in the case of *Destiny*, man overcomes not through submission but through reaction according to a higher law.

Herein is an idea which distinguishes Maeterlinck from other great mystics whose creed is asceticism and self-abasement. There have been many of these, and perhaps the most noble of them lived during the middle ages. But to Maeterlinck the thought of the ascetic, however noble, is of no value to the world until transformed into action. "Strive as we may, our loftiest thoughts are always uncertain, unstable; but the light of the goodly deed shines steadily on and is lasting. There are times when deep thought is no more than merely fictitious consciousness; but an act of charity, the heroic duty fulfilled — these are the true consciousness; in other words happiness in action." To Maeterlinck this active happiness arises not from the self-dissatisfaction with which one throws himself negligently into the breach caused by others' wants. Self-esteem and confi-

dence, rather, are the sources of all efficient service. "There is more active charity in the egoism of a strenuously clairvoyant soul than in all the devotion of the soul that is helpless and blind. Before you exist for others, it behooves you to exist for yourself; before giving you must first acquire." Here is a harmony of the ideals of self-culture and of service. For proper self-esteem Maeterlinck believes we should sacrifice even the passion for sacrifice. Sacrifice is never the *means* but always the *sign* of ennoblement. The untimely sacrifice wastes upon the rocks the oil which should light the mariner to port. As with sacrifice so, too, in regard to love there are different grades of more and less worth. Our love should always be lodged on the highest peak we can attain. Pity is a noble yet not the best source of love. That highest source is love itself.

The ideas here expressed are not new. Indeed one might draw a close parallel between the thought of Emerson and of Maeterlinck. Still if Maeterlinck does speak old wisdom, he speaks it with a new charm; and to clothe old truths with new power and beauty may be all there is left to do in the field of moral philosophy. His deeply human interest, his rich, imaginative style give fervor and grace to his inspiring message.



DR. JOHNSON AT BOSWELL'S TRADE.

BY H. ASKOWITH.

Few readers of Boswell's *Johnson*, even among those who have a fuller knowledge of the subject, are wont to regard Johnson as Dean of the biographers' guild when Boswell was a mere apprentice. Yet much of the glory which made Johnson so excellent a sitter for Boswell's portrait was due to Johnson's supreme mastery of Boswell's own art. Not only did the great dictator avow that biography "enchained his heart" more irresistibly than any other kind of literature; not only did he theorize concerning the ideal biographer with his usual sanity and decisiveness: he also practiced the art with a success that gave him undisputed fame as the best biographer in the kingdom. This reputation in his earlier days he owed chiefly to his first original prose work, the *Life of Savage* (1744), written from the warmth of close intimacy with that mysterious Bohemian and only a few months after his death. It is not surprising that Reynolds read through at a sitting (or, rather, a standing), and the press greeted with encomiums, a work plainly unequalled by any previous effort of the kind in English literature. Before the publication of this book, Johnson had contributed several biographical articles to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, including his celebrated lives of Blake and Drake, and the success of his *Life of Savage* encouraged him subsequently, though at long intervals, to write a number of short biographies for magazines and new editions, — notably his lives of Browne and Ascham. Such was his reputation that

the King, in his interview with Johnson in 1767, proposed that His Literary Majesty should undertake a complete *biographia* of English men of letters. Johnson signified his willingness, but it was not until ten years later, on request of the London booksellers, that the monarch of literature began the "little prefaces" which soon expanded into the *Lives of the English Poets* from Milton to Gray, — the crowning achievement of his literary career.

Whatever its merits in other respects, this masterpiece has suffered in the estimation of certain critics because it falls short of their dearest ideal — accuracy in every detail of fact. If a biography gives the results of deep research in dusty records, it leaves nothing to be desired, though it be undigested and indigestible. But Johnson boldly invites destruction by asserting that "to adjust the minute events of literary history is tedious and troublesome" and "requires indeed no great force of understanding." He confesses, moreover, to have engaged in his task with less provision of materials than might have been accumulated by longer forethought. But this deficiency was due mainly to his constitutional ailments, which made laborious research impracticable, and forced him to rely upon his wonderful memory. The insignificant errors that resulted are so numerous that we are apt to forget the immense value of the *Lives* merely as a repository of fact. Johnson's long career, spanning two or three generations from the days of Addison to the youth of Wordsworth,

was spent in direct contact with the makers and purveyors of literature, and the consequent heaped-up treasures of fact and tradition which otherwise would have been buried with him were poured into his last book. The importance of the *Lives* becomes striking when considered only as a memorial of English men of letters for nearly two centuries by the supreme man of letters of the second of those centuries. And the information it conveys has hardly been disproved or augmented by the diligent researches of the many years since his day. It is doubtful, in fact, whether any work in the language contains so much first-hand knowledge concerning an equally long period in the literary history of England.

With Johnson, however, mere truth of data was not an all-sufficient end in itself: it must conduce to truth of construction and of coloring. His ideal biographer, following Othello's injunction, should

"nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

There is danger, wrote Johnson, lest the biographer's "interest, his fear, his gratitude, or his tenderness, overpower his fidelity, and tempt him to conceal, if not to invent. . . . If we owe regard to the memory of the dead, there is yet more respect to be paid to knowledge, to virtue and to truth." From this absolute ideal, no doubt, Johnson departed slightly in his *Life of Savage*; but here its *raison d'être* and the attendant circumstances not only excused but demanded unusual sympathy. All the more is it to Johnson's credit that his tact and common sense balanced his morality and preserved him from the error of Mrs. Oliphant's *Sheridan*. In the *Lives of the Poets*, however, excepting a considerate reti-

cence where living friends were involved, there was nothing to sway his pen from unflinching obedience to his ideal of truth. His equipoise is never disturbed by fervid hero-worship; among his many infirmities cannot be numbered the *lues Boswelliana*. To many warm admirers of his subjects, this uncompromising attitude must seem rather severe; but there is not the slightest foundation for the charge of malignancy. It was not from hatred but from dauntless independence that he maintained his convictions as undismayed by the overawing greatness of a Milton as by the threats of a Macpherson. Started in his own day by scurrilous partisans, the charges of virulence and warped judgment, like certain cant terms condemned by Johnson, "have been since re-echoed without meaning, and kept up to the disturbance of the world by constant repercussion from one coxcomb to another." It should seem as if these slanders might long ago have been silenced by Johnson's brief reply: "I considered myself as entrusted with a certain portion of truth. I have given my opinion sincerely; let them show where they think me wrong." We may disagree with him; but we should take good care not to question his sincerity.

Rarely, indeed, has adequate justice been done to his unremitting, conscientious endeavor to be fair. The prejudices rooted in his mind by environment and training are subdued with remarkable self-control in his accounts of Milton and Swift, Addison and Gray. Nor does he err to the opposite extreme. If we agree that his leading "heroes," if he has any, are Dryden and Pope, let us remember that he rebukes their vanity and affectation even more strictly than the

similar failings of a Blackmore or a Mallet. His opinion of the writer did not affect his view of the man; a fearless seeker after truth, he probes to the deepest springs of character and motive by the X-rays of his searching mind. Yet he was altogether too noble to be personal or inhuman. "A true brother of men is he, and filial lover of the earth," said Carlyle, and the phrase is fully justified by the entire disinterestedness and devotion to humankind that Johnson reveals throughout. The biographer who esteemed his art as giving us "what comes near to ourselves, what we can turn to use," was not likely to miss any suitable opportunity to enforce example by precept, to extract from deed and character the essence of controlling, interpretative truth. Still retaining its acuteness, his sagacity is yet mellowed by the autumnal wisdom of three-score and ten, without the slightest trace of senility or sourness of temper. The comments are often suffused with a dry, lambent humor always inspired by good sense; a humor trenchant in its sarcasm, mild and reasonable in its pleasantry. Adding a final lustre to these qualities, the imperial, consummate ease of style forms one more element in that humanity which embalms the substance with a sempiternal aroma.

It is singular, indeed, that such supreme merits in a biography should be nearly overshadowed by a work which renders the biographer himself still more supreme. It is due to Boswell, moreover, that the taste of the last century has preferred a different species of biography. But there should be little competition between Boswell's full-length portrait, projected against the crowded background of his age, and Johnson's series of miniatures, each revealing the heart of his subject in a few masterly strokes. Nor, if we admire the larger masterpiece, should we forget that Boswell considered it a "presumptuous task" to write "the Life of him who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others," and from whom he had drawn the germinal conception of his own great work. The disciple owed still more to his master for stimulating the interest in literary biography and paving the way for Boswell's immediate and widespread success. Thus there are external considerations of gratitude to be added to those intrinsic virtues which render the *Lives of the Poets*, if we subscribe to Warburton's dictum, one of the most agreeable books on "the most agreeable subject in the world, literary history."



TO THE HYLÄ.

By DAVID MacGREGOR CHENEY.

Why pipe your silver song to-night
By fox,— by moon,— by bright starlight?
Enbound with shadows, long and stark,
The wood is brooding in the dark;
The oak, the hickory, and the pine
Stand listless on the timber-line;
The dell in fairy thraldom sleeps;
The lime-tree's shadow creeps and creeps;
The fern-glade burrows in the gloom;
And spectre white, thin birches loom
Beyond where winds the dust-choked road,
And wink and blink,—if fern-seed, sowed
Upon the night, had touched my eye,
Than now, no weirder would they lie.
Why wake the silence with your bell?
Why break the thraldom of the dell?

The damp and chill, and ghostly glare,
And wild night eyes that stare and stare,
And silence greater than the tomb,
And shadows dim, and empty gloom,—
Have these no weight upon your heart
That still the echoes you must start?
Hey, whistler of the shadow's tomb!
Hey, piper! Merry voice from gloom!
Strange songster of the reedy marsh!
With quiet muff your bells! Let harsh
And crabbed silence cloak your chime!
'Tis not of darkness, and the time
Is chosen ill to wake the earth
With your loud symphony of mirth.
Away! Plunge in the oozy deep
Of your dark swamp, and let us sleep,
And pipe no more while shadows creep!

"TWO CALLERS."

BY A. E. WOOD.

Miss Jones was unquestionably the neatest woman in Bingham. She lived in the main street in a tiny white house, which, as one saw it from a neighboring hillside, looked something like a cake of sapolio. Everything in that house even to the flower pots in the parlor window looked fresh and clean. Once she tried to keep a hired girl, but sent her off within three days, because, as she herself said,

"It makes just one more thing in the house to keep a looking after."

So, thenceforth, she lived alone with her cat. She really loved him notwithstanding the minister told her one day that cats have no souls. She called the cat *Waxy*, not simply because he was yellow and soft, but because *Waxy* seemed a clean name for such a good cat. To see *Waxy* sitting in a sunny spot on the kitchen floor, lapping his fur, was perhaps the keenest joy in Miss Jones's life.

One bright spring morning, just after a shower, Miss Jones stood in her doorway, charmed by the general washed appearance of her front yard. She was just about to call a fresh, "Good-morning!" to Mrs. Edwards who lived over the way, when her innocent spirits were ruffled by the appearance within her gate of a much soiled looking dog that blinked wistfully at her.

"Scat!" cried Miss Jones, stamping her feet, and shaking all over like a tea cup on board ship.

The dog, unconscious of having done

wrong, crossed the lawn, stopping now and then to sniff, and finally trotted leisurely through the lower gate.

Miss Jones slammed the door, poked her hair into shape before a glass, and exclaimed,

"If I darst, I'd get rid of them dogs!"

She was just going to begin her dusting when the door was thrown open, and in popped Mrs. Titcomb with a basket of eggs on her arm, and a little red shawl drawn round her plump face.

"Mornin', Miss Jones," she said, spryly. "I thought as how not havin' hens, you'd like some fresh eggs."

"Lor' thanks!" ejaculated Miss Jones, and she further showed her appreciation by taking the basket and asking her friend to sit down.

Mrs. Titcomb was new to Bingham; but her general good intentions had won over to her side most of the women, and they had brought round the men.

"I suppose your concerned about our church fair," began Miss Jones. "We want —" She could not say more, for there, behind Mrs. Titcomb's chair was that foul looking dog she had just driven from her yard, sitting half enveloped in the folds of Mrs. Titcomb's skirt. Miss Jones bit her lip, gulped, then stammered,

"Hum! You like dogs?"

"Jest pretty well," replied Mrs. Titcomb. As she reached down and patted the moist nose of the dog, he showed he was glad to be alive, and was particularly happy to be near Miss Jones, by wag-



ging his tail against the white base-board of Miss Jones's sitting room.

That lady with a kind of unfelt, photographic smile knelt down and with the corner of her apron rubbed the spot battered by the dog's tail.

"I was about to say," she said, "we want some one that's nice on our linen table. Now there's Miss B. (I needn't tell her name) she wants to serve there, but she's awful to work with. Mrs. Tom Harris said jest right when she told Abel Thrush that Miss B. had too even a disposition, 'cause she's always mad. No, she won't do at all. Besides, she's said more'n once thet she hates the minister, and thet —"



She was interrupted by cries of "See! See!" from Mrs. Titcomb.

Miss Jones needed not directions. Hearing a short bark, she turned just in time to see *Waxy* jump off a braided pink and blue mat to the back of her nicest plush chair, and from thence leap to the white frame of an old motto picture that spelled "*God Bless Our Home*" in scarlet worsted. There, *Waxy* poised for a half a second, breathing in a kind of sore-throat tone, down upon the dog, who paddled with his forefeet on the wall paper much like the fox beneath Æsop's grape-vine. Even before Miss Jones could hit the cur with her dust-cloth, *Waxy*, gasping too far on one side, lost his balance, and fell, together with the picture, like a clump of burrs on the dog's back.

"Serves yer right! Serves yer right!" shouted Miss Jones, as the dog, yelping and cringing, scraped himself along the floor into the ample folds of Mrs. Titcomb's dress. From Miss Jones's remarks, Mrs. Titcomb was not sure just whom the mishap had "served right;" but being a helpful soul she swallowed her feelings and stooped down to pick up the scattered fragments of glass.

Miss Jones looked at the bruised geraniums and sunflowers on her wall paper, glowered at Mrs. Titcomb for having brought such a cur into the house, shook a little, white, clenched fist at the dog, and then began to caress *Waxy*, who, from a remote corner of the room, was eyeing the one spot on the dog's nose he had not scratched. For a small cat he looked very omnivorous and effervescent.

"There *Waxy*, dear," effused Miss Jones. "You feel all kind of nervous like, don't you? Your breath smells as

if you were faint, don't it? And your nose is as warm as pie, ain't it? We'll go where there ain't no dogs, won't we?" without waiting for *Waxy* to reply to any of these fundamental queries, Miss Jones clasped him to her bosom with affectionate fierceness, and bustled away, leaving Mrs. Titcomb to tidy up the room. Reaching the kitchen she put *Waxy* behind the stove to cool his temper, and presumably his nose.

She returned fully resolved to order Mrs. Titcomb's dog home, but remembering the eggs, she finally said,

"Animals is hard to put up with, sometimes."

Happily, Mrs. Titcomb, by pinning her shawl about her face and starting toward the door, relieved her friend's distress. Miss Jones opened the door with an almost unhospitable readiness. As she did so the dog sneaked out, and bounded down the steps, his flabby body wagging

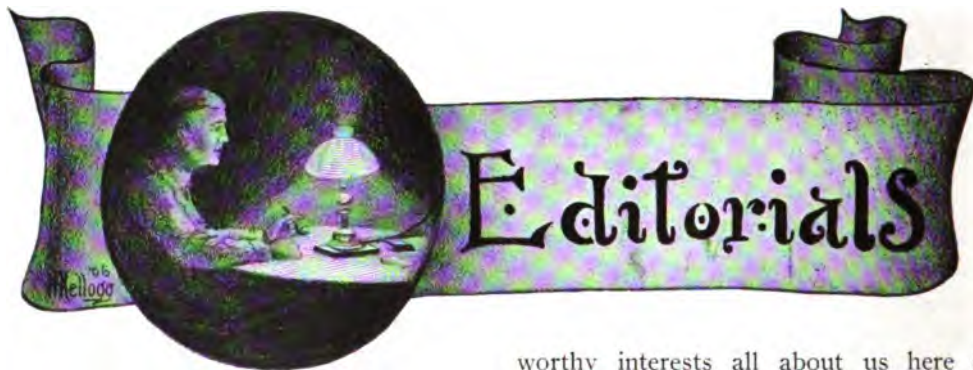
and writhing for joy in front of his dilapidated tail. Miss Jones gave a long, relieving sigh.

Mrs. Titcomb, as she walked away, kept right on talking, her voice swelling organ-like until she almost bellowed from the end of the walk,

"Do let me have that linen table at the fair. I know Miss B. and what you say is jest true, only you're too soft on her. She had a row with —"

Not being able, or not wanting to hear more, as Mrs. Titcomb continued from the street, Miss Jones closed the door, and tried to sniff the dog smell out of her head. As she was looking sorrowfully at her broken picture and defaced wall paper, suddenly Mrs. Titcomb thrust her head once more in the door and shouted,

"Miss Jones, your dog's following me home. Call him back, won't you?"



"NOT TOO MUCH."

The motto "*Not Too Much*," which the Greeks put over the doors of their temple, might do a little missionary work if written above the entrance to some of our lecture halls. There are so many

worthy interests all about us here at Harvard, that the active man tends often to weaken his power by giving time to too many different kinds of work. This danger seems to be involved in the very ideal of college training, if we consider education as aiming to make broad-

minded specialists. If this be a valid end of education—and we believe it is—then there will always be a conflict between one's endeavor to be broadly sympathetic, and one's desire to be skilled in some one branch of knowledge. In this clash of interests men err on both sides: some sacrifice breadth to the extent of becoming narrow; others are so generous in their outlook that they lack especial skill at any one point. The average undergraduate is perhaps more

liable to commit this latter fault than the former. Besides the strictly academic duties, a host of outside interests make demands upon every wide-awake man; and only a man of great prudence will never set a pace faster than he can maintain. Too many in college have the American habit of making life a mad, unreasonable hurry without chart or compass. For such there may be much food for thought in the ancient admonition "*Not Too Much.*"



FAIR MARGARET, A PORTRAIT. By F. Marion Crawford. New York. The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Crawford, whom we remember as author of "Via Crucis," "In the Palace of the King," and other clever novels, has given us as his latest book, "Fair Margaret," the account of an attractive American girl abroad whose ambition is to become a great singer, and whose greatest hopes are realized in the most complete and picturesque manner.

Margaret Donne, in whom, presumably, we are to be greatly interested, is a moderately attractive girl, at first socially unimportant, but with a talent for singing. We are told this in the first chapter and are not surprised to find her a great singer in the last. During the

intervening period Margaret has some interesting experiences which shock her guardian, an elderly American lady with mildly amusing, Puritanical views, and a profound respect for money. Chiefly responsible for these experiences is an exceedingly wealthy society adventurer, a Greek, who is clever enough to interest Margaret without offending her, and to drive her former lover, a literary Mr. Lushington, to the most absurd manifestations of helpless jealousy. This adventurer, Logotheti, Margaret meets as a friend of Madame Bonanni, a renowned soprano well along in years, to whom she is indebted for her subsequent debut in grand opera. Mr. Lushington, curiously enough, turns out to be Madame Bonanni's son, a circumstance humiliat-

ing to him because of his mother's disreputable past.

With these characters the story is concerned. Madame Bonanni assists Margaret to fame, Margaret becomes fascinated with Logotheti, Logotheti drives Mr. Lushington to ludicrous jealousy, and the latter rescues Margaret at the last minute from the wily Greek. As grateful acknowledgment Mr. Lushington is permitted to kiss Margaret's slim fingers.

"Fair Margaret" might be considered a passable story, but it surely is not in Mr. Crawford's best style, and may be said to belong to that type of present day American fiction which is being severely criticized for its triviality and lack of literary value. Mr. Crawford has displayed marked ability in the many pleasing novels which he has given us, but it is to be regretted that he has been willing to allow his style to be marred

by such an abundance of trite and conventional language as we find in his latest work. With the exception of Madame Bonanni none of the characters have decided personality. Margaret Donne, except in the pursuance of her musical career, is far too plastic a person. Mr. Lushington merely allows himself to continually appear at a disadvantage. Logotheti, the versatile, unscrupulous Greek, might prove interesting if we could only find him disconcerted now and then.

The best in the book is the portrayal of Madame Bonanni, the old opera singer, who really lives, and inspires conflicting emotions in the reader. We have a contempt for her at one moment, and admire her the next; she excites our ridicule, and yet compels our respect. Thus the chief interest of the story centers around her, and the book may be worth reading for this one character alone. R. W. S.

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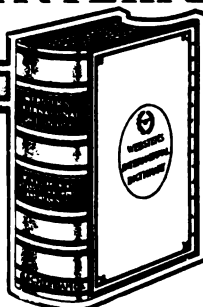
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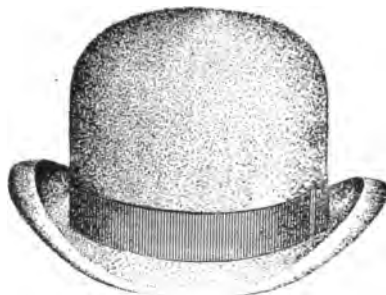
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THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 4

EMERSON HALL AND ITS DEDICATION.

BY RALPH W. SMILEY.

Emerson Hall, which was formally opened on December 27, represents the fulfillment of the efforts of the department of Philosophy at Harvard University to bring together all the branches of that study under one roof.

The type of architecture is Greek, designed to correspond, in a general way, to Robinson Hall, directly opposite. The building is one hundred and forty-three feet in length, and seventy-three and one-half feet in width. Its main entrance faces north.

There is also an elaborate facade and entrance door on the west side, facing the Yard.

The first floor is given up entirely to lecture rooms of different sizes, the largest being at the left of the main entrance, in the east wing of the building, with a seating capacity of three hundred. In the west wing are two similar lecture rooms, each with one hundred and forty seats, while on either side of the vestibule are seminar and department rooms.

On the second floor is the most expensive equipment. Several suites of connecting halls, large and small, are arranged with special view to the study of sociology, but also suitable for use by philosophical courses. On either side of the wide corridor are large, well-lighted, pleasant rooms, finished in red oak panelling. These are the philosophical

and sociological libraries, and a large collection of volumes dealing with social ethics have already been placed upon the shelves of the sociological library, transferred from Gore Hall and from Dane Hall. Several hundred new books from the General Workingman's Institute, and from the Statistical Office, established at the St. Louis Exposition, are soon to be placed here. The large collection of books in the philosophical library is the gift of Mr. Reginald C. Robbins, '92.

On this floor is also a sociological museum, containing maps, models, charts, and other aids for sociological research. There is also a lecture room, directly over the larger one on the first floor; and there are three class rooms. Three more rooms furnished in black are especially designed for optical experiments.

The third floor contains a laboratory with direct and alternating currents to be used in psychological work. Especial attention has been devoted to this apparatus for which was given one-third of the amount raised by the Department of Philosophy for the building.

There is also a large lecture room on this floor, and twenty-three rooms of various sizes for individual psychological investigations. There are several rooms with aquariums and vivariums, devoted to studies in animal psychology.



Emerson Hall.

On both upper stories the flooring is arranged to deaden sound by a thin layer of cement over rough boards, covered with dark pine.

The building follows the plan of the new Lecture Hall in many respects. The walls are of stained plaster, and the woodwork throughout is of oak. The corridors are broad, and all the rooms are well lighted. The stairways are of iron, and are an artistic feature of the building.

In the main entrance there has been placed a statue of Emerson by F. Duveneck.

Before the painters and carpenters left the Hall, there was auspicious occasion for its use. During the Christmas recess there was held in different

parts of the building the Fifth Annual Convention of the American Philosophical Association, and the Fourteenth Annual Convention of the American Psychological Association. From all parts of the country, philosophers and psychologists came, to discuss problems relating to their respective subjects; and either by a happy coincidence, or by prudent forethought their advent was the occasion of the dedication of the Hall. Perhaps it was well that the lovers of philosophy should consecrate the Hall before the great body of students tumbled in. There is no doubt, however, that the splendid building will increase among the students their already strong interest in philosophy.

On the occasion of the formal dedication, among the speeches that were



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EMERSON HALL.

made, two, those by President Eliot and by Professor Münsterberg, were especially interesting as showing the significance of the name Emerson, given to the Hall. President Eliot said in part:

"A department of philosophy belongs to the old traditional parts of the University, with the so-called humanities. This building, consecrated to this subject, is the first on this ground dedicated to the humanities. We have had department buildings. They began with the sciences and kept on with the sciences. This is the first of the old departments to get the advantage of a home peculiar to itself. The last prolonged course of lectures Ralph Waldo Emerson gave was on 'The Natural History of the Intellect.' This is Emerson Hall. We believe that this name will be a lasting one, an immortal one. Not that Emerson was a philosopher or a

psychologist; he was not a systematic thinker, but more — a poet and prophet, many of whose prophecies have already been fulfilled. He was a New Englander, hence an American in the broadest sense. He was a political seer. We find in his writings ideals of government as well as of learning. Hence we find this name appropriate to this institution and to this department of this institution. We believe we have got for this building the very best New England name."

Professor Münsterberg, who presided, in introducing Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson, said:

"We enter this building with the highest educational hopes. We hope it will become an intellectual union of the subject. But our hopes go beyond our college grounds. We see outside a spiritual world movement. For two thousand



Lecture Room.

years the world has shown a necessity for the union of idealism and realism. We have seen in the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century the reign of realism, and it does not take much to see that the twentieth century must be idealistic. The world has heard enough of energy and matter, and it wishes again to hear of ideals and eternity. We want to serve here the new hope. He was certainly the most persuasive exponent of the last idealistic movement which started with the gigantic Kant. Emerson's

writings are still vivid in our minds, and it may be that he will become the leader in the new movement."

The dedication of Emerson Hall was not attended by the pomp and flurry that often accompanies the opening of buildings in other walks of life; nevertheless the above prophecy of Professor Münsterberg suggests that Emerson Hall, in an even more profound way than buildings used for government purposes, will serve the American people, and through them the world.



A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE — "ESPERANTO."

BY DR. H. W. MORSE.

The want of a universal language is a serious one, not only to the traveler and the scientist, but to the person of average attainments as well. The present limitations of language make international intercourse difficult even for well educated persons, and quite impossible for those of the great majority who have only an average education.

But if there were a simple language, not arbitrarily invented, but combining the most rational elements of existing languages and avoiding their difficulties and irregularities, having a simple grammar together with a flexible structure, and being easy to speak and pleasant to hear, — for such a language one might predict immediate usefulness and a wonderful future.

A language of precisely this nature

does exist. Its present usefulness and great possibilities are equally impressive, for it is in use by nearly 300,000 people, and this number is being rapidly increased. Physiologists and philologists, chemists and physicists, literary and scientific men of eminence are giving to its spread their time, their money and their enthusiasm. Clubs and societies which come into touch with other nations are adopting it officially, and it will probably be presented to the great Congress of Academies of the world for their consideration at the next meeting of this organization.

The name of this auxiliary universal language is Esperanto, and its description is precisely that of the ideal language outlined above. It is in no sense an arbitrary invention of new words, but

a logical adaptation of the well-known root-words common to the languages now in use among European nations. It is not intended that it should supersede any existing language, but that it should serve as an auxiliary for universal use, — to be learned by each nation in addition to the native tongue so that this single additional language may enable its possessors to communicate freely with all other peoples. If this result could be attained by learning any one of the existing natural languages, the labor would be many times repaid by the reward, but the trouble of learning the single language Esperanto is but a tithe of the effort necessary for the acquirement of a natural language. Its root-words are those common to the languages now in use — everyone can recognize a majority of them at sight, and a well educated person knows already all but a few.

In spite of this simplicity Esperanto is far from limited in power and range. Its root-words may be coupled with prefixes and suffixes to express the widest divergence and the subtlest shades of meaning, but all without confusion or difficulty, because the added parts always retain their definite meanings. It has for this same reason such flexibility that its possibilities in the hands of a sympathetic and strong writer are altogether boundless.

And that universal bugaboo — grammar — has been in Esperanto transformed into a light and marvelously interesting introduction to the language. Inconsistencies, irregularities, rules that are important because of their exceptions, do not appear. In their place there is a delightful logicalness which does away with these many rules and their exceptions, and which is most satisfying to one who has struggled through the grammar of his own and other tongues.

This language is in short a logical combination of the best elements in modern languages, without their faults. If this should seem too good to be true a careful examination of Esperanto will be convincing.

"Simpla, fleksebla, belsona, vere internacia en siaj elementoj, la lingvo Esperanto prezentas al la mondo civilizita la sole veran solvon de lingvox internacia. Tre facila por homoj nemulte instruitaj, Esperanto estas komprenata sen peno de la personoj bone edukitaj."

A language of this kind was of course too valuable to remain in the Old World, and the Harvarda Esperanta Societo was organized last November. Its aims are stated in the second article of the constitution as follows:—

"La celo de tiu chi societo estas triparta:—

Una: Lerni la lingvon internacian — Esperanto.

Dua: Helpi dissemi chie ideon de la lingvox internacia helpa, kaj de la jam ekzistanta kaj konkreta formo de tiu chi ideo, kiu estas representata de la lingvo Esperanto.

Tria: Traduki kaj eldoni en Esperanto verkojn klasikajn el lingvoj diversaj."

The immediate uses of such a language are evident. Books for the blind, reports of international congresses and committees, scientific researches of broad interest, classics of unusual languages, — these are already published, and their number is increasing yearly, while its use in commercial intercourse has already attained large proportions.

(The American Esperanto Association has just been organized, and its Corresponding Secretary may be reached at Box 21, Boulevard Station, Boston. The Harvard Esperanto Society is also very glad to give information through its president or secretary.)

SWEDENBORG'S INFLUENCE UPON GOETHE.

(A paper read before the American Philosophical Convention.)

BY REV. FRANK SEWALL.

[Mr. Sewall, a member of the American Philosophical Association, is one of the leading interpreters of Swedenborg in this country.]

HARVARD ILLUSTRATED:

Dear Mr. Editor—In reply to your request let me say that it will give me great pleasure to have my paper on "Swedenborg's Influence upon Goethe" read by the undergraduates of Harvard in the columns of the "Illustrated." May I ask that it may be regarded as a partial return for the charming hospitality tendered the members of the American Philosophical Association by undergraduate students in the occupancy of their delightful rooms "with all the comforts of home" during the vacation holidays.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK SEWALL.

The interest recently awakened among European scholars in the scientific and philosophical writings of Swedenborg and their influence upon modern thought and culture, after a long period of seeming obscurity and neglect, is an interesting episode in the history of culture. Honoured by the faculties of his own time for his bold and fertile mathematical and physical theories, and elected to membership in the Royal Academies of Science in Paris, St. Petersburg and Stockholm, his philosophic significance soon became obscured from popular vision by his claim to seership and to the mission of a spiritual prophet. A hundred years later a new interest was awakened by the publication in London of an English translation of the *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*, embracing the *Principia* and the *Regnum Animale*. It was especially Swedenborg's doctrine of man as the type, and hence of the human form of society, together with the doctrine of correspondences, or the spiritual analogies of nature, that awakened a response in Emerson's poetic mind, as, also, later in that of Henry James, the father of Henry James the novelist, and Professor William James the psychologist. Indeed, Swedenborg may be said to have furnished the substance of what

is most valuable in Emerson's Essays on the Imagination and on Nature. It was the new spiritual view of the Universe as of a world ensouled, that opened to Emerson a vision not only of the fount of poetry but of the ideal human self-realization. Emerson, indeed, was one of the first to recognize and to pay a splendid tribute to the contributions of Swedenborg to human learning, calling him "a colossal soul who lies vast abroad upon the times." But he wrote wiser than he knew, for neither his own scientific knowledge nor the science of his day was adequate to any true estimate of the significance of Swedenborg's theories. With the deeper researches of science and the critical tracing of philosophic thought during the last fifty years, the world is far better prepared than in Emerson's day to make an estimate of the real philosophic value of the theories advanced in the *Principia* and the *Regnum Animale*, and even of the inner-world revealings of the *Arcana Coelestia*. As instances of this latest recognition of Swedenborg's deserts among the leading European scholars in the several fields covered by his treatises, I will only mention here the admissions by Van t' Hoff and Eloart of Swedenborg's anticipations in his *Principles of Chemistry*

of the modern crystallography and stereo-chemistry,* anticipating Pasteur's doctrine of the "crystallizing properties in molecules" by a century, and Haüy and de l'Isle and other early crystallographers, by fully sixty years. In cosmical science the Russian astronomer Nyren has accorded to Swedenborg a projection of the nebular theory prior to those of Kant and Laplace.†

In anatomy and physiology Dr. Gustav Retzius, the celebrated anatomist of the Swedish Royal Academy, has paid tribute in an address before a Congress of European Anatomists at Heidelberg in 1902 to Swedenborg's profound discoveries in relation to the brain and the blood; and a commission of the Academy, including men of such renown as Retzius and Svendte Arrhenius, is now engaged in bringing out a complete edition of the as yet unpublished Mss. of their illustrious former academician.

In psychology and metaphysics Professors Vaihinger of Halle, Heinze of Leipzig and du Prel of Munich have discovered the influence exerted upon Kant by his knowledge of Swedenborg's doctrine of the two worlds and their relation by correspondence, finding here the real solution to the relation of the *Ding an Sich* to its phenomenal relation to sense-perception. Not only is Kant's æsthetic, with the subjectivity of time and space concepts, and the relationship of the ideas of the reason to a corresponding and symbolic sense-perception very easily traceable in Swedenborg, whom Kant confesses to have read with persevering diligence, but both du Prel and Heinze have

shown in their introductions to their editions of Kant's *Vorlesungen "ueber Metaphysik"* and *"ueber Psychologie"* that Kant's idea of the spiritual world and of the soul's immortality are in places almost transcriptions from Swedenborg. A year after Swedenborg had published in London, in 1769, his little treatise *de Commercio*: or the Inter-course of the Soul and the Body, (in which he declares his doctrine of the two worlds absolutely distinct but in every particular parallel and corresponding, the one that of spirit, the other of nature) Kant pronounces his inaugural address in assuming his professorship in Koenigsburg, having for its subject the Two Worlds—the world of sense and the world of ideas,—*Mundus sensibilis and Mundus intelligibilis*. In view of the interest shown by Kant in the promised appearance of this same work by Swedenborg, it is no improbable assumption that the great fundamental doctrine of Swedenborg, of the duality of the Universe in discrete degrees or planes of existence, together with its unity by the absolute correspondence of these degrees and their harmonious interaction,—that this lay at the bottom of all Kant's subsequent creation of an idealistic system of philosophy, and of a world of real *noumena* or realities lying behind and within the world of visible and symbolic phenomena.

This introductory sketch of Swedenborg's varied achievement is not without its very close and vital relation to the subject proper of this paper: Swedenborg's Influence upon Goethe. Goethe's acquaintance with metaphysics was largely derived from Herder and Schiller. While through the latter he became interested in Kant, the cold intellectuality of the *Critique* left him unmoved and he longed for a view of the universe warmer with life. His scientific studies looked in the direction of a soul-inspired unity and harmony of things. For a

*See Eilooart's "Guide to Stereo-chemistry,"—Van t'Hoff's "Arrangement of Atoms in Space." Intro., p. 1.

†See Art. "Swedenborg and the Nebular Hypothesis; a Contribution to the so-called Kant—Laplace Nebular Hypothesis." Transl. from the *Vierteljahrsschrift der Astronomischen Gesellschaft*. Leipzig, 1879, p. 81 in *New Church Review*. July, 1897.

time Lavater, the projector of a science of phrenology, appealed to him, and here he began those studies of the *Thierschädel*, of organic life and the development of species along a line of ascent according to the human type pervading all things, in which he leaves Lavater far behind, and finds himself in very essential agreement with the *Oeconomia* of Swedenborg. Goethe's fragment on the *Cranium* is a reduction of the opening chapter of Herder, who may easily have derived his knowledge of Swedenborg through Kant at Königsberg;* but it would appear from other grounds that Goethe's acquaintance with Swedenborg was far more direct than through Kant or Herder, especially as Kant reflects far more the Swedenborg of the second, or Seer period, than of the first, or Scientific. The occasion of this intimate acquaintance of Goethe with Swedenborg was his residence in Frankfort in the early '70's and his near association while there with Fraülein von Klettenberg, whom he came to regard with affection and reverence as a kind of spiritual godmother. It was this deeply spiritual but intellectual woman who led Goethe into the treasure house of Swedenborg's *Arcana*, and it is to this introduction that he owes his adoption of the great underlying principles of the works of Swedenborg's First Period: the *Principia* and the *Economy of the Animal Kingdom*. The fragment entitled the "Peace of Heaven," a translation of a chapter from Swedenborg's *Arcana* found among the Klettenberg papers, was for a time supposed to have been Goethe's own translation; these papers include also a lengthy poem which is almost a paraphrase of a chapter of Swedenborg in the "Marriage Love." But, more remarkable than this, as showing the close intimacy of Goethe with

what Swedenborg had written, is the comparison drawn by Dr. Hans Schlieper in his Doctorate's Dissertation before the university of Berlin 1901, between one of the least known but most profound and enigmatical of all Swedenborg's writings, — the work entitled "*De Cultu et Amore Dei*," with Goethe's poem *Der. Deutsche Parnass* or "The German Parnassus."* This work of Swedenborg published in London in 1745, bore the mysterious title: "*The Worship and Love of God: treating of the Birth of the Earth, Paradise and the Abode of Living Creatures also of the Nativity, infancy and love of the first begotten or Adam; and of the Marriage of the First-born; of the Soul, of the Intellectual Mind, of the State of Integrity and of the Image of God.*" It was published in parts, the first two of which were later published in English, but the entire edition Latin and English has long been out of print. By a happy coincidence, at the time a scholar at Berlin is bringing to light the interesting relation of this work to Goethe's whole career, a complete edition of the work, including the third part, now translated for the first time into English, is going through the press in Boston under the careful and competent editorship of Alfred H. Stroh of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Schlieper has pointed out (pp. 38-43) not only the resemblance between Goethe's *Fragment on the Cranium* and Swedenborg's *Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, but he traces a most striking parallelism running through chapters of the *De Cultu* and the *Deutsche Parnass*, line for line. The theme is that of the birth and growth of the human mind in

*For Swedenborg's relation to Herder see Dr. Schlieper's *Address cit. inf.* p. 28.

*Emanuel Swedenborg's *System der Naturphilosophie besonders in seiner Beziehung zu Goethe — Herderschen Anschauungen — Inaugural Dissertation von Hans Schlieper aus Berlin.* Berlin: Gustav Schade. Linien Str. 158.

a pure world in which reigns a perfect unity and harmony between spiritual forces and intelligences, and the phenomena of nature. In time this pure development is invaded by certain rebelling forces of the self-assertion of nature, and of the reason of sense: these to subdue or to bring into final harmony with the perfect law of the eternal Good is the life-problem. A single quotation from the many parallels drawn by Dr. Schlieper will have to suffice, Swedenborg's *De Cultu*: 73: "He (the enemy) creates queens and calls them Aganippides, from that fountain which the hoof of his victorious horse has burst open; and thus he inflames all with new desires and blinds all by his snares and enchantments."

Goethe: *Der Deutsche Parnass*: 171-176: "Do ye water here Silenus' horrid beast? There the Aganippides are fouling it with their rough thick lips; There is stamping with clumsy feet until the muddy waters flow!"

The unity of the type through nature's development, the presence of the infinite in the least as well as in the greatest, — the presence of all natural and spiritual potentiality in the first "point" or atom of a created world, — these are the points of contact between Goethe and Swedenborg, traced by Dr. Schlieper through not only this poem but through Goethe's whole system of natural science. Says Dr. Schlieper: "Swedenborg proceeds from this thought, which also underlies Goethe's view: From every face looks forth the spirit, nature has translated herself into a bodily shape and character, for bodies present their souls under a certain type. *Life* in union with nature brings forth the *cause*, and the cause in which both nature and life live, begets the *work* which is the complex and the copy of the Nature." (p. 39.) This is a rather poor setting of Swedenborg's doctrine

of the discrete degrees of End, Cause, and Effect, embodied respectively in God, Spirit, and Nature; and equally in the human trine of will, intellect, and work; — but it serves to indicate how profoundly the structure of Goethe's world-view was governed by Swedenborg's generalizations.

The familiarity of Goethe with Swedenborg's *De Cultu* is also unmistakably manifest from the following passage from *Wilhelm Meister*: Boston ed. p. 318: "The friend was acquainted with my habit of looking on my body as an outward object: he carried forward my attention from the human body to the kindred objects of creation: *he led me up and down as in the Paradise of the first man.*"

The *Deutsche Parnass* may be regarded as an epitome of Faust, and the Monologue of Faust, in view of what we have already seen, finds its clear interpretation in Goethe's own experience in his acquaintance with Swedenborg. The whole subject of the Monologue in its reference to Swedenborg is very thoroughly treated by Johann Niejahr of Halle a. S. in an article *Kritische Untersuchungen zu Goethe's Faust*, in *Euphoriion*, Vol. IV pp. 272-287.

This Monologue with which the Drama of Faust opens, begins with the familiar words:

I've studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine
And even alas! Theology,—
From end to end, with labor keen:
And here poor fool! with all my lore
I stand, no wiser than before:
I'm Magister, yea Doctor-high
And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right,
These ten years long with many woes
I've led my scholars by the nose,—
And see,—that nothing can be known!
That knowledge cuts me to the bone—
I'm cleverer, true, than those fops of teachers
Doctors, Magisters, Scribes and Preachers.
Neither scruples nor doubts come now to
smite me.
Nor Hell nor Devil can longer affright me.

Wherefore from Magic I seek assistance
That many a secret perchance I reach
Through spirit-power and spirit-speech,
And thus the bitter task forego
Of teaching things I do not know,—
That I may detect the inmost force
Which binds the world and guides its
course;

In germs, productive powers explore
And rummage in empty words no more!

Ah me! this dungeon still I see
This drear accursed masonry,
Where even the welcome daylight strains
But duskly through the painted panes —

With glasses, boxes round me stacked,
And instruments together hurled,
Ancestral lumber, stuffed and packed;
Such is my world: and what a world!

Alas! in living Nature's stead
Where God his human creature set,
In smoke and mould the fleshless dead
And bones of beasts surround me yet!

Fly! Up and seek the broad free land!
And this one Book of Mystery
From Nostradamus' very hand
Is't not sufficient company?

Here Niejahr identifies Swedenborg, the scientific scholar, with *der Weise*. The Monologue is the cry of longing to break the bands of dogmatic philosophy and to plunge into the experience of a real vision of the whole world, including the spiritual as well as the mere natural and animal side. *The Nostradamus' Book of Mystery* or *Arcana* is the *Arcana* of Swedenborg. — the *Sign of the Makro-Kosmos* is the doctrine of the Two Worlds:

"Fly! Up and seek the broad, free land!
And thus one Book of Mystery
From Nostradamus' very hand
Is't not sufficient company?
When I the starry courses know
And Nature's wise instruction seek
With light of power my soul shall glow
As when to spirits spirits speak!"

In these pure features I behold
Creative nature to my soul unfold:
What says the Sage now first I recognize:
"The spirit-world no fetters fasten:
Thy sense is shut, *thy* heart is dead:
Disciple up! untiring hasten
To bathe thy breast in Morning — red!"

The Unity of Nature under the influx of an organic spirit world is seen in the splendid lines which follow like an echo from Swedenborg's doctrine: that all nature is a ladder of *uses* or *mutual services* by which the created universe, having proceeded from God, returns again to God in its gradual evolution or ascent from the lowest mineral or atom, by its inherent altruistic or use motive, up to the highest heaven of regenerated human souls. (See *Divine Love and Wisdom* 65.)

"How each the Whole its substance gives
Each in the other works and lives!
Like heavenly forces rising and descending
Their golden urns reciprocally blending,
With wings that winnow blessing
From heaven through earth I see them
pressing
Filling the All with harmony unceasing!"

Niejahr finds in the "starry courses" allusion to Swedenborg's "*De telluribus*," and in the *Erd-Geist*, an example of Swedenborg's doctrine of each earth being in invisible association with its own spirits, — a society of whom may take the form of a single spirit, and, if permitted, communicate with man.

With equal thoroughness has Max Morris of Charlottenburg in an article on "Swedenborg in Faust" published in *Euphorion*, Vol. VI p. 491, traced the Swedenborgian elements contained not only in the First but in the Second part of Faust.

Says Morris: "In the progress of the Faust poem come the Greek mythologies and the heaven of the Catholic saints into place. But at the very beginning Goethe had given all these their tone and

meaning by the metal he has thrown into the casting from Swedenborg's vision of the spirit world." In everything that Swedenborg is able to tell about his spirits, however trifling and ridiculous some of the details may appear, — there is at the bottom the grand view of the Universe as a whole. I give a short sketch of this Total View in the words of Kant in his *Dreams of a Spirit-Seer*. "All men stand in the same inward relation to the spirit world. One spirit reads in the memory of another the things which this other beholds there clearly. Although the relation of spirits to one another is not that of real space, still it has that appearance. In this imagined space there is a complete community of spirit natures. Distance counts for naught when it is as easy to speak with an inhabitant of Saturn as with a departed human soul. All depends on the relation of inner states and their conjunction by agreement in what is good and true. . . . The whole outer man corresponds to the whole inner man. As different powers and faculties compose that unity which is the inner man or soul, so different spirits form a society in which each individual spirit finds its place and is that part in the body of the larger man that corresponds best to his own peculiar genius. All spirit societies together, and the whole world of all invisible beings, appear at last under the form of the Maximus Homo. In this measureless man there is an inmost and complete community of each spirit with all, and of all with each."

"Wie all sich zum ganzen webt
Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt."

becomes here very manifest in spite of the affected levity of Kant. I have not hesitated to introduce the long citation since to produce Swedenborg's own mighty picture of the universe in its totality would have required endless quotations. The ascending and descending

heavenly powers which from heaven pierce through all the earth, — these are the spirits of Swedenborg as are those of the involving spheres mentioned above.

Pages are covered with citations from Swedenborg parallel with Goethe's description; of the infants in heaven; of the "blessed boys" who, born immediately into heaven at their natural birth, ask the privilege to look down into earth through the vision of the mature earth-disciplined spirit; of instruction of spirits in heaven; of the throwing off there of the earth-swaddlings of the senses' memory; (Swed. A. C. 2494) also of the various angelic ministrations to the resuscitated spirit on its entering the other world, as described in Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*. [See "On the First State of Man after Death." — Nos. 491-498. Compare Faust Part II: Act V: Scenes VI, VII.]

That these glimpses of the spirit world Goethe obtained not through Paracelsus or Pico di Mirandola as Bayard Taylor and others have assumed, but directly from Swedenborg and through intimate acquaintance, is evident from passages like these in Goethe's letters. To Charlotte von Stein he writes, Oct., 1781: "Through Grimm's eyes will I like one of Swedenborg's spirits behold a vast stretch of country." To Frau Rath about the same date: "If one will, like the spirits of Swedenborg see through other eyes, then one had better choose the eyes of children." To Lavater, Nov. 14, 1781: "I am more inclined than ever to believe in a world outside of this visible one, and I have sufficient power of life and poetry to feel my own limited self broadened into a Swedenborgian spirit-universe." And in Goethe's review of Lavater's *Aussichten in die Ewigkeit*, in the Weimar Ephemeriden (Vol. 37. p. 81) he writes of Lavater: "We wish him success in his enterprise, and if he will accept our advice he has

pondered quite enough, nay already too much, on these things. Let him now lift his soul and gaze upon all this thought product, like so much earthly stuff, and feel more deeply the Spirit-Whole and only the Other in the Self. To do this we wish him the inmost fellowship with the honoured Seer of our times around whom was the bliss of heaven, to whom the spirits spake through every sense and member, in whose bosom angels dwelt. May their glory enlighten him and if possible so shine through him that he may know what happiness is and have an idea what is the speech of prophets when the unspeakable things fill the spirit."

Besides these passages adduced by Max Morris, many of which are quoted in the interesting article "Swedenborg in Goethe's Faust," contributed by the late Emanuel F. Goerwitz, translator of the only English edition of Kant's *Traume eines Geistersehers*, to the New Church Review, Boston, April, 1902, there are many others given by Loeper in his Commentary on Faust. Enough is here given I think to show how real and how powerful was the influence exerted upon Goethe by his intimate knowledge of Swedenborg. If we were to designate the influence by a single word it would be that to which German philosophy attaches an almost solemn significance, *Weltanschauung*. It was the view of the world in its completeness, embracing spirit and nature, God, heaven, earth and hell, and all under the aspect of unity and of a benignant law; and a view not born of intellectual theory, not of a world of categories, but a world born of actual experience, of the soul's pragmatic knowing through the attainment of its intense desire.

"And grasps me now a long unwonted yearning
For that serene and solemn Spirit-land."

This desire of Goethe's to behold in picture the Whole could be granted by no scholar of his time, surely not by the cold rational idealists of Germany nor by the wooden-minded common sense skeptics of England. As Plato in his Republic (Book X: 614) needed the man Er to guide him through the mysteries of the intermediate world of spirits and heaven and hell; and as Dante needed his Virgil for the same kind of guidance, so Goethe needed a conductor; but no longer through a world of myths and shadows, but a world of intense reality, the very vital fount of the world we see, of the life we live:

"The troubled heart to joy unsealing
With impulse mystic and divine
The powers of nature here around my path
revealing."

This guide through the *Geisterwelt* Goethe found in Swedenborg, because he had found him already a guide through every path of earthly knowledge whether of the body, of the organic or inorganic world. Here alone could be harmony where both worlds were seen: here was the unity of which all mere rational intellectualism or material empiricism was but a fragment. Here is the Event—the *Ereigniss* to which all creation moves. This is the *Weltanschauung* that Goethe found in Swedenborg and that enabled him to write the tragedy of the humanity of the XIX Century.

One word in conclusion, to add one final trait of Swedenborg in the Second Part of Faust, mentioned by none of the above cited authorities but, more deeply than any, testifying to the profound moral impress which Swedenborg's doctrine of heaven as a kingdom of *uses* or *mutual service* left upon Goethe's mind. It is in Faust's finding the "fair moment" not in sensual pleasure, not in learning, in wealth, in imperial power nor in the

contemplation of the beautiful, but in the good of service to his fellow man, in the redemption of waste lands and the providing of happy homes. Here in the life of service is found the secret law of the universe, of the order of heaven, of the progress of society, of the attainment of human happiness, of the divine purpose of creation.

Ah, still delay — thou art so fair
The traces cannot, of my earthly being.
In aeons perish, — they are there! —
In proud fore-feeling of such lofty-bliss
I now enjoy the highest moment, — this!

With these words Faust dies and his soul is carried into the spirit-world, and, through angelic ministrations protecting him from the infestations of evil, is borne upward into heaven.

Says Max Morris in concluding his essay on Swedenborg in Faust: "The Swedish seer has secured a kind of immortality through two Germans. He whom Kant has made worthy of a humorous discussion, and whose thought has become a part of Faust, he lives for that period of time which we in mortal fashion name eternity!"

It would not be an unprecedented turning of the scales in historical values if it should prove that that alone shall live in both these Germans, to even an earthly age, which in substance was divined from that *Weltanschauung* obtained by them through the Swedish Seer.

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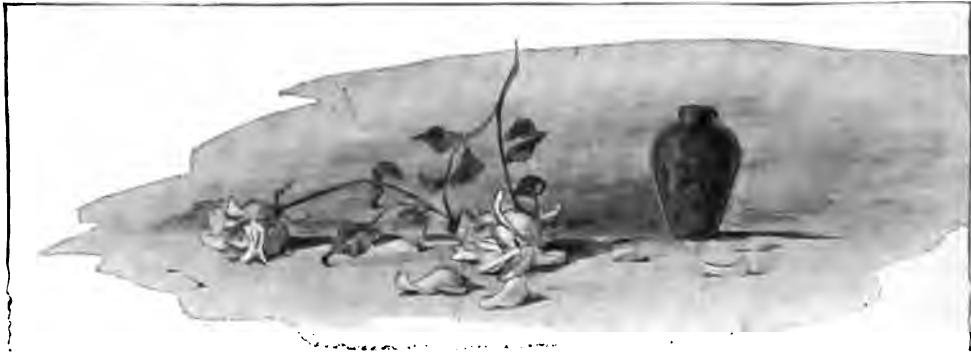
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"MUNCHERS vs. PUNCHERS."

BY H. ASKOWITH.

"There's something strange going on in the team. All the players are mum. Even Bert wouldn't say a word."

"I know for a fact that they aren't eating half o' what they ought to. Looks as if they're being starved so that the Linbrooks won't have a chance at them. Either that fellow Creighton has got something up his sleeve or he's gone clear crazy."

There was much cause for comment among the students of Fletcher Academy. The football team was being trained by a new man in a new way, and no one who knew anything about it was inclined to share his knowledge with anyone else. The coach, a Mr. Creighton from Boston, had been appointed at the

beginning of the term by the principal, who alone had any acquaintance with him. There was much curious interest in the new coach, but the complete confidence of the students in their principal put aside any doubts as to the wisdom of his choice. After several weeks it became evident that the coach had some strange ideas and was putting them into practice. Why the details should be kept a mystery was not clear; all that could be gained from the principal was an assurance that the team would do its best on Thanksgiving day and that the football reputation of the academy was in the most creditable hands. But the principal did not seem too confident of success. Even the coach was thought at

times to have shown some traces of anxiety. True enough, he was generally so pleasant and attractive in manner that most of the students, if forced to decide, would rather have declared that he had "something up his sleeve" than that he had "gone clear crazy." Beyond a doubt, the mystery of the training gave some stimulus to hope; yet it was undaunted loyalty to alma mater, rather than any firm faith in the outcome, which enabled all the students to support the team so lustily on the day of the great contest.

That day was now rapidly approaching, and the Linbrooks, on their side, grew more confident as the interval grew shorter. There was no reason to doubt a sweeping triumph. In the minor contests of the season, Linbrook High School had always won with glory, and its goal-line had never been crossed; while Fletcher Academy, in its own preliminary games, had often been scored upon and several times defeated. The Linbrook players, for the most part the sons of lumbermen and other stalwart workmen of the town, were much heavier than the Fletcher boys, and were certain to win by a large score if the outcome as usual, depended upon weight and strength. In past years — excepting one game in which the Linbrooks had fumbled repeatedly — the High School had always carried off the honors, and a victory in the present year seemed almost a matter of course.

Not that the contest was by any means so one-sided as to lack interest. To say nothing of the elements of chance and error, which might effect the result materially, there was the complete assurance that the Academy team would "put up" a game worth seeing. In the face of great odds it had always shown

remarkable pluck and endurance. Even if the Linbrooks were certain, therefore, to win the game, there was still an intense interest in the score and in the play itself. Moreover, some strange rumors concerning the new coach at the Academy had spread about town. The Linbrooks themselves, if at all affected by the report that the Academy team had fallen into the hands of some "crank," were made all the more confident of success, and it is even rumored that several of the High School players celebrated the "night before" in more ways than one. But the townspeople found an additional stimulus to their curiosity in these reports about the strange coach, and it is not surprising that the ideal weather of Thanksgiving day, while it furnished a splendid gridiron, framed it with a dense crowd of several thousand enthusiasts.

II.

For the first few minutes of play, the Academy had the advantage and gave new hope to its supporters. But when, after insufficient gains, the ball passed to Linbrook, the Academy players seemed to lose all their vim. The fierce line plunges of the heavier team were almost irresistible. Slowly but steadily the Linbrooks forced their way to Fletcher's 4 yard line. Off-side play put them back five yards, and helped to brace the Academy team for one supreme effort. But the Linbrooks were aroused by the penalty and in two unmerciful rushes carried the ball over for a touchdown. A goal was easily kicked, and High School had six points to its credit.

The Fletcher team seemed undaunted by the score, and for the next ten minutes the remarkable spirit of the weaker

team excited the admiration even of their opponents. So long as Academy kept the ball, the struggle was confined to the middle of the field. Often the Linbrooks nearly succeeded in holding their opponents for downs, but a penalty on one side or a clever end run on the other always came to the rescue. Finally the ball changed hands, but not without a murmur of protest from the Academy team, who charged their opponents with mean trickery. The officials had seen nothing; and Academy was forced to defend its goal against another series of heavy line plunges. The result was not long in doubt. In spite of several penalties and a sharp defense, the Linbrooks swept on towards the goal line and made their touchdown. But the try for goal failed and the score of 11 to 0 remained unchanged at the end of the first half.

Academy re-entered the game with an agility and spirit that promised at least a close contest to the very end. The Linbrooks were elated at their score, but the astonishing resistance of their opponents, whom they had now learned to respect, had wearied them considerably.

Fletcher's diversified, bewildering attack soon began to tell on them. They were almost exhausted when they succeeded finally in blocking the progress of their opponents, and Fletcher was forced to punt. The ball soared high in the air, Academy's ends went tearing down the field, — and the Linbrook man fumbled. A groan went up from High School's supporters. Fletcher had the ball. And it was the 10 yard line. On the second rush, Academy opened a hole in Linbrook's right, and Peters, the Academy quarterback, dashed straight through for a touchdown. The Fletcher crowd went wild with joy. It was not

until some time after the goal had been kicked that the cheering stopped from sheer exhaustion.

To the Linbrook players the very thought of being scored upon was maddening. Physical weakness alone prevented them from giving way to impotent rage. With the ball once in their hands, High School began a slow grueling march which scrupled at nothing in its desperate fury. Twice the Linbrooks were warned against rough play, and the third time Linbrook's right tackle was sent off the field for slugging. A number of penalties delayed High School's progress, and helped to wear out the team so completely that when the 5 yard line was reached not an inch more could be gained. For the first time in its history Linbrook lost the ball on downs. Then the line gave way with almost pitiful weakness. Academy ploughed down the field to the 20 yard line, when suddenly from the midst of the scrimmage, Bert Anderson, Fletcher's fullback, dashed forth with amazing quickness and ran straight for Linbrook's goal. The crowd was literally swept off its feet before it realized what had happened, and stared at the runner in wild-eyed excitement. To the Fletcher sympathizers, Bert seemed unutterably slow, and all spent their energy as if to help him along. Only the Linbrook quarterback had the slightest chance of intercepting him, but this single opponent was Whelan, one of the fastest runners in the state. Whelan dashed headlong against Anderson, who cleverly warded off the tackle. Both tottered but did not fall, and in a twinkling Anderson was again in advance with Whelan but a few paces behind. Several white lines were crossed before the quarterback dived furiously at Anderson's knees and brought him to the ground

just ten yards from goal. There were only two minutes more to play. In its last weak frenzy, Linbrook again resorted to slugging, and escaped punishment. But there was no time for complaints. Academy lost five yards for off-side play, regained them and more in one smashing plunge, and swept Anderson over the goal line before any of the Linbrooks could jump to their feet. Time was given for kicking a goal, and the score was declared 12 to 11 in Academy's favor.

III.

When the crowd broke loose, though the more boisterous element had little cause for rejoicing, the tumult was overwhelming enough to thrill the most stolid of Fletcher's supporters. Amid the din of cheering it was hard to make out the voice of Creighton, who was besieged by a growing crowd that demanded to know how he had done it.

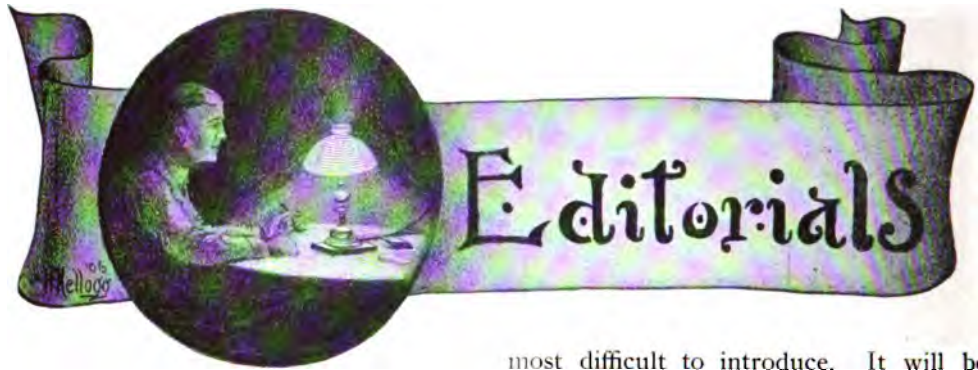
Creighton was delighted at this opportunity to explain the mystery. "It's all in the eating," he said. "But it's not so much what you eat as the way you eat it. From the very beginning I let them have whatever good food they cared for,

but I insisted that they must eat only when really hungry and chew what they did eat until they couldn't help swallowing. They soon got accustomed to this munching habit, and before two weeks had gone most of them were eating only two meals a day as a rule, and even then eating but little. All this not because I so ordered, but because the chewing habit had given back to them their natural appetite, and I merely told them to rely upon their appetite to decide when, what, and how much to eat. And strange as it may seem, their appetite always called for the most simple foods. Two of them had been used to drinking beer, and they gave it up because they no longer cared for it. There was a great improvement in strength all round, and the energy which they saved from the digestion of needless food helped instead to make them quicker and snappier. So they were not worn out so easily as the Linbrooks. There's the whole story, and it all starts from the munching."

"Hurrah!" cried one, "Hurrah for the Munchers!"

"Aye, aye, for the Munchers who ground the Punchers!"





THE GRADUATES' RULES COMMITTEE, AND THE SPIRIT OF FOOTBALL.

It is satisfying to see first and foremost in the report of the Harvard Graduates' Rules Committee that the game of football is fundamentally too good to be abolished. In this opening conclusion is reflected a conservatism, a discrimination between the good and evil in the game, that does honor to the Committee. After allowing the game to run riot for a quarter of a century, the normal American method, or rather the American abnormal method, would have been to go to the other extreme, and abolish football altogether. From this last state of the game, which might be worse than the first, the wisdom of the Harvard Graduates' Committee will save us.

As for the revised rules which the Committee presents, they obviously aim to make the game more interesting, humane, and refined. This last quality of refinement, however, notwithstanding it is the one that Harvard men would most desire to see in the game, is perhaps the

most difficult to introduce. It will be comparatively easy to open the game so that the spectators will see more of, and understand more about, the different plays; it will not be very hard with an open game, by increasing the number of officials, and by lessening the duties of each, to make unpunished vulgarity an improbability: but the quality of refinement is more subtle, and hence more difficult to keep in sport. It has to do not with rules, but with the spirit in which the game is played. It puts the joy of playing above the hope for victory. It restrains bad blood. It instills men to win, but gives them grace to lose. It goes even beyond the players, and affects those who support them—the undergraduates. When American football becomes wholly refined, when the spirit of sport for its own sake has vogue in the colleges, the mercenary and repulsive spectacle of gambling over the results of games will disappear. The less exchange of money attendant upon each contest—either in gate receipts or in gambling—the more refined will be the sport.

But such refinement not even the Graduates' Rules Committee of Harvard, acting alone, can introduce into football. It will come only with the growth of the spirit of true sportsmanship among all college men. What better time could there be than now for Harvard men to make new precedents for honor by infusing that spirit into intercollegiate athletics?

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION.

(See Notice in "*Harvard Crimson*,"
Jan. 11th.)

The Convention of the World's Student Christian Confederation, which meets at Nashville, Tenn., from February 28th to March 4th, and which will be attended by about forty Harvard men, will give those who attend an opportunity to learn about Christian work, as it is carried on by college men in different parts of the world on the so-called missionary fields. There is no question but that most of the opposition to missions among thinking men is due to ignorance of what missions are doing. It is not respectable in our own country to be indifferent to that part of Christian work

which has to do with the founding of hospitals, schools, gymnasiums, baths, etc. — in short the so-called philanthropic work; and probably if those who do not sympathize with the missionary effort, of college men, could become better acquainted with its philanthropic aspect alone, they would at least give their tacit approval.

Moreover, missions should interest thinking men generally, not only because of their philanthropic work, but because, in their larger aspects, missions influence the political life of the world. The complexity of relations between men of every race and country is ever increasing. We gladly accept this larger life in so far as it gives us opportunity to trade with new and more peoples. But why limit our trade to tape, chairs, breakfast foods, and cheese? If the races of India, Africa, China, and of the countless islands of the sea are worthy to pay us hard cash for such things, why are they not worthy to share in our ideal life — in our hospitals, schools, and churches? The pertinency of this question comes home when we consider that it may be, unless we try to influence other races by the best we have, they are liable some day to affect us by their worst.



BOOK REVIEW.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. 1905.

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lustrous group a precious store of reminiscences and a surmounting dignity that have permeated his later works.

The work has, too, an important literary value in that it gives so vivid an insight into the lives and manners of great historical figures from one whose personal relations with these were many and intimate. Although these are but disconnected sketches, compiled with the apparent abandon of a mere journal, it is just this that makes the book entertaining; and after all, one can see the unity of purpose underlying the whole. Throughout the entire series of essays there is breathed a quiet atmosphere of a life rich in experience and culture, of an understanding stamped with breadth and highmindedness.—N.

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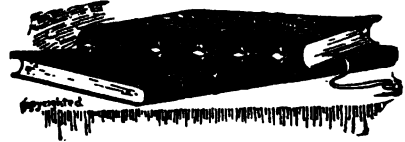
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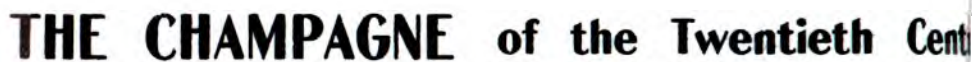
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PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT.

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DEMOCRACY AND REVERENCE.

BY PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT.

[A portion of an address delivered at the Prospect Union, January 21, 1906.]

The great movement of the modern world is toward democracy, and with the possible exception of Switzerland we are the most democratic nation now in existence. It is important, therefore, that we have good ground for our belief that the progress of democracy is to be progress in character, as well as progress in efficiency. In the past many have urged that democracy is inconsistent with the finest of our human qualities—inconsistent, for example, with reverence for parents, teachers, leaders and rulers. What, then, does democracy really mean? Does it mean an absolute equality for every human individual? Democracy is not so foolish as to believe that there is any such equality in powers and capacities. There is an immense range of capacities and powers in every walk of life, and these must be recognized. What democracy does believe in is the equality of opportunity, so far as definite capacities permit, for opportunities vary according to capacities. What it urges is that there should be no artificial restrictions on opportunity; that rights are equal for opportunities and powers, and that rights should be equalized, that opportunities should be equalized to the utmost limits of capacity.

As to what has been said about genuine democracy being inconsistent with reverence, let us begin with the case of parents. There is certainly in democracy an abstention from authority and

command such as we do not find elsewhere, and they are largely wanting in the American family, as well as in the relations between employer and employed. But there is no diminution in the real respect shown by children to parents and grandparents, while the children are better treated today under democracy than ever they were, discipline being softened in the family, where the tendency is toward mildness, sweetness and love, leading to an amelioration of manners and customs. It is the same in the relations between pupils and teachers. I can testify, after nearly 70 years' experience, that these relations have improved immeasurably within my own time, there being more respect and affection between teachers and pupils than ever.

Another result of genuine democratic sentiment in our country is the respect shown for women. It is also manifested in our patriotism, since for devotion to a personal ruler or his family it substitutes an ideal love of country; and no people are more ready to give their lives for their country than are the Americans. Nor does democracy militate against the religious feelings; for, though the democratic sentiment tends to check or limit reverence for symbols, it has not the slightest tendency to diminish our human faith in the value of the human spirit or in the supreme value of the spirit which informs the universe.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

Young men ought to be interested in Socialism, if for no other reason than that it is undoubtedly the strongest single influence in the world at this time. In politics, in religion, in science, in art, in literature, in the drama, the Socialistic spirit is the most urgent factor, the most vitalizing force.

In politics, for instance, Socialism is everywhere in the ascendant. Mommsen, the great German historian, admitted, shortly before his death, that the Social Democratic Party was the only party in Germany really worthy of respect. In Germany, Socialism has polled over 3,000,000 votes, in France over 1,000,000. In Great Britain, a man who is known to be a Socialist has just been elected a member of the Cabinet, and fifty "labor" members have been returned to Parliament. In this country nearly half a million Socialist votes were cast at the last Presidential election, and Socialistic sentiment, as evidenced by such sporadic agitations as the Hearst movement in New York last November, is readily growing.

Examples of Socialistic influence just as potent are to be discerned in the field of drama and literature. W. D. Howells, our leading novelist, is, theoretically at least, a Socialist, and so is Edwin Markham, the well-known poet. The dramatic sensation of the past winter has been the unprecedented success of Bernard Shaw's plays and the discussion aroused by men. Now, Bernard Shaw, as all the world knows, has always been and still is a thorough-going Socialist. All his early experience was gained as an enthusiastic worker in the Socialist movement. His

Socialistic views dominate his works, and give us the key to its meaning.

The most interesting figure in contemporary American literature—the man whom Julian Hawthorne calls "the first American novelist, in originality, of the day"—is Jack London. London is a Socialist, yes; and his recent Socialistic crusade in New York and the Eastern university towns has aroused comment and controversy from one end of the country to the other.

London is the president of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. This organization was founded last year "for the purpose of promoting an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men, graduate and undergraduate, through the formation of study clubs in the colleges and universities, and the encouraging of all legitimate endeavors to awaken an interest on Socialism among the educated men and women of the country." The secretary of the society is Miss M. R. Holbrook, P. O. Box 1663, New York, and among those who signed its original call are Oscar Lovell Triggs, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Clarence S. Darrow, J. G. Phelps Stokes, B. O. Flower and Upton Sinclair. The work of the society has already been crowned by a large degree of success, and branches have been established in almost all the leading colleges.

In Russia, at this time, and in Europe generally, youth is radical and full of aspiration. The universities are the recruiting grounds for the revolutionary parties. In America our college men are only beginning to awaken to the sig-

nificance of Socialism and the radical movements. We need more information and more intelligence in dealing with these subjects. This information and intelligence it will be the aim of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society to supply by spoken and written word.

Unless present signs fail, the Intercollegiate Socialist Society will soon be a strong and powerful organization. It rallies the youth of America to a great cause, a great ideal — the greatest cause and the greatest ideal that ever stirred the hearts of men.

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES: A PRINCIPLE FOR STATE INTERFERENCE.

BY A. E. WOOD.

In the progress of society, men at different times believe in varying theories for social advancement. To trace the history of the ideals of Socialism and of Individualism reveals the fact that progress has not been uniformly away from one of these ideals and towards the other, but rather alternating between the two. In thought men advance not in a direct line but in a spiral, ever returning to old beliefs, and clothing them with new and higher meaning.

In the first place, we can adopt in extreme form neither Individualism nor Socialism. Exaggerated Individualism like extreme Skepticism is self-destructive. The individual would almost cease to become a law unto himself; and anarchy of character might follow social anarchy. On the other hand, to put *all* authority in the political or religious institution, by crushing personality, stifles progress. It is therefore natural in the exponents of either side of the question to find paradoxical strains. Thus, Spencer, a pronounced advocate of social individualism, maintains quite a different view in his biological theories, according to which the individual is always sacrificed for the species. Likewise, Emerson, while yielding himself to the "perfect whole" advises us not to fear to "call a pop-gun a pop-gun, though all the great ones on earth declare it to be the crack

of doom." The same antithesis is even more striking in Walt Whitman. But it surprises us most after reading Mill on "Liberty," to see him advocating limitations upon inheritances in his "Principles of Economics." Consistency is only a some time virtue; the paradox in these writers is but apparent. Authority and personal initiative may be harmonized. The question is: *According to what principles is such conciliation to occur?* Society may be regarded as an army where skilful generals and efficient soldiers are both needed for progress.

In such a union of ideas, however, the figure of the gold and silver shields may not be used. For after all, the complete development of each member is the *summum bonum* of society. The nation's history is the biographies of its great men. Christianity is the Christ. The state and the church are but the meagre instruments through which the individual realizes himself. Even the Socialists want paternal government so that thousands of toilers may attain a more comfortable existence and richer personalities than they now have. The vital question is: — *What is the minimum of paternalism necessary for individual development in society?*

Mill answers that Society should interfere only to protect the individual when his rights are invaded by others. This,

however, is a kind of progressive interference; for as society progresses, human relations become more complex, and the province of the individual rights is narrowed by the increase of the rights of society. The prohibition of dueling in modern life is an illustration in point. Again, Mill's principle, that society may interfere only to protect is quite inadequate unless it include protection to such customs as have the sanction of the racial experience. For example, if we regard the monogamous marriage as one result of the ethical and biological evolution of the race, Mill's *laissez-faire* principle as applied to the Mormons would be undue protection to modern society. In justice to Mill, however, it should be said that his individualism was more essential in his day of political inequalities, than now when political rights and privileges are more extended. Again, it should be said in favor of Mill, that his utilitarian Ethics is a valuable check upon any evil consequences which might follow from his estimate of the value of private judgment.

With the importance of economic problems in modern life, it appears that we are ready for a more positive attitude on the part of the state than Mill would allow. Our problem is to produce the greatest amount of individual development with the minimum amount of interference by the community. In individual development we may include physical comfort, and mental, moral, and spiritual growth. That each member may attain such development, we may say that: *The state ought to constrain its members so far as is necessary for providing all with equal opportunities.* President Harris of Amherst in his *Inequalities and Progress* scouts such a principle of state interference upon the grounds that, because of innate differences, men cannot

be given equal opportunities. But any system of social constraint must take account of human diversities. Such are the data which must be admitted before any argument is possible at all. It is not, however, *diversities* in character which make unequal opportunities among men, but rather *imperfections*. It could readily be pointed out that often in the past these imperfections have not been self-imposed. As illustrations I have only to point to the English anti-Catholic, and anti-Jewish laws; to the early laws of the southern states forbidding the education of negroes; and to the fact that, through the laxity of our laws many little children in the past have ruined their health in factories. But we need not look to the past—evidence is conclusive showing that to-day certain districts of the south make criminals of young negro culprits by putting them to work among the hardened villains. If we could only look back upon to-day from the light of the year 2005 how wretched would we deem this comfortable age!

If we have survived, it is very comforting to think of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. But, considering the wonderful possibilities of all men, who may truthfully say that the successful have always been potentially most fit to succeed? One need not maintain that the ideal is to have all men succeed alike, but simply that all should start with approximately a fair chance, with sound minds and bodies. The great majority of men have always been, as it were, crippled in an obstacle race. The business of the state is to remove the obstacles. With these removed, the fundamental differences in men will be ample guarantee for individual effort. It remains to show how the state is to apply the principle of interference which is here advocated.

According to this principle the cases which cover specific acts appear to be three: *First*, when active constraint is necessary to provide for all equal opportunities for mental and moral growth. *Secondly*, when interference is necessary to abolish institutions, customs, or habits which are admittedly inimical to the mental or moral growth of any number of its members. *Thirdly*, when the state has the right to interfere under either Case I or Case II, but expediency demands delay in interference. Upon the application of each of these cases we shall dwell briefly.

Under Case I it seems in these days almost trite to say that for the mental and moral growth of each, the state should allow freedom of written and oral discussion upon all topics. In a democratic state, however, where oppression is not openly flagrant, the state might properly forbid discussion which was aimed at its own destruction.*

Moreover, malicious vituperation in discourse may always be suppressed. A branch of state interference of more recent development, and not altogether unchallenged, is the law for compulsory education. We may reasonably look for the time when instruction of a much higher grade than now will be freely supplied. The cost of one modern battleship would pay the present tuition of Harvard College for more than five thousand young men. Under Case I would also fall the legislation of modern states for the improvement of factory condition, for ownership of public utilities, and for the protection of struggling industries. In all these movements, we see the state endeavoring to remove obstacles which impede the free development of its members.

*Thus the suppression of popular assemblies in France apparently necessary for the continuance of the State itself.

As to that ultimate step—the ownership by the state of all private property—this paper does not allow of full discussion. To maintain the propriety of this final doctrine, one would have to prove that private property inevitably tended to exclude opportunity for mental and physical development of certain classes in the community. It must be admitted that in the past the institution of private property has been an effective incentive for the self-development of *some* of the members of society. The hope for gain, the ideal picture of one's self as "better off," has cleared forests and discovered many short cuts to human progress. No doubt as men become more perfect, the incentive to serve society will gradually become as keen as it now is in the service of private interests. But when altruism becomes a principle generally accepted by each individual, the economic or political organization will become a secondary affair or as a constitution between friends.

The second mode of proper state interference we declared to be preventative. We said the state should constrain the individual whenever necessary for the suppression of institutions or practices which are admittedly inimical to the mental or moral growth of any number of its members. Under this case would fall all the general protective laws included in Mill's principle. But then it would be necessary to find some standard by which *doubtful* practices should be judged hostile to the free development of men. Here the principle of the survival of the fittest might well be applied. According to this the state could justly defend the monogamous marriage by making polygamy illegal. The evolutionary principle, however, may be so juggled with as to justify any existing condition, that it is a dangerous one to

emphasize too strongly in a society where the good and evil are mixed.

Under Case II would also come certain possible provinces of state interference which cannot be discussed without reference to specific communities. Such interferences would be the prohibition of intoxicating liquors, and of Sunday amusements. In regard to the latter we might say that where the temperament of a community was distinctly Puritanic, the enforcement of Sunday laws would be a proper function of the state. The practical solution of such a problem is a system of local option. This method applies also to the question of intoxicating liquors. Certain it is that the state has the right to make the sternest regulations in the sale of liquors, the use of which has admittedly led to the destruction of the opportunities of thousands of men. But the conflicting evidence in regard to the precise cause of the intoxication, and the varying attitudes of different races towards the problem, makes it impossible in a cosmopolitan community to adopt generalizations for final conclusions. A system of local option avoids the vagaries both of Mill and of the prohibiting zealots. If, however, we were convinced that prohibition was the *only* remedy for the *abuses* of alcoholic liquors, we might adopt the prohibiting principle. The ethical aspect of prohibition lies in the fact that through it the moral responsibility of the majority defends the moral weakness of failing members of the minority. Men become their brothers' keepers in order that the brothers may learn to keep themselves. The opportunities to destroy opportunities must be decreased.

The question of prohibition might also fall under Case III. This is where the state could properly interfere under Case

I or Case II but temporarily desists. If the rulers of a state are of a low grade how can the opportunities of its members be increased by giving more power to delinquents? No matter how much the American people have to pay for coal, would they pay less if certain classes of politicians managed the coal fields? In facing the question of state restraint we cannot avoid considering the characters of the would-be restrainers. Perhaps the state is organized as the moral nature of man, where deficient parts of one's character are often strengthened by taking on greater responsibility. If this could be proved, then the cases under the third division would become cases of the first or second. But until such analogy be proved, it would be better that the community endure the egoism of its members than the vandalism of its politicians.

Against the contention that the aim of collective society should be to provide a fair chance to all, it is not pertinent to maintain with President Harris that, because of unequal powers, equal opportunities are a chimera. The fundamental diversities in the capabilities of men do form the basis of society, for they lead to inter-dependence. But the differences resulting from the burdens which outer conditions force upon large groups of men are as the thorns piercing the sides of the body politic. When these are drawn, and when society shall have given each the chance to give his peculiar interpretation of life, men will still be unlike. But the variations will make harmony, not discord. The true democratic society is religious. The selective results of competition are reconciled to men in that larger world, where each man finds his special place in the organized body and is known to God alone.

THE FALLEN HERO.

A True Story of the Late Russo-Japanese War.

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

On the evening of Feb. 13th, 1906, in the Living Room of the Union, Mr. Edwin Emerson, '91, the successful American war correspondent, who was the only person to interview General Stoessel during the siege of Port Arthur, described to an unusually large and interested audience the horrors and humors of the late Russo-Japanese war.

Taking as his special title, "Running the Port Arthur Blockade," Mr. Emerson, with the help of excellent stereopticon views, told of his passage from Chee-foo to Port Arthur in a small frail bark, of his reception by General Stoessel, of his expulsion from Port Arthur, and of his subsequent experiences on the Japanese side.

Owing to Viceroy Alexeef's decree that no foreign newspaper correspondents should be allowed within the city limits, Mr. Emerson, although obtaining numerous photographs of siege operations, was finally expelled from Port Arthur; and after some time on a Chinese junk, was eventually captured by the Japanese blockading fleet. It was from the Japanese ranks that he obtained his vivid photographs of the bloody assault on "203-Metre Hill." On his refusal, however, to disclose to General Nogi his knowledge of the Russian fortifications, the lecturer was imprisoned for some time at the Japanese naval base at Sasebo, where he was eventually paroled.—*Harvard Crimson*, Feb. 14th, 1906.



General Stoessel's recent disgrace by order of the Tsar is but in keeping with the trend of most other public affairs at St. Petersburg under the present weak ruler of Russia.

Not much over a year ago Anatole Michaelovitch Stoessel was the one mil-

itary hero that had come out unscathed from the trying ordeal of Russia's far eastern fiasco. The Tsar then sent him a telegram of thanks and appreciation, and allowed him to accept decorations for valor from Emperor William and the King of Italy. On the General's return



General Smirnov.

to St. Petersburg he received him in special audience and entertained him at the Imperial table. Yet Stoessel's fall at this time was already foredoomed. It was looked forward to as a practical certainty by everybody "in the know" at St. Petersburg so soon as it became known that the Tsar while "entertaining" the returning hero had failed to address to him one single question or remark concerning Port Arthur. It was also known, of course, that Stoessel had surrendered Port Arthur heedless of the public protest of his second-in-command, General Smirnof. This was after the famous last council of war in Port Arthur at which an overwhelming majority of his general officers voted against capitulation. Seventeen general officers, all told, sat in this council. Only three voted for surrender,—Prince Uchtomsky, the Admiral who ran away in the naval battle of August 10th, Fock the martinet, whose life had twice been attempted by his own men, and Gregorovitch, Stoessel's crony. Stoessel himself did not vote, but simply dismissed the council after a brief speech in which he praised the patriotism of those officers who had voted to hold the fortress at all costs.

Worse reports than these even preceded Stoessel's return to Russia. Ashmead-Bartlett, the correspondent of the London Times, who witnessed Stoessel's exit from Port Arthur, had reported the significant incident of General Smirnof's refusal to ride in the same railway carriage, or even to shake hands with his chief, when the Russian officers were taken down to Dalmy by the Japanese. General Nogi, in his official report to the Mikado, had mentioned the fact that Stoessel's report to him of the surviving combatants of Port Arthur only spoke

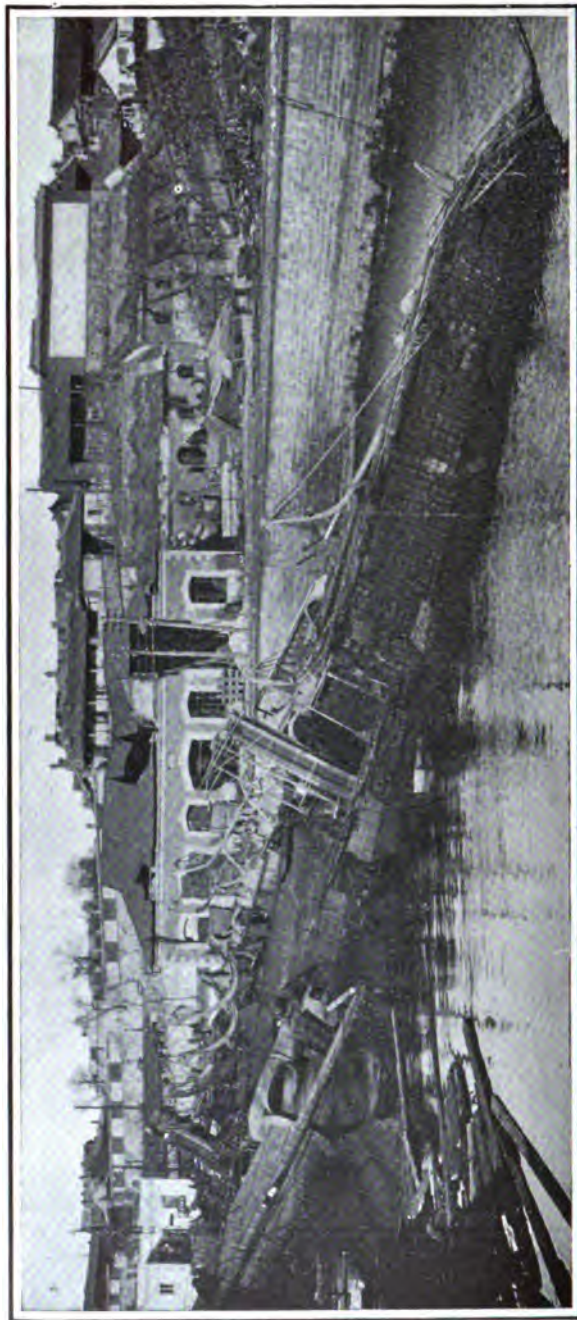
of 9,000 men under arms, whereas over 28,000 marched out and stacked arms under the terms of the capitulation. This discrepancy of figures, which caused no little embarrassment to the Japanese commanders at the time, created unbounded astonishment in Japan. Nobody there could understand how a commanding general of so high and responsible a rank as that of General Stoessel could possibly be mistaken about the number of men under his command. The matter was made a subject of endless discussion in the newspapers of Japan, particularly when it became known that General Stoessel in his official report to the Tsar had made the same mistake,



Japanese Troopers Fording a Stream in Manchuria.

stating, "Now 10,000 men are under arms; they are all ill." The mystery grew as reports came back from Colombo, Aden, and Odessa, where Stoessel gave out interviews reiterating this long exploded fallacy.

One of the most influential newspapers of Japan, the *Nippon*, then said, after referring to some noted instances of the past when high Japanese and Chinese generals had preferred death to surrender: "What can we say in Japan about a man, who having surrendered under such shameful circumstances



Wreck of the Russian Submarine Mine Layer "Amur" in Port Arthur Drydock.



Emerson with Capt. Eddrikhine of Kuropatkin's Staff.

does not blush to return to his sovereign with a lie on his lips? We do not know what the Russian military code of honor is, but we do know that no Japanese General, or private soldier even—should any one ever fall under such deep disgrace—would have the face to return to Japan."

Such was the Japanese popular verdict on Stoessel's surrender. The opinion of Stoessel's own officers and soldiers may be inferred from the fact that one of his officers in his presence, when I saw General Stoessel passing through Nagasaki under parole, did not hesitate to declare loudly before me: "There were 50,000 fighting men at Port Arthur. Of these 32,000 survive. That means 32,000 new revolutionists for Russia." Inferences, no less damaging to Stoessel's personal reputation, had to be drawn from the significant fact that Stoessel's own aids-de-camp, while still nominally attached to his staff, openly denounced their chief to me as a coward and a liar, stating that he had lied to

them as well as to me, that his pretended wound, which he covered with a bandage over his head, was a fake, and announcing their intention to quit him forever so soon as they should reach neutral soil. Later, when General Stoessel took it upon himself to repudiate the interview which he had given me in the presence of these officers, I had no difficulty in persuading them to give corroboration of the interview denied by him. This interview, be it understood, had contained nothing damaging either to himself or to the men under his command.

Lest it appear that my personal impressions of General Stoessel were jaundiced by my personal relations with him, let me state that I have never harbored any grudge against General Stoessel for putting me out of Port Arthur. He had a perfect right to do so. I had come to Port Arthur through the Japanese blockade uninvited and without official authorization from the Russian General Staff. All foreign correspondents had been specifically forbidden to remain in

Port Arthur. The place was under martial law and General Stoessel would have acted fully within his rights if he had put me in jail or under strict military guard. General Smirnoff told me later that he, himself, as well as General Kondradjenko had advised that I should be put under such confinement. He thought it was a grave military mistake on General Stoessel's part to allow me to depart in such a manner that I could enter the Japanese line and turn up at General Nogi's headquarters only one day later, as was the case. The fact that I refused to furnish any military information to the Japanese did not alter the case. I had not even been put under parole not to do so. I could not but agree with General Smirnoff's view of this matter.

The fact remains, however, that General Stoessel before he put me out of Port Arthur treated me kindly and with astonishing generosity. At his own house he received me hospitably, and elsewhere in Port Arthur he let me go about as a

free man and to see what I liked. The only disagreeable incident throughout my stay in Port Arthur was the publication of an official order of the day in which General Stoessel reprimanded General Smirnoff for having allowed me to enter. The truth was that General Smirnoff had no more to do with my unexpected entry into Port Arthur than General Stoessel himself.

My own impressions of General Stoessel at this time, so far as I was able to judge, were that he was doing the best he could. Personally he struck me as a quiet, unassuming man of soldierly bearing and great fortitude of soul.

Others in Port Arthur did not share this view. A number of the officers plainly hinted at this even while I was in Port Arthur. The newspaper men of the *Novi Krai* hated him as a bully and tormentor. One of them told me that the trials of the paper, such as the destruction of the presses by bombs, the difficulty of procuring paper to print on,



"The Cossacks Relieved Their Fallen Comrades of Arms and Ammunition Before Their Bodies Were Flung into the Long Burial Trench at the Base of 203-Meter Height."



"All Port Arthur Trembled When the Dynamite Depot Blew Up, a Japanese Shell Having Dropped Into the Midst of the High Explosives Stored in the Old Town."

and the dangers run by the staff writers in the trenches at the front, were as nothing compared to the persecution they had to endure from Stoessel. While I was at Port Arthur the unfortunate newspaper was suspended by order of General Stoessel. The worst sufferer was Noshin, the *Novi Krai's* most brilliant staff correspondent, who spent all his time in the outer trenches, but who finally had to flee from Port Arthur hidden in the hold of a torpedo boat commanded by one of his personal friends.

Another set of men who hated Gen-

stamping his foot and roaring at him like an infuriated bull.

Such were some purely personal experiences of the man on the part of those that knew him and saw him every day in Port Arthur. All that I knew of him then was that he had an honorable military record, having served with distinction in the Russian-Turkish war, where he was wounded, and again in the Boxer campaign, where he led the Russian column that helped effect the relief of Peking. The current stories that he had amassed a private fortune from loot, at



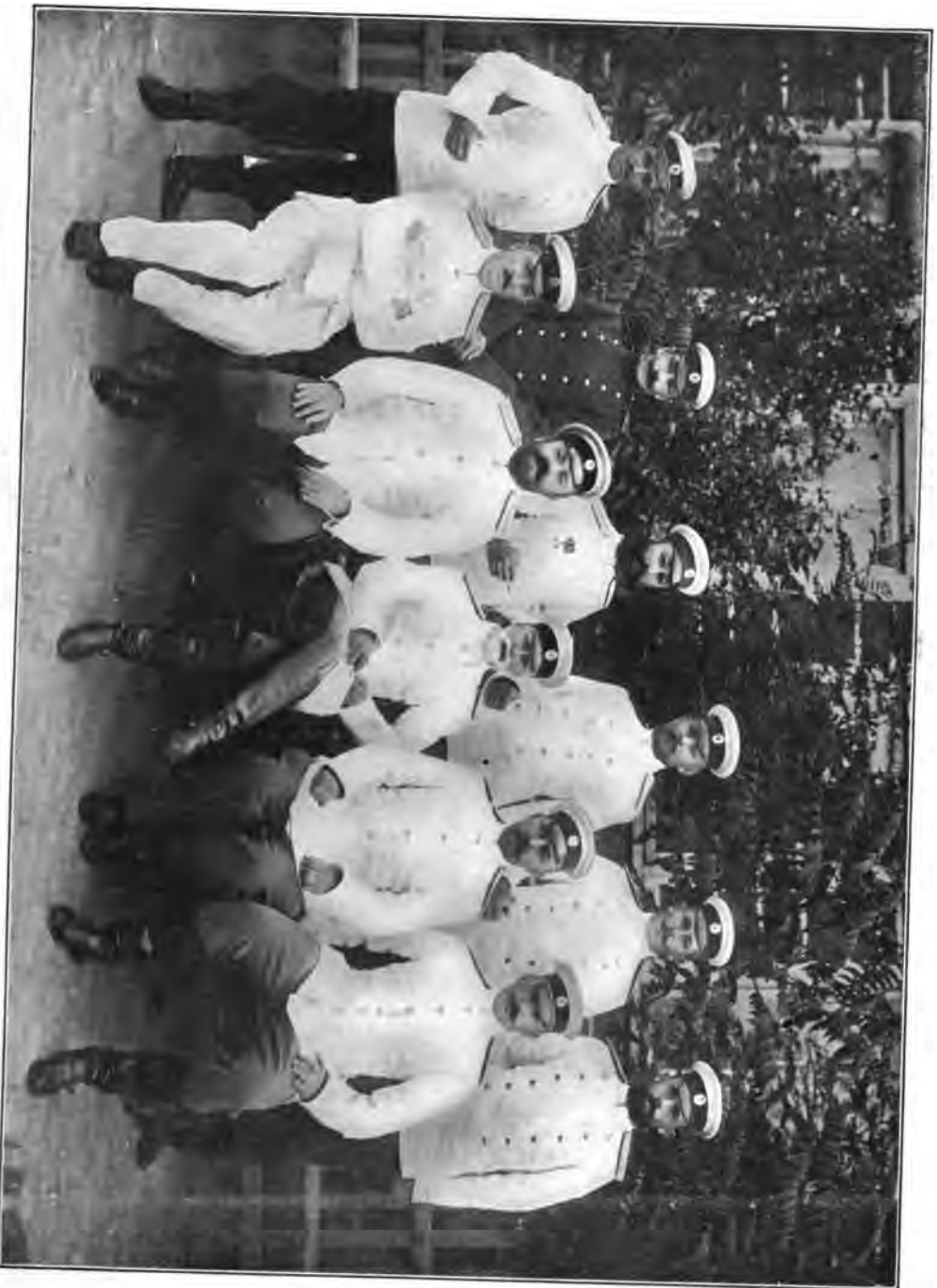
Emerson Interviewing Russian Prisoners After the Battle of Tashitshao.

eral Stoessel were the merchants, foreigners and other non-combatants who had to endure much from his persecutions. Herr Lindpaintner, the German photographer, in particular, had much to complain of. Though he had an official permit to photograph, he was put under arrest by General Stoessel himself, merely for taking a picture of a public review passing along one of the streets of Port Arthur. When he went to see General Stoessel about it, after his release, Stoessel ordered him out of his presence,

this time, I saw no reason to believe. Certainly there were no evidences of undue wealth in General Stoessel's house or at his table when I was received there.

It was only later, after the fall of Port Arthur, when I had an opportunity to visit General Smirnoff at Nagoya in Japan, where he lay a prisoner of war, that the evil reports of General Stoessel as a military commander, which I had heard, received positive confirmation.

General Smirnoff then said: "Yes, it is true that I protested against the capit-



General Stoessel's Staff.



The "Pallada" and "Pobieda" During the Bombardment of Port Arthur. Shells Were Dropped Into the Harbor Over the Hills by Signal From 203-Meter Height. The Japanese Gunners Never Saw the Enemy's Doomed Ships.

ulation. On the last torpedo boat that fled out of Port Arthur during the capitulation proceedings, I sent an official protest against General Stoessel's capitulation as unwarranted and irregular. It was unwarranted because we had enough food and stores left to last five or six months. We had sufficient ammunition and able bodied men to withstand at least three more general assaults. General Kondradjenko, just before he was killed, in the middle of December, was of the opinion that we could hold out three months longer, and told General Stoessel so. I was of the same opinion.

"The capitulation was irregular because I was not consulted. I was commandant of the city and of the inner ring of forts. I was responsible for these and would not have given them up had I had my way. The first I knew of the

capitulation was that the men in the outer positions were already laying down their arms and fraternizing with the Japanese. General Stoessel had sent out a white flag, without a word to any of us, except only to his own chief-of-staff and General Gregorovitch. The terms of the capitulation were already being drawn up. It was too late then, of course, for me to do anything. The commanding positions were already in Japanese hands.

"Under the circumstances it is only proper that General Stoessel should go before a court martial; only I do not understand how he can be properly court-martialed without me as a witness. My hurried last report, as telegraphed to General Kuropatkin from Chee-foo, can scarcely be taken as sufficient evidence.

"If I were there I should confine my testimony to certain points. General Stoessel in his final report to the Tsar stated: 'We have done all that human power can do. . . . The unceasing fighting for the last eleven months has exhausted our energies. . . . hardly any ammunition is left. . . . Only a few persons remain unattacked by the scurvy. . . . Now, only ten thousand men are under arms; they are all ill.'

"None of these statements was in accordance with the facts. General Kondradjenko, the best man we had, but who fell, unfortunately, did not think that we had done all we could do, or that our energies were exhausted. You, yourself, who were there, know that we had plenty of food and ammunition left. The statement that only a few remained unattacked by scurvy is preposterous on the face of it. If General Stoessel really thought that our forces only numbered ten thousand men he must have been out of his mind. Every general officer in Port Arthur knew better. He simply

made a laughing stock before the Japanese.

"Ultimately the whole tragic story of the siege and fall of Port Arthur and what led up to it will undoubtedly be gone over thoroughly. Our Emperor and our people have a right to know who was to blame. General Stoessel is by no means the only man to blame. The men who got us into this war and who failed properly to prepare for it are the most to blame. Had they done their duty Port Arthur could have held out forever."

When I left General Smirnoff in his prison quarters under the shadow of the castle of Nagoya, he said that he was perfectly willing to have the facts and his own version of them made known to the world, only he begged me not to publish anything in Japan that might be prejudicial to the interests of his country. I promised him not to do so. It is for this reason that I have not felt free to publish this interview until now.



Staff of the "Novi Krai," Alexieff's Port Arthur Organ, and the Remains of the Printing Presses—
All the Work of a Jap 11-inch Shell.

SOCIALISM AND THE UNDERGRADUATES.

BY ARTHUR N. HOLCOMBE.

Within the last year college men have had the fact brought to their attention that they are looked upon by a certain element in the community as proper subjects for missionary enterprise. We have been so long accustomed to believe that we are beyond the need of such drastic methods of conversion to the true faith that suddenly to find ourselves occupying the position so long and ably filled by the proverbial Fijian may well be a cause of surprise. The torchbearers of the new faith, however, have at last penetrated our remote Yard and announce their purpose to dissipate the economic darkness, in which—thanks to our good professors fattening on the subsidies of sordid capitalism—we have so long dwelled. The Intercollegiate Socialist Society has lately been formed with the avowed object of showing college men the error of their economic ways, and its high priest has appeared in our very midst to preach the true gospel of death to the individualists. Some of the more dangerous undergraduates have even received the advance proclamation of the socialistic cohorts, entitled "REVOLUTION," with the descriptive subtitle, "*We must abolish the Rich!*"

Underneath all this furor, there is an element of reason which we college men ought not to dismiss too lightly. The inevitable result of an age like the present, marked by the stress that is laid upon the production of wealth, is an undue neglect of the necessity for the distribution of that wealth in the manner most conducive to the happiness of the peo-

ple. In our desire that the able man shall be unhampered in his activity, we are liable to overlook the misery at the other end of the social scale, where the inefficient and unfortunate can scarcely maintain a hand-to-mouth existence. College men who have become interested in any of the Social Settlements about Boston must often have heard the expressions, the "iron heel of Capitalism" and the "industrial slavery of the masses." It is in such talk as this that the discontent of the poverty-stricken finds its vent. The relatively well-to-do workmen—for example, the great majority of those represented by the American Federation of Labor—are not committed to Socialism; in Germany, the party of nominal Socialists is greatly swelled by the addition of the politically discontented classes, but in America, where there is little political discontent, the Socialists comprise a comparatively small body of the economically discontented.

To be sure, there are a few men of scholarly training who are what we may call philosophical, as distinguished from the ordinary revolutionary, socialists. They embrace socialism as an ethical ideal to be attained by a gradual alteration of human character until all innate selfishness shall be eliminated; with such as these we can have no dispute, but the beauty of this ideal must not blind us to the ugly effects of the immediate success of the revolutionary socialists. Anything but a brief survey of the most striking aspects of a system that aims at the entire regeneration of society is here

impossible. In fact, socialists as a class devote so much attention to the criticism of existing society and so little to the construction of their substitute, that they have not yet been able to settle the latter detail among themselves; and hence a complete survey would be out of the question. In a system the main purpose of which is to provide a just method for the distribution of wealth among the members of the state, the first problem is, what shall be the fair share of each individual and how he shall be assured of getting it. On this problem, the prophets of the new state are not in accord: some prefer that individuals should be paid a share of the national product in proportion to their efforts in making that product, regardless of their success; others say that a man's needs should be the conclusive factor in determining his share of the common income; others have still other propositions which are guaranteed to produce a certain cure for our economic ills arising from inequalities of wealth.

In regard to the first proposition, it seems clear to college men at least, that if we are to be rewarded according to our efforts, be they misdirected and fruitless or otherwise, we shall be tempted to make strenuous efforts to be ball players, artists, or statesmen, leaving the other fellow to dig potatoes and the Panama canal. As for the second, we wish to learn just how our needs are to be rated, and even were a satisfactory way devised, it would not work if the population became too thick. Of course, the theory of socialism is ready with a remedy for such an unfortunate condition, but at present our knowledge of biology admits of no denial that any interference with the operation of the law of the survival of the most fit will tend to lower

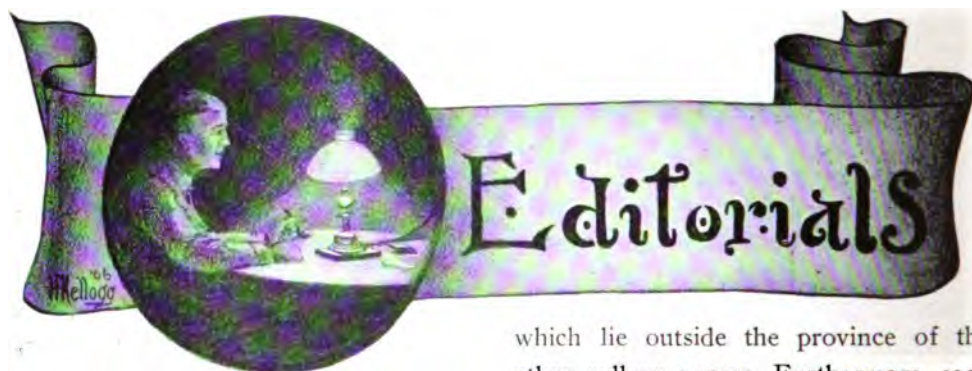
the standard of the race. In short, socialism presents no wholly satisfactory solution of the problem of the distribution of wealth; moreover, in its application to the problem of the production of wealth, the theory of socialism is much more inadequate. In the present condition of human character, some stimulus more powerful than disinterested love for the welfare of one's contemporaries and successors on earth is indispensable in order to keep all individuals steadily at work doing their best. Socialism offers no assurance that individuals will be tempted to work hard enough to produce all the goods required to pay everybody according to his efforts or needs.

A refutation of all the arguments advanced in behalf of Socialism is unnecessary; as the case for Individualism is strong enough to stand on its own legs. It will not be denied that it is for the advantage of the state that each individual make himself as useful as possible to the state, nor that an economic system which rewards individuals according to their usefulness to the state stimulates them to make themselves as useful as possible. Provided the state is a true commonwealth—a democracy with a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the system which rewards individuals according to their usefulness to the state is that under which each individual is prosperous according as his services are valuable to his fellow-citizens—namely, the competitive system.

This system is the essence of Individualism, and in so far as it works well, it is beyond criticism. Unfortunately, it does not always work well: its operation

is marred by the monopolies which in the nature of things are not bound by its laws; by the dishonest competitors who may take an unfair advantage by refusing to observe the rules of the game; by the unfortunate and ignorant and vicious whose perverted point of view puts them in an attitude of hostility to society, howsoever it may be organized. These causes of discontent must be rem-

edied and the system made to work more smoothly; here is the field for the thought and energy of the college man. Better methods of controlling the trusts must be devised; more stringent regulations of competition must be enforced; the vicious must be restrained, the ignorant enlightened, and the unfortunate relieved. Then shall we hear less of Socialism.



ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ILLUSTRATED announces with pleasure the election of Mr. Ralph William Smiley, '07, to the position of assistant literary editor of the magazine. We may say in passing that THE ILLUSTRATED is sincerely desirous of having undergraduates of literary or artistic ability try for positions on the magazine. The aim of the paper is not primarily to publish stories and verse. That work is well done by the more distinctively literary magazines of the college—THE ADVOCATE and THE MONTHLY. THE ILLUSTRATED, on the other hand, endeavors to represent such college interests as debating, social-service, etc.,

which lie outside the province of the other college papers. Furthermore, each month in the college community there are made interesting and valuable addresses which many men would like to see recorded and published. If THE ILLUSTRATED can serve its readers by reporting these it will express the desires of its managers. For carrying out such plans, however, is needed the co-operation of willing and able undergraduates. We hope that such will present themselves when calls for candidates are made.

SOCIALISM.

The article entitled: "The Intercollegiate Socialistic Society," by Mr. Leonard D. Abbott, calls the attention of college

men to two facts: first, that there is a great effort being made today by prominent men to stir in college communities discussion upon the question of Socialism; and, secondly, that students of social questions cannot afford to be indifferent towards this effort. THE ILLUSTRATED obtained the above article through the kindness both of Mr. Abbott of *Current Literature*, and of Mr. Upton Sinclair, Vice President of the Intercollegiate Socialistic Society. We print it, together with the other discussion of the same question, not from a desire to start a socialistic propaganda, but from a wish to present a vital question to our readers.

The purpose of the Socialists is to bring about a more equitable distribution of the good things of life,—hence most people will admit that their aim is righteous. The ethical basis of their system is that men should work for society and not merely for themselves. Many will admit that this is a more laudable foundation for society than the opposite one—that private gain is the legitimate incentive to work—which lies at the root of the competitive system. Yet even admitting this, the question remains open whether one may not in the long run best serve others by promoting, within the limits of the law, his own interests.

While considering these ethical points, which lie at the basis of the economic theory, it may be pertinent to add that, from our observation, the socialistic method, in and by itself, is inadequate

to accomplish the high aim Socialists have for society. Their method is to bring about economic reforms by outward organization, and by wrenching of social institutions; whereas, if these reforms are to be lasting they must arise from the inward spirit of men. If the socialistic movement is to grow, and be evolutionary and not revolutionary, it must be accomplished and inspired by a spiritual renaissance which will make that inner adjustment ever necessary before we may expect new and better outward conditions.

THE PROSPECT UNION.

The report of the address of President Eliot at the Prospect Union which we print on another page reminds us of the opportunities there are for Harvard men to benefit themselves by taking an active interest in that institution. The Prospect Union serves as both club and school to a large body of earnest and intelligent workingmen who desire to improve themselves. Harvard men who have conducted classes at the Prospect Union already know the great benefit there is in coming into close contact with men who are outside of one's daily environment. The advantage of such intercourse is peculiarly needed by college men. The attitude of many college men is academic, and often unsympathetic toward the outside world. Such narrowness is inimical to one's success either in a business or in a professional career. There

are many lawyers who will testify that their successes before juries have been due largely to the fact that their experience has brought them into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and that they therefore have been able to understand and move men's sympathies. Then, two, a wide knowledge of men is not only helpful, but positively essential for men who expect to go into political life. For these reasons alone Harvard men ought to seize the opportunities for extending their acquaintances and sympathies offered them through the Prospect Union.

One valuable means for meeting the men there, besides teaching, is to be found in playing games with them. They have many good chess and checker players; and whist is also a favorite game with them. It would be an excellent scheme if groups of college men could be organized to go down on different nights and meet the men by participating in their games. Those who go will return, defeated at the games no doubt, but convinced that there is a keenness not found in books, and that through enlarging one's sympathies and interests there comes an uplifting pleasure.



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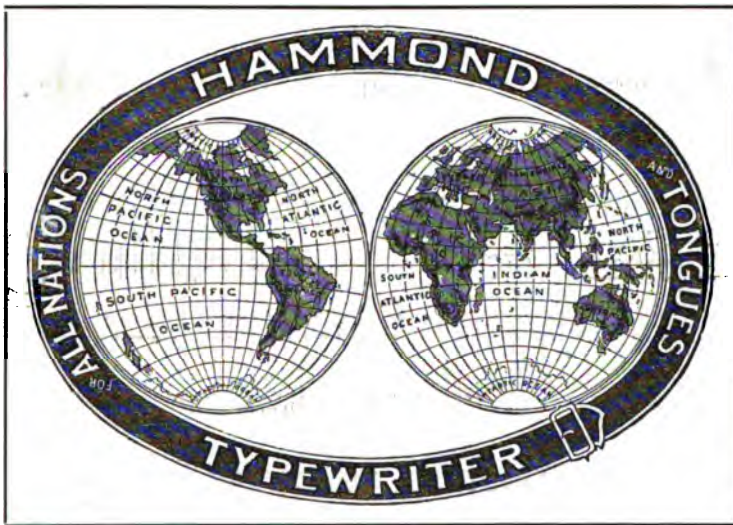
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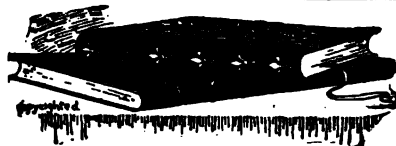
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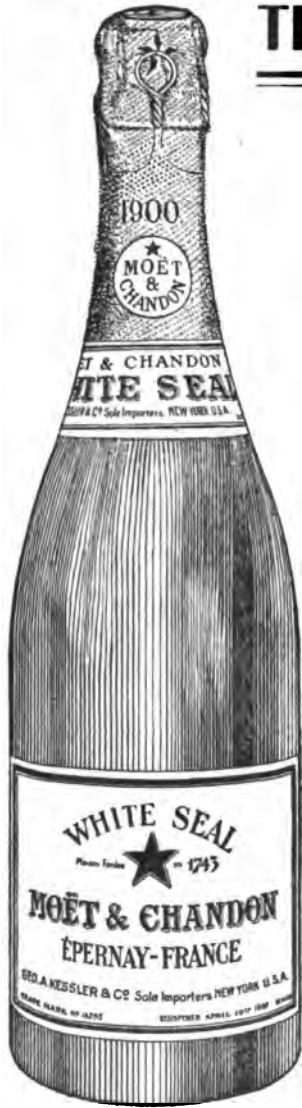
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VOLUME VII.

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THE HARVARD ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

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UNDERGRADUATE LITERATURE AT HARVARD.

BY E. LLOYD SHELDON.

Early in our Freshman year we form the idea that Harvard has too many undergraduate literary magazines. It is simple to trace its inception to the momentary inconvenience of numerous calls from candidates for business editorships. Yet it is more difficult to explain why most of us, even as Seniors, still hold the same opinion. In our three or four years' course, we scan college papers occasionally with pleasure, usually with indifference — and, seeing little of vital interest, put them down as unconcernedly as we pick them up. If we take the trouble to ask ourselves why we do this, we generally end up by saying that the *Advocate*, *Monthly* and *ILLUSTRATED* have no distinct fields or, if they have, fail to keep within them. That there must be some truth in this is obvious when we see how comparatively small is the influence of these journals. Were the policy of these magazines distinct and closely followed, we would all be reading them with unwonted interest.

Though their policy is hap-hazard, there is no reason why it should continue to be. Daily we see our college life brought into action—sometimes

by an important event, sometimes by an ordinary, yet no less delightful, one. Each had its special meaning for us and the flood of buoyant ideas that they set loose is the essence of Harvard spirit. Though this spirit is effluent and contagious, it is subject to change. Twenty years from now when we return to re-imbue it, we will not be disappointed to find that it is working itself into new channels. Rather will we be glad that ours has crystallized into tradition. It is in this process of crystallizing Harvard spirit that the policy of our undergraduate papers lies. As the events of our life here differ in character so must the literary treatment of them vary. We, therefore, should find out whether in this variety of treatment there is a place for each magazine.

The *Advocate*, as one ex-editor stated, has no strict policy and, like other papers, strives merely to print the best that it can. It has, however, a laudable tendency toward the production of what a man jots down in his idle moments: stories that suggest themselves as he lounges on the proverbial window-seat, the poetic thoughts that occur to him in his walk

through the Yard, the light essays which he forms of clever drawing-room conversation. There is a distinct place in Harvard for such writing, and the pens of the undergraduates are prolific enough in this direction to justify having one paper entirely given up to it.

On the other hand, the *Monthly* endeavors to print the more mature work: the literary essays, the story with carefully worked out fundamentals and poetry of a more subtle nature. At present the *Advocate* and *Monthly* are, in part, over-running each other's fields. In the latter are found light stories, in the former is verse of a character that it takes hours to work out. Could each of these papers more carefully distinguish their policy, there would be more futility in the discussion of a merger.

When the ILLUSTRATED began to publish illustrations, it entered a new field in Harvard and was able to devote itself to a very distinct method of editing. There is an undoubted need for an entertaining journalistic narration of *facts*. Every month we are especially enthused by some important collegiate event. The *Crimson* reports it accurately, to be sure, yet with such an absence of color and interest that it is not surprising that the outer world talks of Harvard indifference. We each want a record of what has happened. We would, however, prefer that it have the tone of the man who shows that he is in sympathy with the event rather than the cut-and-dried brevity of an immature logician. Were the ILLUSTRATED to

confine itself to this sort of journalism it would fill its unique position in the university.

Nevertheless, the opinion that there are too many literary magazines is by no means weakened unless something is done to make each of them stick to the distinct policy that is possible. Last spring the *Advocate* editorially expressed a desire for the formation of a Press Club, the main purpose of which was to place a sort of censorship over Harvard news so that distended rumors might be checked before they got to the public. The idea might be developed, along other lines, by having a board of representatives from each undergraduate paper, meeting frequently and trying to bring about a harmony of action. The members could broach certain large subjects and agree to devote their "leaders" to them. With the present lack of agreement, the papers, seeking each month to influence opinion in a dozen ways, affect it in none. Could they but bring themselves together to air thoroughly, each after its own fashion, the topics which are actually of interest to undergraduates, they would be regarded more seriously. The hashing over of these topics and the general discussion of editorial policy would make each board more conscious of its own individual field and more desirous of keeping within it. Such unity of action would also awaken the interest necessary before our magazines can have any perceptible influence in really crystallizing Harvard spirit.

THE CIVIC CONSCIENCE.

BY ROBERT FULTON CUTTING.

(A portion of an address delivered at the Harvard Union, February 24, 1906.)

Since the period of Athenian democracy, from which we have ever since drawn many of our ideas, there has been a gradual development of the State control over social conditions. We are now at a stage where the responsibility for these social conditions is a matter of crucial importance, particularly so in our large cities. Conditions here are so critical that it is imperative that responsibility should fall on those best qualified to receive it. This can only be done by an awakening of the civic conscience.

In New York City, at present, many parts of the government serve as agencies of education and amusement, and the city takes effective measures to provide the children of the public schools with every opportunity to become good citizens. A dental clinic has been established, there are nurses and doctors for all the public schools, and the department representing commercial life has authorized the building of second stories over many of the wharves to serve as recreation piers for the children.

From evidences such as these we see that a sort of conscience has been forcing itself into political life. This civic conscience is at present poorly trained and consequently partially ineffective, although it can be shown how necessary it is to educate it and make it a permanent influence. The

issues of the political life of the country to-day are civic issues, and the political life of the citizen is of crucial importance. Big cities are to play a greater part in the nation than ever before, and in the cities are to be fought the great issues of the country. Within the last few years there has appeared the problem of municipal ownership which must be met in one way or another. To leave the solution to philanthropic movements or to entrust it to the demagogues is an evasion of responsibility. It is essential that civic conscience play a more important part in political life, but the question still remains of how this conscience is to impress itself. There is just one secret of success,—the method of organization. Organization is amenable to reason, and concerted effort could produce a powerful means of fighting the corrupt party life of the great cities. The working of these parties is really the core of the corruption. The politician has no policy; he merely aims to re-elect himself. It makes no difference to him whether he is a Radical or a Conservative as long as he gets the position he wants; and the same spirit is seen in the party, where, as in New York, men will vote for the side they think will win just because they want to be on that side when it wins.

So we see that the conscience of the

community should be organized, and there is no reason why the men outside of the great parties should not do this organizing and even take the power out of the hands of the party leaders. It is necessary to impress the people with the possible success of such a movement,—to impress that great part of the people who have no certain political views or settled convictions, who will throw their votes for the side whose prospects for winning seem the brightest. Such an organization need not be great. A great organization, in fact, is a dangerous element, as the larger it becomes the more it depends on pure force. It should be large enough to represent thoroughly the interests of some political unit,—a community or a village. But it *must* represent these interests. It must substitute genuine representation for the corrupt methods of local agencies in big cities which pretend to represent all interests and which really represent none.

It is extremely necessary for the reforming party to have within it men of civic reputation. The people love to be led by a man of character who promises to get them what they want. To get the right men forward is not an easy matter, although successful methods are being introduced.

Any effort at reform must be from without, and not from within. It has been proved that attempts to reform by working through the party itself have invariably failed. The political history of the United States shows that the greatest results have been accomplished by a third party as an outside influence. Such a party offers

great opportunities for service to men who desire to help their fellow citizens, and it is now time to offer inducements to those who would not ordinarily venture into the prevailing corruption of politics.

There is a vast amount of work to be done in all our great cities which has nothing to do with politics, and which no politician would do. This kind of work is going to do the most good because it will disclose the *facts*. We know little of facts now. We have no method of contrasting a department of one city with that of another. The message to the people must be made more intelligent; the people must be shown that this and that is to be done and given definite information. There is an increasing necessity for giving the people this information and in continually holding before them a standard. We must, in short, show the people what liberty really means. College men, with their peculiar advantages, are peculiarly qualified for this service. There is work to be done from the assembly district upwards, and someone must take hold and do it. We are coming to an age of far greater political responsibility than ever before, and we have come to see that bosses must be gotten rid of. When we get rid of bosses somebody must lead, and that is the time when the man of patriotism must put his patriotism to the test. Someone must feel the responsibility for civic life, and someone must lead. This is our work, a work for which our advantages peculiarly qualify us. We must go to the polls to fight,—and we must go there honorably.

THE HARVARD DELEGATION AT NASHVILLE.

BY A. E. WOOD.

Hard as it may have been for some of the Harvard delegation to break loose from college duties for the sake of a missionary convention over a thousand miles from Cambridge, it is safe to say concerning each of us that to leave Nashville and return home was even more trying. With the exception of a few unsolicited meals on the boat *en route* to Norfolk, Va., no part of the trip lacked interest. The opportunity for seeing a portion of our country which most of us had not visited, the charm of our Southern hosts and hostesses, and above all in the inspiration of the meetings in the Ryman Auditorium made us feel that the eleven days of our absence were very profitably spent. A few men attempted, with more or less success, to do some work on the way. I say "more or less success," for I remember distinctly seeing one man trying to read Kant's *Critique*, eat peanuts, and count negro cabins as our train (or rather, our private car) went whizzing through North Carolina. The negroes were to many of us a revelation—not of a new earth—but of an old one where much remained to be done. In Hamlet, North Carolina, we got a group of them to sing for us at the railroad station. Their tatters and dirt ill became the exquisite harmony of their voices. While in Nashville I was interested to hear a Southern gentleman declare his expectation that some day a really great singer would emerge from the colored race.

I could not help but think that we must wait a while longer before such a one does appear.

As we waited there at Hamlet, some one called to the group of singing negroes, "Johnson! Johnson!" One of the group quickly answered, "Which Johnson does yuh want?" A few of us induced some of them to



Harvard Car *en route*.

enter the station and dance a "clog." Slowly, one by one, they cautiously entered and lined themselves up on one side of the room, while one asked, "Is it all right, boss, for us to be in here?" When we told him it was, one beat time at the end of the line, while another danced the most acrobatic, rhythmical "breakdown" I have ever seen. Another interesting phase of negro character was seen in sly "Ole Pete," our guide over Lookout

Mountain. As he assured us he knew more about the mountain than anybody in town, we took him along. We never regretted his company. He proved to be somewhat of a geologist. One of his first bits of information was that the rocks about were a "het-'ogeneous conglomeration." Coming to what is known as Umbrella Rock on the top of the mountain—a flat stone surmounting a sharp pinnacle—"Ole Pete" paused, regarded the phenomena with awe, and then said solemnly, "Gemmen, dat's natur'!" He really knew a good deal about the battle which took place there in November, 1863. Pausing at a broad outlook from whence we could see "Moccasin Bend" in the silvery Tennessee, and the busy little town of Chattanooga on its banks, "Ole Pete" declared, "Gemmen, in dis yere battle the Union troops outnumbered de Confederates, 'cause dey had more men." The view from Lookout



Cable Road on Lookout Mountain.

Mountain is even more fair than the scenes from our Northern mountains. On a clear day seven states can be seen: Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, and Virginia. The haze on the distant ridges is bluer and drowsier than our Northern mists, just as Southern hospitality seems warmer than ours in the North. Besides its natural beauty the mountain has great historic interest. On its top and sides are many tablets and monuments commemorating the different regiments which were engaged in the "Battle above the Clouds." Patriotism, like many other noble sentiments, comes but now and then like tidal waves; and as we looked across the valley to the memorial towers on Missionary Ridge, and then at the markings of the once hostile picket lines on Lookout Mountain, to more than one of our party came the unbidden thought "Lest we Forget."

The morning after our wonderful day on Lookout Mountain we arrived



"Old Pete" on Lookout Mountain.



Admiral Dewey's Flagship at Portsmouth Navy Yard.

in Nashville ready for the serious work of the Convention. It was with no very settled convictions concerning the value and interest of the missionary enterprise that some of the Harvard delegates attended the first meeting. But this undecided and indifferent spirit did not long obtain among us. The tone of the Convention was elevating. The speeches, which were delivered in Ryman Auditorium before the 5,000 delegates from different educational institutions all over North America, were instructive and inspiring. The motive of missions—to bring about the brotherhood of men throughout the world—was emphatically declared. The adequacy of the Christian religion for promoting that end was shown in the very able address of Mr. Robert E. Speer, who in a rational way measured the value, and depicted the insufficiencies, of the non-Christian religions. One of the most impressive speeches was made by Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the

British ambassador. His unimpassioned, discriminating testimony as to the value of missions from a diplomatist's point of view was an excellent supplement to the prevailing enthusiasm of the Convention. By referring to his own experience with the Presbyterian mission station in Persia he showed what assistance missions might be to the governments and foreign legations in oriental countries. At the same meeting in which Ambassador Durand told his experiences, Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, spoke upon the legal relations of missionaries. While making his speech he disclosed the fact that that day he was celebrating his seventieth birthday. As he told this, the delegates waived the rule of the convention and applauded him. The testimony of such men as Ambassador Durand and Hon. John W. Foster, together with personal reminiscences of missionaries from all corners of the world, were



Submarine Boat "Holland" at Portsmouth Navy Yard.

effective evidence as to the value for the world of the foreign missionary enterprise. It is safe to say that every Harvard delegate returned broader-minded than he went, and determined to practice his convictions by giving increased support to the Harvard Mission.

The return journey gave us a day in Norfolk, Va., where we had opportunity to visit the negro institution at Hampton, and the navy yard at Portsmouth. At the latter place many of us had a chance to go on board Dewey's flagship "Olympia" and the submarine boat "Holland."

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER.

BY HANS VON KALTENBORN.

[Of the *New York Herald*.]

It is to be doubted whether there exists to-day an instrument more powerful for both influencing and reflecting popular thought than the newspaper. This influence is exerted in many ways, not the least important of them being the manner in which news is expressed. The fact that sensationalism appears to be gaining headway is responsible for much flippant criticism of that growing evil "yellow journalism." That "yellow journalism" is to be regretted is true; but we must admit the truth of the newspaper man's defense,—that the newspaper merely caters to the taste of the majority of its readers. For another reason the public is ready to indulge in unthinking criticism. It fails to appreciate the working of the forces which produce a newspaper of to-day. It does not stop to consider that the morning paper it carelessly peruses is the work of about five hundred men from all over the world. It is, in short, unappreciative of what is

meant by "the organization of a newspaper."

The work of a newspaper is generally distributed among five departments,—the Reportorial, Editorial, Art, Reference, and Mechanical. Of these the most interesting is probably the Reportorial. This, in turn, is divided and classified into about thirty branches—a reporter being assigned to each of several activities represented by the paper—the police court, the board of education, the legislature, and so on. In a small town even there are a dozen reporters with carefully systematized work.

In the big cities the work of the reporter has changed much in character in the last thirty years. The demands on him are greater. Speed is now the all-important consideration in getting out a paper. Hourly editions are rushed through the press to meet the demands of an eager public. News must be reported, tersely expressed, and sold on the streets

within the hour, as it takes little more than this length of time to make news stale and unavailable. To detect, collect, arrange, print, and sell news to supply such demands calls for the most wide-awake and intelligently directed action on the part of the reporter. A man to be valuable must not only be skillful in finding and handling news material but he must use boldness and ingenuity in getting ahead of his competitors. He must be ready to act under difficulties in any emergency, and turn apparent defeat into success and "a beat." Such an occupation, where a man may be constantly matching his wits against what he might call "a hard proposition," where adventure and excitement may be found in plenty,—such work may well be said to possess a sort of charm. Then, too, in the solution of the news problem the reporter is allowed a temporary independence that is complete. He receives his assignment in the morning. He is told what to do, but not how to do it. The latter proposition is his to face in any way he may devise. Until his story is turned in he is answerable to no one. Knowing that hundreds are as independent as himself, he sets out with the purpose of out-witting them and of making it possible for his paper to print an important bit of news so far in advance of other papers as to make it "exclusive."

The demand for the speedy reception of news at the editorial office is largely met by a generous use of the telephone. An expert shorthand man at the newspaper office telephone re-

produces the reporter's account read from the latter's own shorthand notes. In an incredibly short space of time the presses start revolving, and the reporter may shortly be greeted by an ambitious newsboy eager to sell him a copy of his own story.

These few suggestions are enough to show the charm connected with the Reportorial Department. Short as may be the time between the reporter's hurriedly telephoned account and its publication, there are nevertheless important branches of newspaper organization directly connected with the Editorial Department. The editor receives the reporter's account, elaborates it, modifies it, rejects it, as the case may require. Hurriedly gathered facts which come in a necessarily crude condition must be arranged and combined with appropriate material to make a comprehensive whole. Here may be seen with what speed and precision the various departments must coöperate. Reporters' stories which the editor thinks should be combined with other pertinent material are sent to the Reference Department. It is the business of this branch to keep on file, ready for instant reference, such general information as the editor may wish to draw upon at short notice. The lives of prominent men of the day, for instance, are kept fully written up, ready for use in the case of an unexpected death. The file used for this purpose is known to newspaper men as "the morgue."

Nearly as important as the Reference Department is the Art Department. The practice of combining il-

illustrations with printed accounts is comparatively recent, newspapers of fifteen years ago having no illustrations whatever. The graphic accuracy of such a method has compelled its almost universal adoption, and, indeed, a "picture beat" is quite as important as a "news beat." It will be readily seen how this department works in combination with the Reference Department.

To return to the Editorial Department. We have here, as one of the highest paid of newspaper men, an expert lawyer and copy-reader. Expensive libel suits are of almost daily occurrence on every big newspaper,—a necessary result of the tendency of the reporter to "color up" his material to make an interesting story which will allow of sensational "scare heads." It is the business of this copy-reader to know exactly what statements are cause for libel, and to re-write and revise when necessary in such a way as to avoid libel suits. Causes for libel are most likely to appear in criminal stories; criminal stories are those which the reporter is most likely to color, and a man who is thoroughly familiar with the strict rules on libel is an expensive necessity for every large newspaper.

The Mechanical Department is perhaps the most wonderful of all the five. Most persons have, at some time or other, seen the monstrous presses turning out copies at a confusing speed,—the last stage of a process in which everything is sacrificed to speed, including accuracy in many cases.

Such, briefly, is the modern newspaper in its organization. We can see how competition and the ever-increasing demand for speed have brought about "yellow journalism." Another serious evil, not so well known, is that of commercialism, the control of a newspaper's character by finances, by a process little short of bribery. This control is practically in the hands of one man—the advertising manager. Any article this potentate "O. K.'s" must go; anything that for any reason he wishes suppressed is suppressed. This element of commercialism is much to be regretted, as the people expect from the paper straightforward accounts. The public is still inclined to accept the relative importance with which news is treated in the paper as indicative of the relative importance of the news itself. It is not expected to know or suspect that any scandal injurious to the interests of those who may be connected with a concern which pays for an expensive "ad." in a paper is not likely to be exposed or even mentioned in that paper. It is duly impressed with the account of some social function in the family of the proprietor of this same concern. That the people do not recognize this prevalence of commercialism in the press is not surprising, as its great source of information is that same press. It is only a question of time, however, before a reform must take place; commercialism will disappear when the force of public opinion is brought to bear upon it.

THE PERVERSITIES OF A BIOGRAPHER.

BY H. ASKOWITH.

Of the long series of brilliant essays which have given Macaulay his widespread fame, perhaps none is more finished than the short life of Johnson written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica* a few years before the essayist's death, in the full maturity of his powers. It has probably had less readers than the famous article on Johnson inspired by Croker's Boswell twenty-five years earlier, but the adoption of this later essay among the college admission requirements for 1906-1908 will serve to lay renewed emphasis upon its superior merits. The style is even and chastened; the vigor and exuberant spirits which characterize his earlier work are not lacking, but they are evidently under restraint. His thorough acquaintance with the man and the times is shown by picturesque coloring and vivid portraiture. But together with these peculiar virtues, the essay is not unmarred by the over-confidence, exaggeration, and lack of insight noticeable in all his writings. Evident here in a much milder form, these characteristic faults may fairly be pointed out in a work acknowledged to be one of Macaulay's masterpieces.

Brief as it is, the essay is not free even from misstatements of actual fact. Some of these are unimportant slips,—as, for example, when he calls Lobo's Portuguese *Voyage* a Latin book, ascribes but three cantos to Churchill's *Ghost*, and terms *buck* and

macaroni obsolete. In other cases, however, he strangely perverts the original statements in Boswell. This is shown in the erroneous assertions concerning Johnson's Scotch prejudice (where one of Johnson's obvious ironies is turned into a serious avowal); his acceptance of the royal pension, and the payments for his *Lives of the Poets*. The statement that he was "twice carried to sponging-houses" is without foundation; Johnson was arrested and released immediately at his home. But the most palpable errors occur in the paragraph on Mrs. Porter, which fairly bristles with mistakes, from the misnomer "Titty"* and the misquotation "Pretty creature" to the fictitious assertion that Johnson acquired stepchildren as old as himself. Such inaccuracies, especially when depended upon to support an entire contention, must considerably weaken our faith in a book's reliability.

More constitutional, however, with Macaulay were his confessed limitations as a critic, which are confirmed by some of the few literary judgments in this essay. On the one hand, his praise of the *Life of Savage* is perhaps too lavish. On the other hand, much of his censure is conventional and unjust. To blame Johnson for

*Not the least of the many cruelties which should long ago have aroused Mrs. Johnson's stride to vengeance is this corruption of her nickname, *Tetty*. Johnson's endearing term, contracted from *Elizabeth*, suffered again at the hands of Sir Leslie Stephen, who calls it *Letty*.

his ignorance of etymology is much like blaming Newton for his ignorance of the Darwinian theory. The statement that Johnson's English "was scarcely a Teutonic language" pales before the calculation that three-fourths of the words in the Preface to his *Dictionary* are Teutonic. Before enumerating the inconsistencies of *Rasselas*, Macaulay should have read Johnson's protest that such objections are "the petty cavils of petty minds." The incomplete discrimination of local color probably detracts as little from the effectiveness of *Rasselas* as did the incomplete discrimination of scene from the effectiveness of the Elizabethan stage. It is notably, however, in his criticism on Johnson's *Shakspeare* that Macaulay reveals his shortcomings. The prevailing disparagement of one of the great landmarks in Shaksperian criticism is largely due to Macaulay's example. The Preface, which more competent critics have praised so highly, is not, he maintains, in Johnson's best manner. He errs completely in the statement that Johnson did not understand the need of examining the Elizabethan drama, for he was among the first to assert that such a preparation was indispensable, and it was owing mainly to his impulse that Steevens and Malone accomplished their work. But it would be unfair to treat Macaulay's judgments too severely after he has himself acknowledged his unfitness for the subtler aspects of criticism.

He is much more to be blamed for his misinterpretations of act or motive,—extending, in some cases, even to the extreme of libellous abuse. Viewing nearly everything from a

comparatively narrow standpoint, he is often uncharitable and at times positively offensive in his judgments of human nature. In describing Johnson's political prejudices, Macaulay cannot conceal his own partisan bias. The pervading insinuation, moreover, is unjust, and he fails to note that Johnson stopped writing the parliamentary reports "as soon as he found that the speeches were thought genuine," for he "would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood." Similarly unfair is Macaulay's account of the "indolence" which delayed Johnson's *Shakspeare*: that which appears as "dozing and trifling" was in truth a constitutional disease, threatening him with insanity. But there is still grosser misrepresentation in Macaulay's story of the Cock Lane Ghost. Aside from his irreverence, Macaulay is guilty of disregarding what "every schoolboy" knows—that Johnson wrote the investigators' report, widely published, declaring that the affair was an imposture. Johnson, however, fares well at Macaulay's hands compared with some of the lesser figures that move beside him. Mrs. Porter, on the unreliable basis of Garrick's mimicry, is lampooned with merciless rigor. Macaulay himself, it seems, was never in love, and he shows himself incapable of understanding the depths of affection. His vivid picture of Johnson's dependents is marred by the same lack of sympathy. Its injustice is easily proved by contemporary evidence, including Johnson's pathetic *Ode on Levett*. There is still more conclusive testimony against Macaulay's view of Boswell, and the essayist's diatribe on the prince of biogra-

phers has been too well refuted to need further comment. Rarely, however, has attention been called to his strange severity to Mrs. Thrale. The account of her "degrading passion" for Piozzi is pervaded by narrow prejudice and unmerited abuse. Mrs. Thrale's first marriage had been one of convenience only and was marked by disagreement, but she never had occasion to regret her second marriage and lived happily with Piozzi for many years. It was natural that the society in which she had moved should regard her union with an Italian Roman Catholic "fiddler" as unspeakably scandalous, but when she returned to England, they were both well received, and she maintained her social position until her death in 1821, when Macaulay reached his majority. There was no good reason, therefore, for Macaulay's harshness, and even admitting his incapacity to recognize the deeper springs of motive, one cannot excuse the inconsiderate temper which exposes itself in such personal abuse.

This misrepresentation is closely allied to Macaulay's most characteristic fault, — habitual exaggeration. Oratory, overstatement and hyperbole are perhaps necessary for immediate effect, but all high literary art must evince perceptive delicacy and gradation of color. Macaulay is dogmatically confident on disputed points: Savage was an "earl's son," and Macpherson an "impudent forger." From the intimation that Johnson was an independent spirit in college, Macaulay evolves the statement that he was "the ringleader in every mutiny." In describing conditions and delineating characters, Macaulay is swept on-

ward by his own copious flow of sonorous language. His irresistible temptation to heighten the antithesis between moderately different natures is well exemplified in the passages dealing with the relations between Johnson and his wife, his *protégés*, Garrick, Mrs. Thrale, and Boswell. Throughout the essay there is a constant overcoloring of the external, superficial qualities of Johnson's nature. The early description of his mental and physical infirmities turns Johnson into a repulsive, wretchedly morbid maniac. Single, unrepeatable acts are described as the habits of a lifetime. Macaulay himself owned "to the feeling Dr. Johnson had, of thinking oneself bound sometimes to touch a particular rail or post, and to tread always in the middle of the paving-stone." Yet this did not prevent him from laying overdue stress upon Johnson's idiosyncrasies. As a result of his London privations, we are told, he became an insolent, ferocious savage. Even previously, his schoolroom "must have resembled an ogre's den." On the basis of his encounter with Osborne, Macaulay makes the indefensibly brutal statement that "he was repeatedly provoked into striking those who had taken liberties with him." This emphasis upon his outward peculiarities, which often sinks to irreverent caricature, is the keynote of the essay, and the "anfractuosités" of his temper are dwelt upon again in the last paragraph as strengthening "our conviction that he was both a great and a good man."

By his constant exaggeration of Johnson's superficial traits, Macaulay emphasizes his own superficiality and

lack of insight. He paints the external portrait with remarkable power and vividness, and the spectator is led to believe that the delineation is just and thorough. Johnson became great not because of his constitutional defects but in spite of them. Hidden beneath that uncouth exterior, there was not only a powerful genius but a noble and heroic spirit, an independence never imposed upon by convention, an ardent piety, and a profound tenderness of soul. It is not an exaggeration to say that his moral character "in his best moments was of the noblest, the kindest, the sanest ever known or even conceivable." Macaulay knew well that Johnson had "nothing of the bear but the skin," but he was apparently incapable of comprehending such involved, complex natures. It is to Carlyle that we must turn for a sympathetic view of the inner man, a penetrative elucidation of the moral significance of the man and his times.

Macaulay's want of depth is accompanied by a corresponding deficiency in breadth of view. He mentions the sway of Johnson's conversation, but he fails to note that Johnson's influence contributed lucidity, splendor, and architectural symmetry not only to such contemporary writers as Burke, Hume, and Gibbon, but to the main body of English prose since his day. Macaulay himself derived not a few of his essential qualities from the style of Johnson. Similarly, when Macaulay speaks of the letter to Chesterfield, he shows no appreciation of its significance as the Magna Charta of authorship,—as the most forceful expression of Johnson's un-

tiring efforts to raise the status, repute and *personnel* of the literary profession. He did much to improve the methods and knowledge of men, but he did still more to inspire and sustain their best efforts. Both morally and intellectually, he inaugurated a revolution in the life of his time, and "his mighty power is yet sending forth a mild influence over lands and seas." Macaulay's disregard of these pre-eminent services to literature and to life detracts much from the value and justice of his portrait.

In the main, however, these defects were inseparable from Macaulay's character and habits of mind and consequently inseparable from his undisputed gifts. His lack of philosophic depth and meditative thought, while it has prevented him from attaining the highest renown, has ensured him his immense popularity. His appreciation may be inadequate, his love of effect may lead him to overstatements, but, in the words of Gladstone, "there never was a writer less capable of intentional unfairness." His clearness of statement, his unique power of picturesque effect, appeal directly to the average intelligence. It is undiscriminating to overlook his serious defects, but it is unappreciative not to recognize that these defects were perhaps necessary complements of the peculiar merits which have rendered the *Life of Johnson*, like his other works, of such effective value as a popular educator. Macaulay's essays present a fascinating stretch of smooth, gleaming ice, and the skater, in his swift course, obtains such a view of the entire forest along the shore that he is enabled, if he choose, to tread its

most intricate paths with a full sense of his whereabouts. But not rarely the indications are miscolored and incomplete, and it is then our duty to

guard against those false impressions which we are too apt to receive under the rapid and stimulating guidance of Macaulay.

DEUTSCHER VEREIN PLAY: "DAS STIFTUNGSFEST,"

By Gustav Von Moser.

BY B. M. NUSSBAUM.

The play presented this year by the Deutscher Verein is a three-act comedy entitled *Das Stiftungsfest*, by Gustav von Moser. Of the hosts of modern German dramatists who have attained popular success in the realm of comedy, Moser is perhaps the best known, not so much for the literary merit of his work, as for the pleasing style and practical adaptability of his plays.

Born in 1825 at Spandau, he was trained for the army, which he entered in 1843, and served for thirteen years. After marrying the daughter of a wealthy proprietor he entered upon a dramatic career; but an ill fated venture in comedy drove him from the stage, and he settled down to devote himself to agriculture. In this occupation he chanced to meet a Berlin stage manager named Wallner, who induced him to return to his former art. Remounting the stage in 1861, he became very successful, acquiring distinction as a playwright as well as actor. Of more than forty comedies that followed, the most noteworthy are *Das Stiftungsfest* (1873), *Ultimo* (1873), *Der Veilchenfresser* (1876), *Der Bibliothekar* (1878), and *Krieg und Frieden* (1880), which he wrote in collaboration with Franz von

Schönthau. Moser died in Berlin three years ago.

In *Das Stiftungsfest*, one of the earliest yet most typical of Moser's comedies, plot and treatment are characteristic of German farce. Dr. Scheffler, a distinguished local advocate, is to be the orator of the day at a *Stiftungsfest*, the German Easter festival. His wife, Bertha, however, who recalls vividly the deplorable, inebriate condition in which her spouse returned from a similar occasion the year before, determines that he shall have no chance to repeat the disgraceful conduct, and attempts to upset his plans by destroying the memoranda which he had prepared for his speech. A quarrel ensues in which the impulsive Scheffler, thoroughly enraged, avows his intention of carrying out his original designs in spite of his wife's disapproval, while the impulsive Bertha, feeling she can live with such a "monster" no longer, leaves home with the declaration that she is starting for a distant village. However, she goes in reality to the neighboring home of her uncle, the fatherly Kammerzienrat Bolzau, with a view of watching her husband's conduct. Firmly resolved to speak at the *Stiftungsfest*, though not a little alarmed at his



STEINKIRSCH MAKING LOVE TO LUDMILLA.

wife's departure, Scheffler, in order to ascertain his wife's whereabouts, repairs to the same place in company with two friends—one is Hartwig, a bolstering, effusive, and loquacious bore; the other is Dr. Steinkirsch. At Bolzau's the separated husband and wife unconsciously avoid one another, and in this way Hartwig becomes desperately infatuated with Bertha, not knowing she is Scheffler's wife, while Steinkirsch becomes enamored of Ludmilla, the niece of Bolzau's wife, who is residing for the time with her aunt. Both Scheffler and Bertha have made false excuses for their presence at the Bolzau home, where all are unsuspecting save the old uncle, who discerns the trouble, and, perceiving how each is anxious about the other, sets about, in his droll, conciliatory way, to restore peace between husband and wife. This proves to be a very delicate task, since upon inquiry he finds that both are unwilling to relinquish their original

intent as regards the Stiftungsfest, but the reconciliation is finally effected. Hartwig, who has meanwhile emptied his heart to Ludmilla, finds himself in this doubly humiliated, as the clever matchmaking of Bolzau succeeds in uniting Ludmilla and Steinkirsch. Hartwig thus loses on both sides. At this happy conclusion word arrives that the Stiftungsfest, because of some exceptional catastrophe, has been declared off, and both Scheffler and Bertha realize the ludicrousness of their separation.

The comedy of the plot lies very little in the cleverness of its conception, but rather in laughable situations and remarks. An English or French comedy is generally certain to be brilliantly conceived, making more of the plot than of the characters. Not so *Das Stiftungsfest*. Here are to be found interesting, strongly individualized personages and droll sallies; but a strong central plot is lacking.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF LACROSSE AT HARVARD.

BY W. L. STODDARD.

Lacrosse at Harvard may be said to be "in medias res." With football as the autumn sport, and baseball, track and crew coming in the spring, lacrosse falls between many stools on the hard, cold ground of undergraduate disdain. The general attitude is shown by the well known joke put in the form of a Crimson notice, "All candidates for Freshman lacrosse report at Pach's for picture." And so prevalent is the idea that the game is mere child's play, that except on the

rare occasions when some other attraction draws the University to the Stadium, the contests are played to anything like a "full house."

In spite of the poverty of the gate receipts, lacrosse still exists and flourishes unassisted. Perhaps the best argument in favor of it as a permanent institution may be deduced from this very fact—that it can stand on its own merits. There is acknowledged to be little inspiration in football if the team is not "supported" by

vigorous lung-exercise, and the cheer leaders for all the different teams openly admit the reliance of the players on spectacular appreciation. Lacrosse, however, has for several years stood "uncheered, unbefriended and unwatched," relying solely upon the interest of the players themselves in the game as a game—truly "sport for sport's sake."

When the Harvard team leaves its native ground to play at Johns Hopkins, Swarthmore, University of Pennsylvania, *et cetera*, the men begin to feel that their opponents live in more encouraging circumstances. At the first named college, for instance, the lacrosse season is a big thing, the stands are filled, the cheering and music is tremendous, and interest over the score runs high. Why this is so, is unknown to me, but that it is true is a fact, and from a Harvard point of view, a deplorable one.

The decriers of lacrosse at Harvard—as far as there are any active decriers at all—say that it is very rough, that it is a "crazy" game, full of useless running about, slashing, and upsetting. These are about the only real objections ever made—the usual attitude is one of indifference.

As to the game itself: lacrosse has the advantage over a sport like football in being open—the scrimmages are never between more than three men, except possibly in practice—and each player's territory is pretty definitely fixed. The men are paired off at the start so that each man is guarded by an opponent who watches him carefully, and vice versa. In this way there can never be any of the grand "mix-ups" of football.

Moreover, the spirit of the game allows little roughness. The essence of lacrosse is team work, and two men are not left to fight out a point so long as there are eleven others on the field. Concretely, as soon as a man finds himself closely put to it by an opponent, he "passes" the ball to one of his own side, and, the cause of contention being removed, the two part in peace.

Of course things are not always so quiet. Body-checking, for example, may result in black and blue spots. But the main virtue is that there is no tackling, no throwing, and consequently none of that severe wrenching we see so often in football.

To be sure, men are hurt, time is called, and the more nervous of the spectators wonder vaguely as nervous people are wont to wonder. Usually the injuries are skin cuts, which, owing to the sharpness of the blow, bleed profusely, and are as quickly stanchd. Once in a while an energetic but careless player will run onto the end of a stick, and get his wind punched out, but that is all. The most serious harm done to a Harvard man in the last few years was when in practice a defense man had a small bone in the back of his hand broken. As a rule, however, the game is very free from personal brutality.

In view of these considerations it is odd that lacrosse has not been of larger interest here. Perhaps our conservatism, which frowns on innovations, is to blame; perhaps our indifference; but at any rate the intrinsic merits of the game, highly appreciated elsewhere, have not yet made sufficient

appeal in Cambridge. In brief, the matter stands thus—lacrosse is a good, clean “athletic” game which is very popular in Canada, England, and in many of our Southern States, and while not popular here, it at least

maintains itself by self-love—the best thing that can be said of a game. But that “virtue should be rewarded,” and moreover acknowledged as virtue before men, is the wish of every lacrosse man in this University.

THE DAY OF GILBOA.

BY HOMER H. HARBOUR.

The widow Miriam rose early, just as the red morning sun was peeping over the long mountain wall of Gilboa. She milked and fed the four goats in the little pen built against the outside wall of her dwelling. Then she set about preparing the morning meal, pounding lentils in a mortar, straining off the whey from the goats'-milk cheeses that hung from the ceiling, and grinding millet-flour between two rough stones.

When the sun had been up nearly an hour, she pulled aside a heavy curtain that hung in one corner of the room, and salled softly, “Elihu! Manasseh! My sons! It is morning! The night mists have all melted from Gilboa.” In another moment two stalwart young men sprang from the little inner apartment, and, after bidding their mother an affectionate good-morning, dashed down the hillside, laughing and sporting with one another, for their morning bath in the fresh waters of the Kishon.

As they were climbing slowly up the hill again after their bath, they heard the sharp clicking of a horse's hoofs on the rocky path above them. They looked up and saw a rider with the iron breastplate and long spear of the King's Bodyguard, gallop up to the door of their home.

“The army of the Philistines is

marching this way!” he called to the widow Miriam who appeared in the doorway, a tall, stately figure, a woman well advanced in years, but with undiminished strength of mind and body. “King Saul means to do battle with the Lord's enemies, yonder in the plain of Jezreel this day. He asks of thee—and of every other mother in this countryside—thy sons to fight this day for Jehovah's cause.”

“The two young men—yonder they come up the hillside—are not mine, but Jehovah's—and the king's. Why should I withhold them from my Lord?”

“Then let them be by the fountain in the valley, where the highway from Samaria turns north, by the third hour before midday. Let them bring shield and spear only. The Lord reward thee, Miriam!” And striking the horse's side sharply with the butt end of his spear, he galloped off down the hill-slope.

Miriam's two sons had by this time reached the top of the slope, and now came running towards her.

“Our spears!” they cried. “Give us our spears—and our shields! We heard the words of the king's horseman. Let us take our arms, and be away at once, lest we be late at the place of gathering.”

Miriam stepped back into the little

house. In a moment she emerged, carrying in each hand a ponderous, circular shield, and a long spear of beaten iron. She laid the shields on the ground, then lifting high the spears, she brandished them in the air. "They are light as pomegranate stems!" she cried. "The women in the cities of the plain say that I am over-strong for a woman, that I should have been born a man. Surely they are right. How gladly would I go with you now, my sons, and play a man's part against the uncircumcised dogs today! But I cannot. I must tarry here and draw milk from goats — while ye shed the blood of warriors." Then she handed to each his shield and spear. "Go, my sons," she bade them proudly. "Besides you I have no kin, either by blood or marriage, from Dan to Beersheba. But Jehovah hath need of stout hearts and ready hands today; so I send you, rejoicing, to do battle for him. Only one thing I require of you: 'Quit ye like men; be strong,' as said the valorous son of Nun in the old days."

Then Elihu and Manasseh kissed their mother hastily, and ran down the rocky path that led to the plain of Jezreel. When they were gone, Miriam fell on her knees, and thus remained for a long space, here face buried in her mantle, her hands clasping each other, and writhing as if in agonized entreaty. Then she climbed the hill behind her dwelling, to where a huge rock stood out on the slope, from the top of which she could look far out over the whole valley of Jezreel stretching away for miles to the north, hemmed in on either side by lofty mountain-ranges. Miriam climbed to the top of this rock, and sitting down, waited, her eyes fixed immovably on the valley far below. Often her lips moved

in prayer for the success of Jehovah's cause, and always she prayed for the safety of her sons.

And at noon there was a dim flashing far down in the hazy valley, a faint glitter and twinkling, like the glint of the sun on thousands of rolling chariots and moving shields. Then there was a great dust and confusion that swayed hither and thither over the plain, pierced from time to time by the appearance of dim moving, as of a thousand thousand ants when the farmer has overturned their palace with his ploughshare. The cloud of dust lasted from midday until sundown; then there fell a clear stillness over the plain. The sun disappeared suddenly behind a solitary mountain peak, and darkness swept into the valley like a great flood of waters.

Then Miriam wrapped her cloak about her, and went down to her dwelling. The goats were bleating in their pen. They had been unfed all day. Miriam brought them their acanthus husks and sour curds; then she prepared the evening meal of oaten cakes, honey, and milk. "Elihu and Manasseh will be faint with hunger after the long day's fighting," she said aloud. Every time she heard the faintest noise out of doors, the restless movement of the goats as they settled themselves to sleep, or the faint cry of a fox down on the hillside, she ran to the open door and stood listening, gazing down the pathway that led up from the plain of Jezreel.

The full moon rode high in the eastern heavens. By its cold light Miriam could see the ghosts of the long mountain-ridges stretching away into silvery nothingness. Suddenly she heard a sharp rattling of pebbles as of someone scrambling up the hillside path. She held her

breath in suspense, and clutched the mud wall at her side to support herself. An old man, a solitary old man came into view, running, without spear or shield, his white hair gleaming in the moonlight. Miriam stepped out to meet him.

"How went the battle?" she inquired, sharply.

"Give me refuge! Hide me, woman of Israel!" the old man panted. "Saul and all the hosts of Israel are fallen down slain in mount Gilboa, and I with but a handful of others am escaped."

Miriam led the old man into the house, and set the oaten cakes and honey before him. Then she took down from the wall the two torches of cedar twigs soaked in oil, such as are used at night for keeping wolves away from the flocks. She took also two strips of thin metal used for striking fire, and waiting till the old man was busy with his cakes and milk, she stole quietly out of the house and down the hillside path.

Hours passed by. Swift-flying clouds swept over the sky, hiding the moon from sight for long intervals. Inside the house the old man slept heavily on the couch. The night was absolutely windless and still. Once a troop of

jackals wailed mournfully from a wood of cedar trees just above the house. The goats woke from their sleep and started up at the sound; but they soon became quiet, and silence returned again, the vast, remote silence of the mountains.

An hour before sunrise the widow Miriam toiled painfully up the stony path to her house. She was bent almost double beneath the weight of two heavy burdens that she carried, one on each shoulder, steadying them with her arms as she walked. She would creep a few feet up the path, then she would stop and gasp for breath. Her burdens were long and limp, and hung down in front and behind. Once they slipped from her shoulders, one after the other, and struck the rocky path heavily. Miriam groaned aloud; then she painfully lifted the two objects to her shoulders and crept up the path again. Suddenly the moon, hanging low in the west, looked out for a moment through a huge black cloud, and saw plainly what the widow carried. And as if smitten with horror at what it saw, it plunged at once into the thickest black of the cloud again, leaving the world below in inky darkness.

EDITORIAL.

Bible Study and Social Life in the Dormitories.

In the two new pamphlets by Professors E. C. Moore and W. W. Fenn, on the "Life of Jesus" and "Teachings of Jesus" respectively, Harvard men are given an unprecedented opportunity for Bible Study. In these studies in the life and teachings of Jesus the

difficulties which college men usually find with such outlines are avoided, so far as accurate scholarship and high thinking can avoid them. The central point of view of each pamphlet is to determine the meaning of the life of Jesus for history and for the ordinary problems of daily living. The essentials of that life are presented free from dogmatic prejudices. College

men have often found other compilations insufficient, because they have depicted the life of Jesus with sectarian limitations. For overcoming this deficiency, and for giving students an opportunity to study that life from an universal yet profoundly sympathetic point of view Harvard men owe a debt of gratitude to Professors Moore and Fenn.

With the aid of these pamphlets it is proposed to organize Bible Study classes in the different dormitories. The well known objection of many men to the plan is that they have no time to join such classes. This is a real objection; yet besides the educational benefit of Bible Study, there is an advantage in this scheme which, if men could see, might outweigh their objections arising from a lack of time.

Dormitory Bible Study is an excellent means for furthering the social life in the dormitories. Is it not a

pity that in so many of our dormitories near neighbors go a whole year without knowing one another? Of course, the reasons for this fact are plain to see: there being no class segregation in dormitories with us, a fellow's classmates and friends are likely to live in another part of the Yard or out of it. This explanation, however, does not lessen the reasonableness of the proposition that it would be well if men living in the same house should once in a while get together and become better acquainted. The need of this has already been recognized in the movement for making general living rooms in some of the dormitories. It takes little effort to see that if the fellows in each dormitory should assemble once a week for a stimulating discussion on the life of Christ, the endeavor to further the social life of the dormitories would be made vastly more effective.

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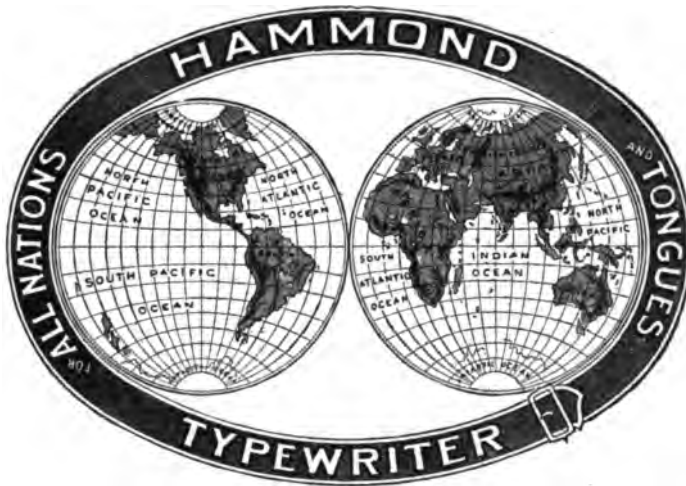
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THE HARVARD ILLVSTRATED MAGAZINE



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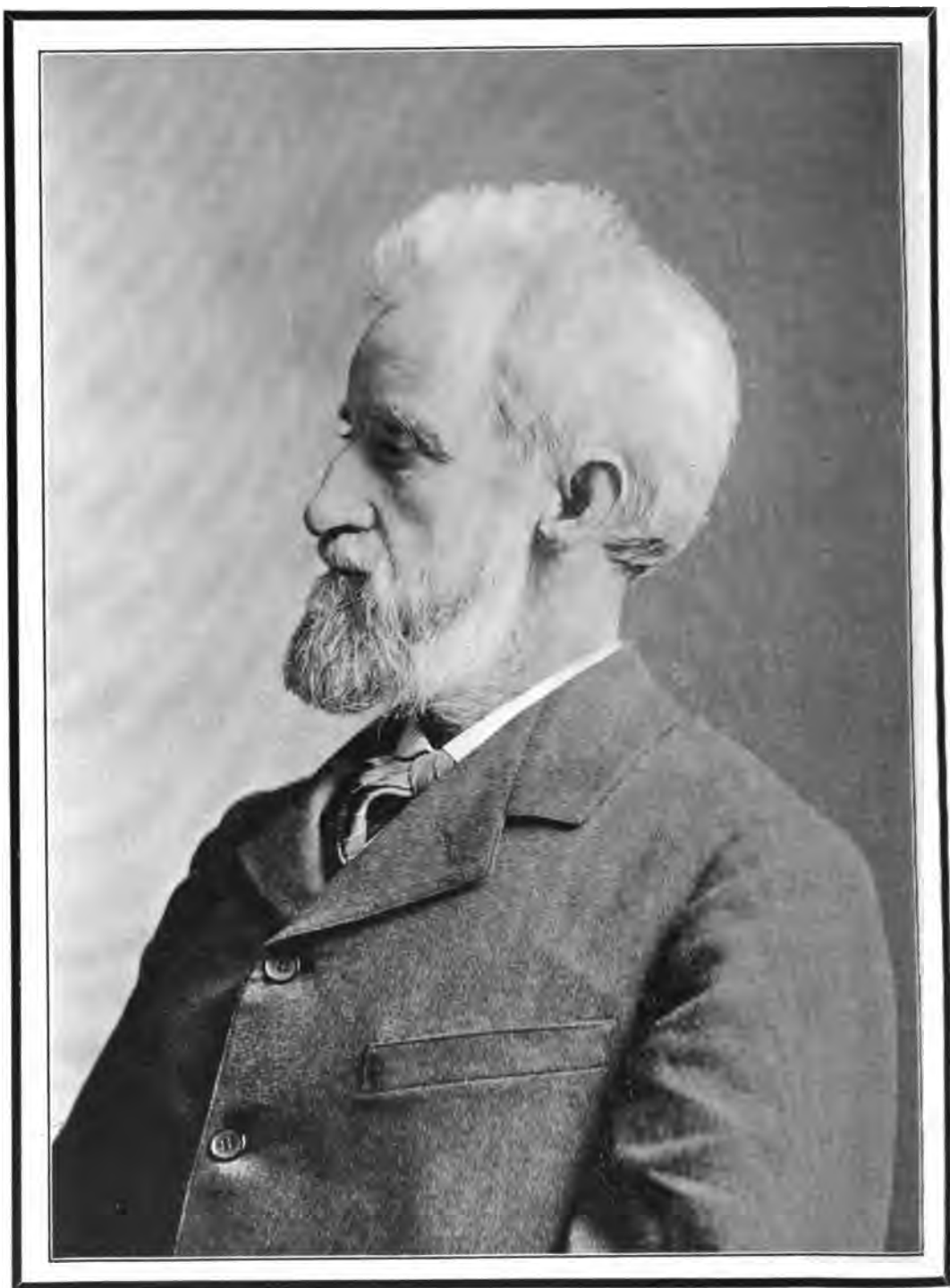
PROFESSOR SHALER.

BY PROFESSOR J. B. WOODWORTH.

Professor Shaler, in his own ringing words, "Professor at certain times and in certain places," was the beau ideal of this generation of Harvard youth; the man whom their fathers knew, and one whom their sons will hear about. He was a man of fruitful thought and efficient action, busy in affairs large and small, public and private, always ready with the apt word and needful deed. His influence has been felt in many other spheres than that of College teacher, and even far outside of Cambridge. The most accessible of men, the most besought, he was seemingly never too busy to listen to the student's tale of weal or woe, nor too much engrossed with care to enter with contagious hopefulness into a friendly chat concerning the youth's plan of life. To the old graduate, returning to Harvard for a day, Professor Shaler was the same. Most Harvard men knew him; all deeply mourn for him.

In his early youth, Professor Shaler was fond of imaginative tales. The chance reading of Murchison's "Siluria" turned his attention to geology. Arriving at Harvard, the young naturalist

found awaiting him Louis Agassiz, of whom Professor Shaler always affectionately spoke as his "master." In those days the students of geology and zoölogy worked together in a little one story moveable building, and their own collections constituted a good part of their material for study. Enthusiasm, industry, and appreciation possessed one and all. In this school Professor Shaler was nurtured. His scientific studies were interrupted by the Civil War, the experiences of which were valuable training for his later work. Many soldierly traits were observable in him. His strong sense of duty in keeping an appointment was, in his case, only intensified and fixed by his military career. His ready tendency to command when in charge, and his willingness to obey a superior officer showed the soldier in him. His habit of preparedness was another trait maintained throughout life. "When there is nothing else to do," he would say, "it is well to get up ammunition." He was rarely surprised by other men's conduct. His mind, alert as in a game of chess, surveyed their field of action, and anticipated their probable moves.



DEAN SHALER.

From the time of his first appointment in 1869 to the end Professor Shaler maintained his interest in the problems of paleontology. Personal acquaintance with Darwin, Lyell, Huxley, and others, during the years of debate over the Origin of Species, made paleontology for him an open field for discussion; and in his course Geology 14 he laid before the students his own views. Many of the conclusions set forth in his publications were threshed out in the lectures of this course before they appeared in books.

For many years Professor Shaler was the active head of a division of the U. S. Geological Survey with headquarters in Cambridge. With a corps of assistants he carried map surveys over Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and parts of the states on the north. Virginia and Florida were also included within his field of operation.

In the course of one of his expeditions he and his three companions were wrecked on an uncharted coral reef off the coast of Southern Florida. The aquatic habits of the bold young captain of the small boat in which they were cruising enabled him to save the lives of the party. It turned out that this young captain was an eastern college man who had disappeared in his senior year; and the part which Professor Shaler took in restoring this bashful fellow to his northern home, and to the girl involved in the case, is but one instance of the many in which Professor Shaler contributed to the welfare and happiness of the youth he met. His work for the government led to the publication of numerous memoirs, many of which are of general interest, though, because of their

publication among government reports, they are less widely read.

As a teacher, Professor Shaler was clear in his statements, and never dull. He never used prepared lecture notes. When first appointed under Louis Agassiz, he made out a set of written lectures; but as soon as Agassiz saw them he told him to burn them, and from that time forth Professor Shaler never read a lecture to his classes. One of his singular capacities as teacher and lecturer was the ability to impress upon the student's mind his own pungent words. He said things so they stuck in the memory. Men who were attentive could give them back on examination. When attention lagged, Professor Shaler brought in a fitting story, such as he alone could tell. His stories were not told for the telling, but for rousing the attention. After the story there invariably came some important statement. Many and many a time he thus helped the inattentive man to concentrate, and to grasp a point which otherwise might have escaped him.

In the field Professor Shaler was swift in all his movements. He was ever fond of putting the walking powers of his companions to the test; and, no matter what the age or rank of that companion was, the test was made. It is believed that Professor Shaler was never outwalked. Many a tired shank and blistered foot he gave his would-be followers. The stories of men strung out before him, "hull-down," and out of sight, were illustrated in 1899, in Montana, when he led the summer-school party of fourteen men in a cross-country reconnaissance over miles of mountain spurs and gulches. The last men

reached the head of the line at the finish an hour late. Professor Shaler left in despair the man who did not know how to walk. Just as he himself was beginning to tire from regular strides, he would adopt the ruse of the Indian hip movement, and dart ahead seemingly faster than ever. At times, as a further aid to prolonging his endurance, he has been known to run, in order to rest the muscles ordinarily used; at least, so he said. Those who followed were usually not able to appreciate the alleged respite from hard walking.

He disliked following paths. The open field, the tangled scrub growth, the rough, rocky ground were the ways he preferred. It was by this bush-whacking that in Massachusetts he made known the existence near Boston of rocks containing the oldest known fauna of marine animals. Sometimes he would drive a horse into the open field. Once in Virginia we were being ferried over the James to a point where a landing for our horse and buggy could not well be made. The river water was red with mud, and the bottom could not be seen. Unhesitatingly Professor Shaler drove off the end of the flat-bottomed ferry-boat into the river, and we luckily reached the shore through water that came high over the wheels. He made no remark about the occurrence, and I held my tongue.

As an author, Professor Shaler surprised even those who were nearest to him by the abundance of his production. There was no surprise at the fer-

tility of his thought, but rather that he should write so much. Many years ago this unceasing literary toil resulted in "writer's cramp," the effects of which he but partially overcame. Ever afterwards his script was that rolling, curling succession of Cingalese characters, now all different, now all alike, blocked out in lengths with steeped t's and loops well placed for l's and g's that looked like the words they were intended for. In later years he dictated much of his manuscript. He usually began his writing at eight in the morning, and would take such hours as were free from lectures and appointments for the task until it was finished. He wrote much more than he published, and he was in such control of his style that he seldom found it necessary to make alterations.

Students cannot fully appreciate, nor the faculty in the least ways restore, the loss we all suffer in the death of Dean Shaler. It is more than the loss of teacher or of administrator, though Dean Shaler filled these offices to the highest degree of efficiency; it is the loss of a personality unique, large-minded and lovable. Since the death of Philips Brooks, no such impressive sight has been seen at Harvard as the student funeral procession from the house to Appleton Chapel. It was most appropriately remarked by one of the students at the time,

"This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders."

"Our master" he was in every quality that makes the true man.

COLLEGE DRAMATICS.

I. THE DELTA UPSILON PLAY: "THE WISE WOMAN OF HOGSDON."

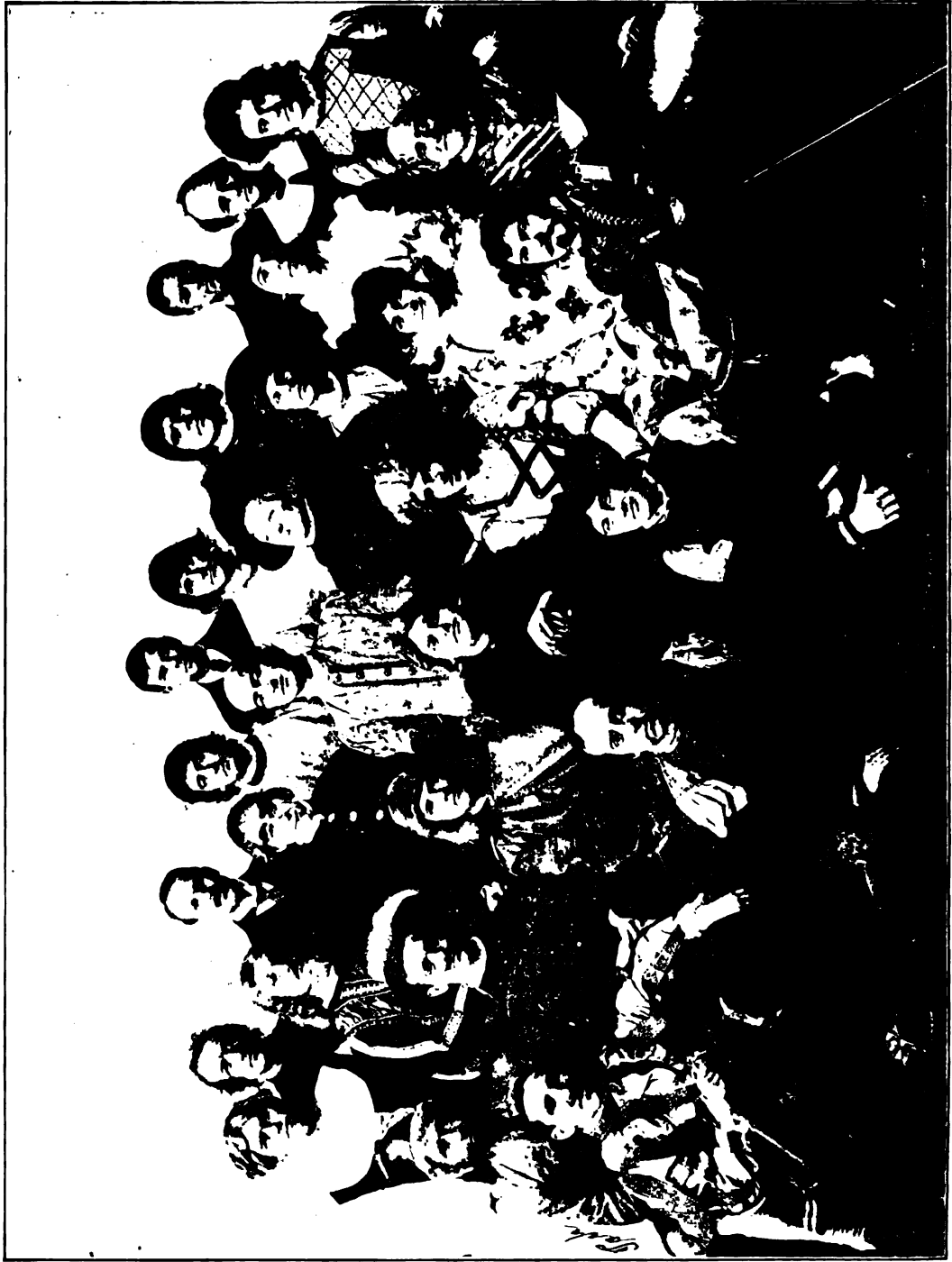
BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

When, in 1898, the Delta Upsilon Chapter at Harvard decided to present an Elizabethan play on the stage, they began an undertaking which was quite novel in college dramatics. Comic operas are presented yearly at all the larger colleges; Shakespere clubs flourish in many places; modern English farces are worked to death everywhere: the broad field of Elizabethan drama, however, is invaded but rarely, and it must be confessed, usually with ill success. In deciding to produce one of these old plays, therefore, the Chapter was taking a hazardous step, attempting something in which other and better companies had failed. They were aided in many ways, however, by the fact that a college play is almost always well received, that there were few former productions with which their efforts might be compared, and by the scholarly interest taken in their work by the Harvard public.

The plays produced in former years are "The Shoemaker's Holiday," "Fortune by Land and Sea," "The Maid in the Mill," "The Elder Brother," "Eastward Hoe," "The Alchemist," and "The Silent Woman." Of these, the two latter, by Ben Johnson, have proved the greatest successes, partly because they were the best known plays of the time, but mainly because of the valuable coaching given by Mr. A. S. Hills, of the Public Speaking Department. To his unflinching interest and scholarship, more

than to any other cause, success is mainly to be ascribed.

The play performed this year was Thomas Heywood's, "The Wise Woman of Hogsdon." Heywood was one of the most prolific writers of his time, and confessed himself that he had had "either an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in two hundred and twenty plays. From the enormous mass of his plays, some twenty have survived, and these comparatively few show alike a bubbling humor, an irresistible freshness of style, and a simplicity of treatment, that made him one of the favorite writers of his time. He was continually at work writing plays, which were produced, as they were written, with no thought of collecting and publishing in the future. The Red Bull company, of which Heywood was a member, were continually at work, and his plays made them a favorite band. Heywood wrote all kinds of dramas, histories, tragedies, and comedies; all were marked by his remarkable dramatic insight, directness, and simplicity of effect. Perhaps his greatest work was a tragedy, "A Woman Killed with Kindness," which would now be called a drama of the Middle Class; but his most popular works were the rollicking comedies of adventure, embodying the spirit with which England was then imbued. Of these, "The Fair Maid of the West," "The English Traveller," and "The Wise Woman of Hogsdon" are typical.



CAST OF THE DELTA UPSILON PLAY.



The Wise Woman.



The Second Luce.



Luce and Her Father.



Taber.

"The Wise Woman" was first acted at the Curtain Theatre by Queen Anne's players, in 1604, and it was printed in 1638. There is no record of a revival of it since that time, until this year's production at Harvard. The play deals with the character of the Wise Woman, an old fortune teller, mischief-maker, and charlatan, living in Hogsdon, (now Hoxton), to whom all classes resort for relief and advice. One of these sufferers is Young Chartley, who, having deserted his bride in the country, wishes to marry a goldsmith's daughter; there is also Boyster, "a blunt fellow," who wishes to marry the same girl; finally, there is the "second Luce" from the country, who wishes to get her absconding husband, and in pursuit of him has disguised herself as a boy. These all resort to the Wise Woman's, who masks them, and marries them all correctly, but in secret. Young Chartley, leaving his bride again, falls in love with Gratiana, the rich knight's daughter, with

whom Sencer is in love; the knight favors his suit, when a letter from Luce brings him to Hogsdon. There all his dupes assemble, and in the final scene come out one by one to rail at him. The goldsmith's daughter is married to Boyster, Gratiana to Sencer, and the second Luce, throwing off her disguise comes to young Chartley's rescue as his bride. Upon this rather flimsy plot, the author has strung a succession of amusing scenes,—the Wise Woman is seen plying her trade with the ignorant country folk. Taber, Sir Harry's mischievous servant, provides merriment by his antics, Sir Boniface, the schoolmaster, spouts forth Latin and is mocked by Sencer. The whole play is full of lively fun, and the three old fathers, who have been fooled by young Chartley, serve only to accentuate the comic element. Behind all, and directing all is the leading spirit of the play, to whom the epilogue is addressed,—the shrewd and cunning Wise Woman.

T. W. KNAUTH.

II. PI ETA PLAY: "THE GIRL AND THE CHAUFFEUR."

Words by J. V. DIGNOWITY, '06.

Music by A. T. DAVISON, '06.

"The Girl and the Chauffeur" is the title of the musical comedy presented this year by the Pi Eta Society as its annual contribution to Harvard undergraduate theatricals. The book and lyrics in the play were written by James V. Dignowity, '06, and the music by Archibald T. Davison, '06. Rehearsals on the play have been going on since the first part of February under the direction of Norman H. White, '95, the graduate coach.

At the first performance on Thursday evening, April 12, when the show was

given before a large audience of Pi Eta graduates in the Society Theatre on Winthrop Square, "The Girl and the Chauffeur" met with a most hearty welcome. The play is one of the very best that the Pi Eta men have presented in the quality of the book, the music, and in the individual acting. The common fault with the majority of undergraduate light operas is that the structure of the play is less than a mere shadow, while the lines and situations afford small chance for individual wit and acting. In this respect, "The Girl and the Chauffeur"



G. V. Dignowity, '06, as
D. Webster Smith.

E. H. Baker, '06, as
Lovewater.

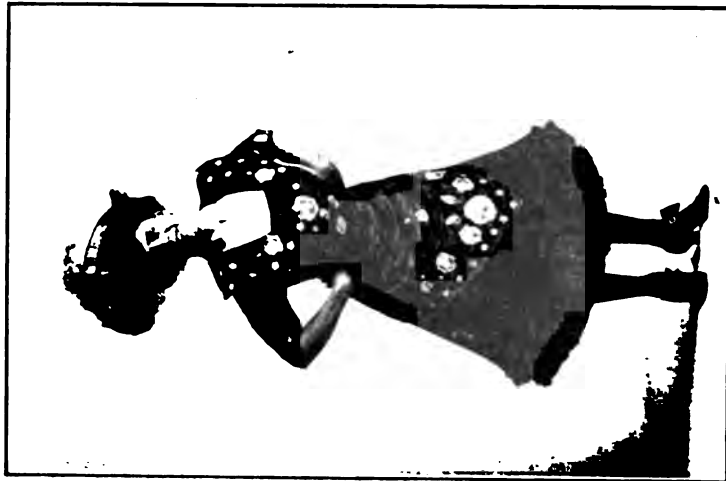


R. D. Murphy, '08, as
May Lifter.

G. L. Vocum, '07, as
Piggie Pierpont.



H. L. Murphy, '08, as Nami Kami, and D. McFadon, '06, as Marquis Hari Kari.



Walter Forbush, '07, one of the chorus girls.

feur" is very far from being perfect; but it is so far ahead of the shows that have preceded it in former years that the book and lines deserve especial notice.

The main thread of the story about which the show is woven is very simple. "Piggie" Pierpont is disowned by his wealthy uncle who has been sending him to college. Thrown on his own resources, the young collegian lands in San Francisco where he secures a position as chauffeur to Lawson Lifter, a western millionaire on his way to Japan on an auto tour. Piggie falls in love with Lifter's daughter, May, but is thwarted in his love affair by his humble position. Piggie's uncle dies and, relenting, names his nephew his heir. Seeking Pierpont, D. Webster Smith, a lawyer, mistakes James Christopher Lovewater, a half-crazed missionary, as the heir and turns the money over to him. Lovewater is thus enabled to go to Japan and carry on his missionary work. Eventually the fortune is restored to its rightful owner in the nick of time, and Piggie and May are happily united.

As May Lifter, R. D. Murphy, '08, is one of the features of the show. Murphy makes up into one of the best show girls that has ever graced the Pi Eta stage. His sweet tenor voice fits the part admirably, and his acting more than equals his very excellent make up. May's singing is only surpassed by that of H. L. Murphy, '08, who has the part of Nami Kami, the ward of the Japanese Marquis, Hari Kari. The singing of the latter in itself is enough to make the show a success, being the best vocal music that any of the Pi Eta plays of the past decade have produced. With F. H. Whitney, '06, and G. L. Yocum, '07, the

Murphy brothers sing several songs of which that entitled a "Hard Luck Story" is the best. The harmony in this song is exquisite and the acting accompanying it cleverly conceived and well executed.

In the male parts, F. H. Van Orman, as Franklin Edison Marconi Bluebell, solicitor for a wireless telephone and telegraph company, is one of the hits of the show. As a whirlwind solicitor straight from the breezy West, Van Orman gets off his "choice bunch of conversation goods" with a snap-bang, and a cleverness that compares well with the work of the best known comedians of the professional stage. Other well played parts are those of the missionary, Lovewater, taken by E. H. Baker, '06, and Sigaret, the hotel maid with an ambition to go on the stage, played by Morgan Jopling, '06. The work of the two latter is especially noteworthy as their characters are freakish and hard to interpret.

The music throughout this year's Pi Eta production is "catchy;" the choruses go with a dash and vim; the individual parts are played exceptionally well; the dancing, with the exception of Sigaret's individual dance, is perhaps a little beneath the usual Pi Eta standard. Taken all in all it is a very worthy production. The audience is kept in a continual state of good humor by the amusing situation and good lines.

The play has been given at Malden and at the Tremont Theatre, and will be presented on Monday, April 23, at Cambridge, on Tuesday the 24th, at Lowell, and on Thursday, April 26, at Cambridge. The Cambridge performances will be given at the Society Theatre, 1 Winthrop Square.

G. C. TOWNSEND.



CAST OF THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB PLAY.

III. HASTY PUDDING CLUB PLAY: "THE WANDERER."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY G. H. COX, '06.

"The Wanderer," is an Arabic musical play in two acts. The particular Wanderer was Ima Hustler—an American, as the programme rather needlessly explained, while the particular scene of his wanderings was Morocco. Anything may happen there. Anybody may do anything there. Therefore these many years the makers of musical plays, professional and amateur, have loved the land. (It is good, after all, to be safely sure of the pun about Morocco bound. It is in the Pudding play, and it links it to the rest of the family.) "Land of Old Morocco," the programme explained again, "from whose shores, from time to time, we roam;" but we knew we were back again when the overture had an Oriental rhythm or two and the curtain rose upon very blue sky and very white minarets. We were surest of all when the sultan, who boasted the name of Ab Dah La Ben Ab Dah La La La Bang Bang, appeared in his heavy black beard and little red cap on the tiptop of his head. Of course he was already in the toils of the American adventurer who wore white flannels. It was plainly the first duty of the sultan to explain his name, and, invited thereto by the music, he did so:

Bang, Bang, Bang is my name,
 Tho' I'm no son of a gun;
 Although I'm a king
 I'm still in the ring
 Hunting for scrapping and fun.
 Bang, Bang, Slam Bang,
 Hurrah! I'm one of the boys,
 My voice is like thunder,
 But you musn't wonder,
 For Bang, don't you see means noise.

Hustler was equally bound to identify himself in song, and he chose the only way open to an American who is "Morocco bound." He hastened to describe New York. Naturally that pastime attracted the court fool, and little by little we discovered the whole of that Moroccan Court. First the lovely Fanchetta, a blushing rose of the harem, all in red velvet and Turkish trousers, but with wandering and coquettish affections that strayed away toward the American. Next a white-bearded prophet, but black at heart none the less. Then Rhamam, turbaned and timorous chief of the Moroccan army. He, too, had misplaced affections, and the object of them was the trimmest of English girls whom he wheeled about in a child's "express wagon." She was not the only Briton on the ground, for hanging on the outskirts was J. South West, who, in the intervals of caressing a drooping moustache and lifting an eye-glass, lamented the lack of 'buses and other London things:

I'm a disappointed man
 And I don't know what to do,
 For I'm so fearfully, fearfully far from
 home;
 I'm kicked around this kingdom
 Until I am black and blue,
 Oh! why did I from London ever roam?
 There are no cabs and 'buses,
 There's not a tram in sight,
 The only club I've seen is made of wood,
 There is a blawsted custom
 That the women dress in pants;
 In London—well, no perfect lady could.
 Most remarkable of all were the
 choice specimens of the beasts and birds



CAPTAIN KNOTT AND SAILORS.

of that strange Morocco. There was a Hatchet, for example, which had a blade for its head and nodded it intelligently and yet walked as a man. His close friend was no less wondrous still—the Blue Wag Tail Bird. His name describes him, and his tail feathers were as responsive as the Hatchet's head. More joyous still were the subordinate figures of the Moroccan Court—four ladies of the harem singularly large of hands, feet and features; peasant girls like to them, bearded attendants of prophet and sultan and sundry guards. Of course, too, Hustler had his American sailors not too far away, and even policemen came at his call—from Station 5.

To be entertaining was the business of life in this strange Morocco, and to be so oftenest in song and dance. Fanchetta and the ladies of the harem were devotees of the dance. Seldom were their skirts or their heels quite quiet. Rhamam and his English girl found pleasure in recalling their childhood pastimes. Hustler, with laudable enterprise, organized a sewing circle for the Moroccan ladies that sang as it stitched. Aided and abetted by the court fool, who was worthy of the task, he planted the "coon song" in Morocco, and sang of a "sporty man" under the very ears of the harem. The police tried their hands on a Moroccan crowd, and sang at their work. And the English girl because she couldn't help it, being a Briton, sang a sentimental song. No wonder the Hatchet and the Blue Wag Tail showed unusual signs of agitation.

By all these tokens "The Wanderer" is the fun and foolery that it should be.

Better is the session of the Moroccan sewing circle than the hints of a plot when the American makes himself ruler of Morocco with a "Deliverancer" gun, and the sultan departs for the United States to inquire into the game of poker. Principals and chorus in a Pudding play could hardly dance more or better, from the double kick of the beauties of the harem to the prancing of the "coons." The songs are as full of spirit; they are tunes to catch on the instant, and there is variety of many sorts in them. The talk serves when it fills the pauses for breath, though intimate jokes and "grinds" were unusually few. Best entertainment of all were the performers themselves. To see the "half-miler" of the year reduced to a twenty-two-inch waist and disporting himself in the spring frocks of the sentimental Briton was joyous. The smiles of the ladies of the harem were as ample and masculine as their hands and feet. Fanchetta's manly stride was a recurring delight. The voice of the prophet was as deep as his intrigues; South West's drawl as drooping as his moustache. At one moment the stage was as serious and businesslike as the best disciplined company need be. The next everyone on it was larking in spite of himself. It is always himself and never herself. That is half the fun of a Pudding play. The other is the joy of the honest amateurishness of it. There wasn't a professional air or grace from beginning to end of the play. It was one's friends and their friends at their fun.

H. T. P.

(Printed by permission from *Boston Transcript*, March 31st, 1906.)

SHALL QUALITY COUNT FOR THE BACHELOR'S DEGREE?

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER, 1901.

Professor of English in Bowdoin College.

The scholars of the first group at Harvard could give learned reasons, no doubt, to show the absurdity of the common saying that "C is a gentleman's grade." Nevertheless, if the question were put to a vote of the student body, the C men could support their contention by a two-thirds vote. As their opinions, however, might be of a personal nature, they could ingeniously quote Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers," which, by your leave, does seem to imply that a man who attains at college seventeen C's and a mighty good time has a better education than your scholar of the first group. The common saying that C is a gentleman's grade, President Eliot asserts is an imperfect defence of the idler at Harvard College; still the way of the idler does take him along a by-road "very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane." And, in terms of the college "office," I suppose C stands for Commonplace Lane.

One who, by dint of hard work, gets his name on a list of scholars and two or three extra Latin words on his diploma is inclined to regard that policy unjust which confers the same degree for "the gentleman's grade." "While such a one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow." For he knows that under the present valuation

of courses a man may attain his degree by doing highly commendable work in seventeen courses, or he may attain the same degree by scraping through the same number of courses on the gentleman's grade. In fixing the requirements for a degree, the college offers no definite and substantial reward for high scholarship.

This must account in part for busy days at the office of the Dean. It must help explain the replies of delinquent students, which replies the Dean sums up in the answer of a single Freshman, "Nobody that I know of works seven hours a day," and the comment of a Senior on this answer, "I am sorry that he said it, but I think he told the truth about us." Who does not know men in college who think they are working hard if they are spending five hours a day on their studies? And why should they work harder? What are the incentives?

There are money scholarships for a few students most of whom need no incentives. There are honorary scholarships, without stipend, awarded to students who for the most part need no other reward than the satisfaction of doing well. But what incentives are there for the great body of students who regard C as a gentleman's grade, and look with scorn or pity on all who do better work than is necessary for purposes of staying in college four years and graduating?

No incentives to high scholarship are

found in the chance of taking a degree in three years. For a man may do this by attaining "the gentleman's grade" in six courses a year, but not by attaining the very highest rank in four and a half courses a year. The present requirements for the degree, therefore, tend rather to superficiality than to intensive work; they invite ambitious students to spread themselves out thinly over a large field rather than to concentrate on the number of courses they can hope to do thoroughly. The reply that the three-year students actually do sustain better rank than the four-year students is no complete defence of the present system, for students with the ambition and confident hope to graduate in three years naturally stand higher in rank than those who, from indifference or necessity, are content to spend four years in attaining the same end. The difference is in the students themselves rather than in any stimulus to high scholarship offered by the three year plan.

The fairest and most effective plan is, in brief, to count quality as well as quantity. The fitness of a candidate for a degree can be determined by estimating high scholarship as a definite and substantial factor. Every student knows the considerable difference in achievement represented by the grades A and C; every instructor is painfully aware of this difference. Yet, under the present unscientific system, one grade counts just as much as the other. Work done is computed scientifically as the product of two factors, an intensity factor and a quantity factor. At present, in conferring college degrees, the intensity factor, as represented by variation in grades, is for the most part ignored.

The principle has long been recog-

nized at Harvard in the requirements for the degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. Lately the principle has been applied to one undergraduate course. In 1898 the Faculty of Arts and Sciences declared that men who received grade A or B in English A should be excused from the half course in English Composition prescribed in Sophomore year for all other students. Thus good work in English A enabled a student to take his degree with seventeen courses, instead of with seventeen and a half. The following year a change in detail reduced the quality requirement to C, the principle remaining the same. If the principle is sound as applied to courses in English, why is it not equally sound as applied to all other departments of instruction? Is high scholarship in English more important than in any other subjects? Is the difference between a C and a D in English A worth computing as a half course, whereas similar differences in other courses are not worth computing at all? Surely not. Logic extends the principle, more definitely worked out, to all grades and all courses.

Some objections to the plan seem hardly worthy of a great institution. It has been said that such a plan would vastly complicate the work of the recorder. But surely no person would seriously urge that an institution should be adapted to its bookkeeping rather than the bookkeeping to the institution. Moreover, I have proved by careful and extensive tests that the standing of every student in Harvard College, under the plan of grading I shall suggest, could be computed in a day by the present force of clerks in the recorder's office.

The objection that the same mark takes on various values in the hands of

various instructors is really an argument in favor of the proposed plan. For the fixing of a definite meaning for each grade would tend to do away with the present diversity in the use of grades, although, fortunately, no contrivances would ever wholly eliminate the personal equation. It is said, furthermore, that a definite premium on high scholarship would prompt students to "work for high marks." But is it not taking the name of common sense in vain to establish marks of honor and then blame students who strive for them? If you condemn the plan on this ground, you must condemn also the present practice of awarding Harvard College scholarships, Commencement parts, and other academic honors on the basis of ranks attained in college courses.

The concrete applications of this principle by which the relative values of the grades A to E may be assigned, are countless. The particular values assigned are not of the very greatest importance because instructors will naturally employ the grades with considerable regard, if not with due regard, to the fixed values. No college, therefore, which believes in the principle should long be balked by the difficulty of agreeing on some concrete application.

Here is a possible plan. In computing the fitness of a candidate, let $A=10$, $B=8.5$, $C=7$, $D=6$, $E=0$; and let 140 points be the minimum requirement for the degree. Under this plan a student could graduate with five courses a year completed with the "gentleman's grade." Or, if he attained grade A in most of his work and grade B in the rest, he could graduate in three years with five courses a year. He could offer for the degree 14 A's; or $5\frac{1}{2}$ A's and 10 B's; or 9 B's,

4 C's and 6 D's. The possible combinations are innumerable. The student need only go ahead doing the best work possible for him to do, confident that the higher the grade of his work the fewer courses he will need.

I believe that Professor Richards has suggested this scale: $A=6$ points, $B=5$, $C=4$, $D=3$, $E=0$, with 72 points required. Under this plan the student content with "the gentleman's grade" would need one more course than at present; while a student attaining four A's each year would get his degree in three years with twelve courses, five less than at present required. This plan therefore puts a higher premium on scholarship than the one I have proposed, and for the poorer students and the idlers it is at the same time an easier scale than the one I have proposed.

President Hyde has suggested a scale which he says "helps the able and the industrious and at the same time leaves the dull and the idle precisely where they are." Let us make the requirement for a degree fifty-four units, each unit standing for one hour of work for one year. This means four and a half courses a year, which is enough for the average student to do in four years and too much for any student to do well in three years. Let him take the degree, then, on fewer courses completed with high rank. Let an hour in a course for which a student receives D count 1 toward the 54 points; a C hour 1.1; a B hour 1.2; an A hour 1.25. On this scale 26 D hours, 20 C hours and 5 B hours would give the 54 units in 51 hours, or 17 three hour courses, by which a plodding but not brilliant student could get the degree in three years. A brighter student with the necessary ambition could take his

degree in three years on, say, 8 D hours, 20 C hours, and 20 B hours — 48 hours in all or 16 three-hour courses. The small group of men with the genius both of brains and willingness to work could take the degree with 3 C hours, 30 B hours, and 12 A hours,— 45 in all, five courses a year for three years. "They do no more work each year than they are doing under the present four year plan; but they get the credit they deserve for doing it extremely well, in the form of a substantial reduction in the quantity of work required for the degree. This plan puts a natural instead of an artificial premium on high scholarship."

Under any plan formulated on this

general principle of counting both quality and quantity for the degree, the student who is wandering leisurely in Commonplace Lane, well content with a mere pass-mark, can no longer tell you that "the gentleman's C" is as good as any other grade. Nor will he be able, under this plan, to cheapen the degree; for, unless he does better work, he will find it a little more difficult to "get through college" with a degree than at present, and a little easier to "get through" without a degree. For it is probable that the stimulus to high scholarship throughout the college, due to this definite and just reward, would soon create a new definition of "the gentleman's grade."

THE HARVARD CREW.

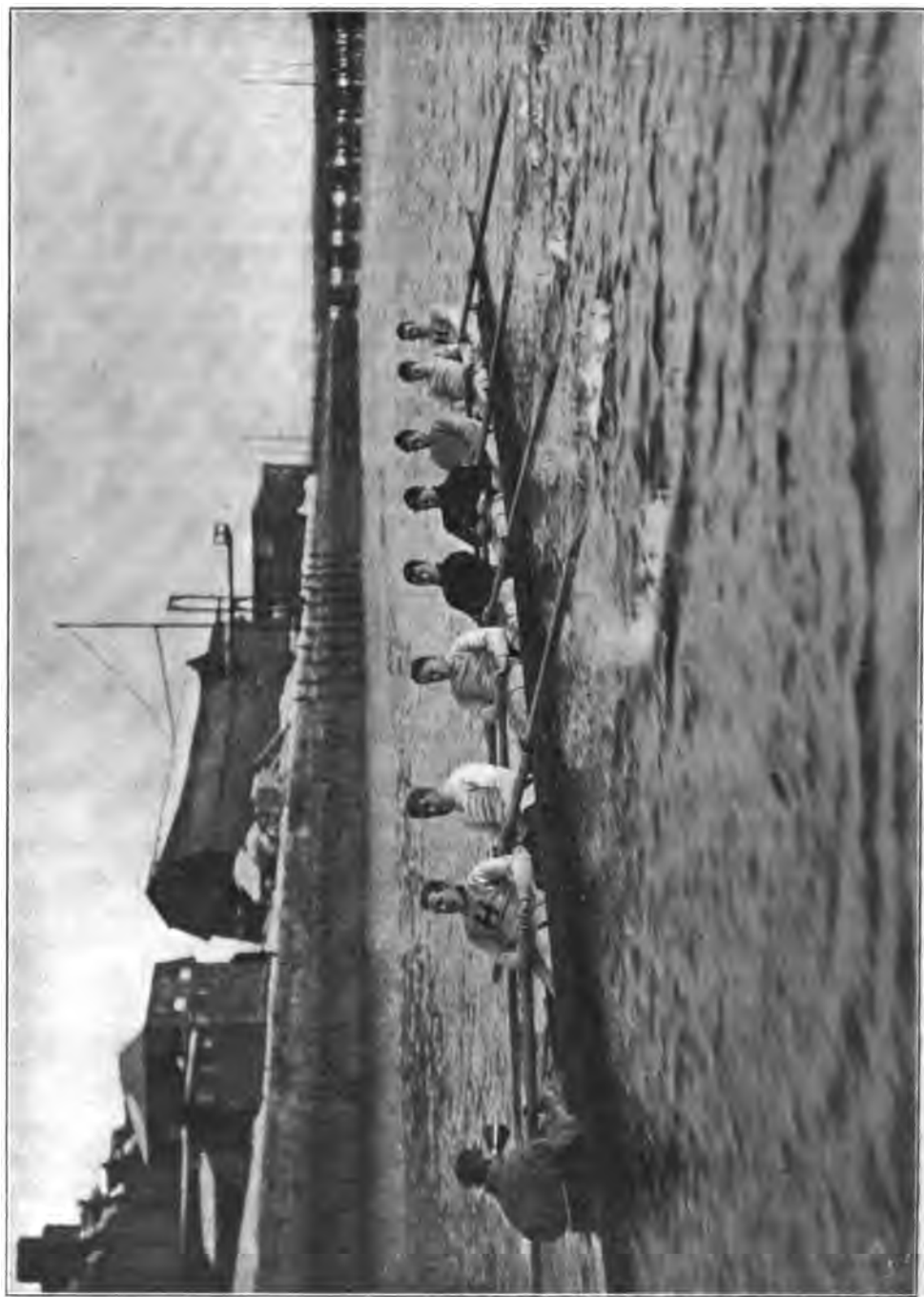
BY G. C. TOWNSEND.

The Harvard 'Varsity Crew apparently has a splendid chance to be the first winning eight that the University has turned out since the spring of 1899, when Captain Higginson's crew defeated the Yale eight on the four-mile course on the Thames. Since that time the Harvard eight has met six successive defeats. The only other Harvard victory since 1890 in the eight-oared event was in 1891. That is, of the last fifteen eight-oared 'Varsity races rowed against Yale, Harvard has won two and lost thirteen. It is no wonder then that, looking at Harvard's crew that is rowing on the Charles each afternoon, we, who are following it, are afraid to say that it is very good, for fear we shall wake up the

day after the Yale race and find that we have been dreaming again.

But the simple fact is that no one can look at the eight powerful men in the Harvard shell rowing well together under a coach who proved his worth last year, stroked by a captain with three years' experience behind him, without realizing that here at last is Harvard's golden chance to break her rowing inferiority.

The crew has already had two time-rows over the three and three-eighths mile course on the Charles. In the last of these rows the 'varsity eight rowed the course in very close to record time. This was done with a strong wind and an unusually swift tide behind them,



'VARSITY EIGHT-OARED CREW.

but, as it is more than likely that the record was made under similar conditions, the fast record of the present crew stands.

Five of the eight men in the boat at present rowed in the 'varsity eight last spring, two on the 1908 Freshman eight, and one is a newcomer. It is a noteworthy fact that all the men in the boat are undergraduates while only one, the coxswain Blagden, is a Freshman. Captain Filley, 1906, is stroking the boat for the third successive year. Filley is an unusually powerful oar, and easily the most hardened athlete in the boat. He can be depended upon absolutely to endure a four mile race and have it in him in the last mile to get his crew together and drive them faster than they have gone at any previous time in the contest. Filley in his two years as captain of the 'varsity eight has shown himself to be an admirable leader, and carries the perfect confidence of his men. He has displayed wisdom and a commendable firmness in sticking to the system of professional coaching, which he inaugurated, though at first that system seemed to be a failure. Filley deserves to win this year.

D. A. Newhall, '06, is at present rowing seven. Newhall rowed four in the 'varsity eight last spring. He has

steadily improved in his work at seven since being placed there last fall. A. R. Bacon, '07; J. Richardson, Jr., '08, and G. G. Glass, '08, at six, five, and four, are all men well over six feet in height, weighing over one hundred and eighty pounds to the man. These men are all pulling very powerful oars at present, and it is owing largely to the strength they give to the waist of the boat that it is going as fast as it is now. R. M. Tappan, '07, S. W. Fish, '08, and P. W. Flint, '06, make up the bow three. Tappan at three rowed two in the 'varsity eight last spring but has been shifted to the starboard side. Fish, two, rowed six in the 1908 crew, and Flint rowed three in the 'varsity eight.

The crew will probably average very close to 175 pounds in weight, but this weight is well carried by a corresponding height. The crew is a remarkably rugged aggregation of athletes, there being no superfluous weight in the boat. The eight as it is now rowing will probably be the boat to race Cornell on the Charles, May 25. To beat Cornell would indeed be an achievement, and is by no means an impossibility. It is safe to say that the Ithacans will be closer pushed than they were last year.



EDITORIAL.

Since the institution of the Stillman Infirmary it has often happened that one or more of a fellow's friends have been lodged there for several days without his knowing of their illness. Only recently a case occurred in which a man was lodged for over a month at the Infirmary without his associates knowing the fact. This may seem thoughtlessness on the part of such friends (?), but the fact is the man was little known and reclusive, so that even those few

who were on the border of his friendship thought it of little account that they did not see him oftener. Finally, to their surprise and dismay, they found he had been sent to his home to recover. Such an unfortunate affair is wholly unnecessary, for it could easily have been avoided if there were occasional bulletins, stating who were confined in the Infirmary, published in the College daily paper. The *Crimson* is the College daily paper.

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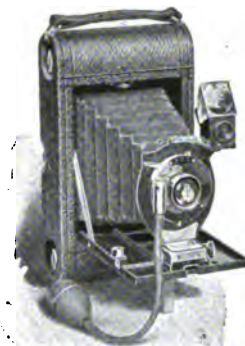
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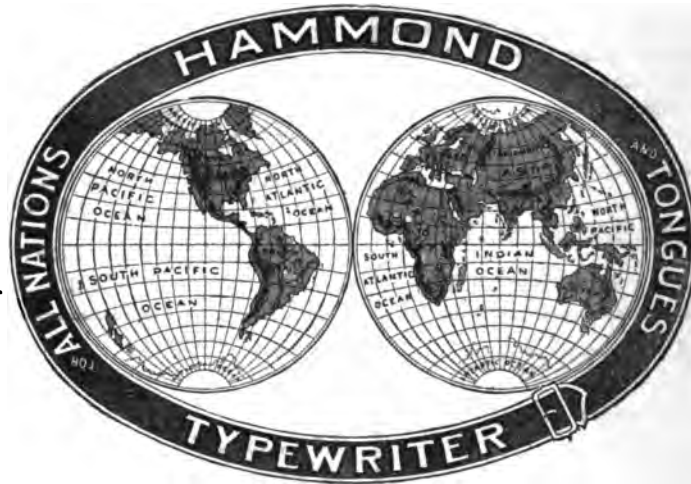
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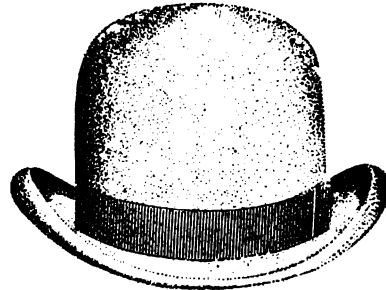
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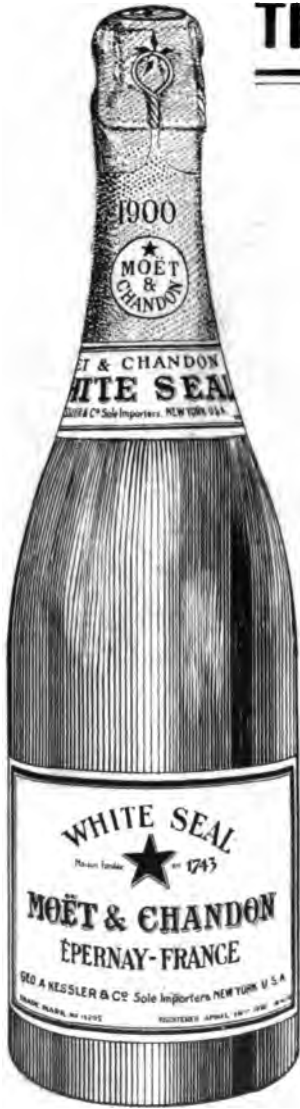
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Vol. VII

MAY, 1906.

No. 8

PROFESSOR PAINE.

PROFESSOR R. W. SPALDING.

One of the chief characteristics of the true Harvard teacher is the fact that his influence is never limited merely to Cambridge, but extends far and wide. The late Professor Paine, aside from his distinguished services to the college both as composer and teacher, belonged pre-eminently to that group of pioneers who have broadened the scope of education in our country. He was the first to see that music among all the fine arts has the highest educational possibilities, and that young men of musical tendencies should have free opportunity while in college of becoming acquainted with standard musical literature, and of training themselves in musical theory, history, and æsthetics. So intelligent was Professor Paine's application of these theories that the study of music at Harvard was soon put on an equal footing with that of any other study in the curriculum. This step has been followed by the majority of the colleges in our country with the most beneficial results and with possibilities by no means yet exhausted. In fact Harvard, fol-

lowing out the broad policy of Professor Paine, has been the first college to accept the studies of Harmony and Counterpoint as suitable subjects for entrance examination.

Every year more and more of the secondary schools adopt the study of music, so that this growth in artistic knowledge and appreciation bids fair to continue for some time.

Professor Paine will be missed not only as artist and teacher but as a man, for he possessed two of the most endearing traits of human nature, a genial spirit, and a deep and never-failing sense of humor. Many of our best composers, teachers and critics during the last quarter of a century came directly under his guidance, and the work in musical education which he founded and so nobly advanced will be carried on in love and devotion by scores of his former pupils and admirers. Largely because of his labors the study of music must ever be treated as worthy of serious consideration.



JOHN KNOWLES PAINE.

PROSPECTS FOR THE HARVARD-YALE DUAL MEET.

BY G. C. TOWNSEND.

The Harvard track team that will meet Yale on May 19 in a dual competition on Soldiers Field will be the strongest and best rounded Harvard team that has been sent to meet the Yale Athletes on the track since the spring of 1902. To have forecast this in the middle of February when the candidates for the Harvard track team were first called out, would have been productive of a very doleful grin on the faces of those who had the interests of the University track team in their hands. At that time, Captain Dives was sure of but one high class performer on the track on which Harvard could rely on in fast company and that was himself. Now there is hardly a single event of all the thirteen which will be competed in on May 19, in which Harvard has not at least one high classed man.

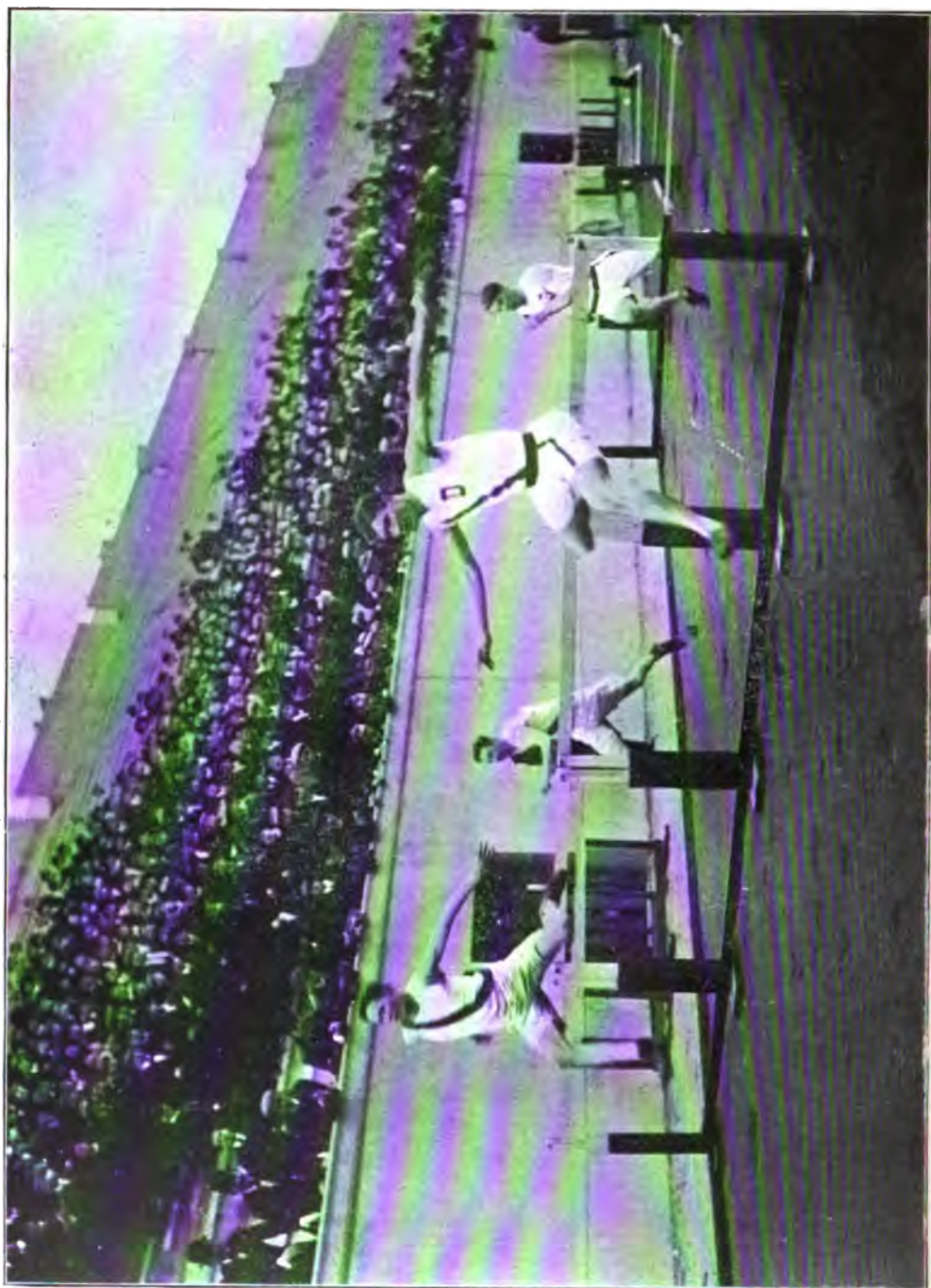
The overwhelming victory of the Harvard track team over Dartmouth was wholly unlooked for. It was known that some good men had been developed by the hard and systematic work of Captain Dives, Coach Gacelon, and Trainers Lathrop and Quinn, but the number of championship records made in those games was not even hoped for by the most sanguine of the Harvard Athletes.

The return of L. P. Dodge, '08, to College at mid-years made it certain that Harvard would have at least one sprinter capable of winning points in the dual Yale meet and the Intercollegiates. Dodge has more than lived up to the expectations aroused by his work last year.

He is a better man in the 220 yards dash than he is in the shorter sprint. In the latter, P. C. Lockwood, '07, has greatly improved over his form of last year and in both the Class and Dartmouth games beat Dodge mainly through his ability to get away from the mark faster than Dodge. F. J. W. Ford, 3L, has also developed into a fast man in the 100 yards dash. Lockwood and Dodge are both capable of running the hundred in time very close to ten seconds flat.

If pushed to it, Dodge can run the two-twenty under twenty-two seconds, which gives him a very excellent chance of winning that event in the meet with Yale, and of being one of the winners in the Intercollegiate. Captain Dives is Harvard's second best man in the two twenty even after he has run a fast quarter mile. Lockwood is a good third man. Having run the quarter mile in fifty and two-fifth seconds in the Dartmouth meet, it is not too much to expect that Dives will run that race in the Yale and Intercollegiate meets in fifty flat. This should ensure him first place in the dual and first or second in the Intercollegiates. J. S. O'Brien, '09, has been improving steadily in the quarter mile and is now not much slower than Dives.

B. T. Stephenson, '08, upon his present record outclasses all other shot putters whom he will be called upon to meet this spring. He has repeatedly put the shot over forty-three feet in competition and close to forty-five in practice.



W. A. Hanley, '07, and R. H. Townsend, '09, have done over forty feet with the shot. H. E. Kersburg, '06, is the best hammer thrower that Harvard has had since the days of W. A. Boal, '00. Kersburg's throw of one hundred and forty-three feet, seven inches, in the Dartmouth meet, if repeated in the dual Yale games, would be sure of at least second place and possibly first. R. H. Oveson, 1L, has thrown the hammer close to one hundred and forty feet, thus making him a likely candidate for a place in the dual games.

A. G. Grant, '07, and R. B. Gring, '06, are the Harvard mainstays in the pole vault. Grant won the pole vault in the Dartmouth games with a leap of a fraction of an inch over eleven and a half feet. Two years ago Gring tied for first place in the Intercollegiates with a jump of eleven feet, seven and a quarter inches. This year he has not yet shown his old time form, but with him in condition, Harvard has a very strong representation in this event. Harvard is weakest, from all indications, in the high and broad jumps. No very brilliant performances have been given in either of these events, though Ford and Stephenson have both done over twenty-two feet in the broad. W. B. Jordan, '06, the winner of the broad jump in last year's dual Yale game is still eligible for the University team. He has been prevented from jumping by an injury, but is expected to be in condition by the time of the Yale games. P. M. Clark, 2L; G. E. Roosevelt, '09; and Ford, are the best high jumpers on the Harvard team.

H. H. Whitman, '06, is Harvard's best half miler. He is an experienced runner, has an ideal build for a half-

miler, and in the Dartmouth meet gave one of the pluckiest exhibitions of running ever seen on Soldiers Field. A. S. Cobb, '07, in that same race was not more than a yard behind Whitman at the finish. In both the two mile and the mile, men have been developed this spring who have made records such as to ensure them places in any meet in which they may enter. M. H. Stone, '07, established a new Harvard mark in the dual meet with Dartmouth in the two miles in nine minutes, forty-nine and four-fifth seconds. M. S. Crosby, '08, in that same race finished about ten feet behind Stone and in so doing himself broke the old Harvard best on record. Stone's time is easily the best made so far this spring by any Intercollegiate runner in America in the two mile. He and Crosby make Harvard very strong in the two mile. W. Minot, '07, is the "find" of the year in the mile. In the Class games he ran that distance in four minutes, twenty-eight and four-fifth seconds. This, again, is the best performance of the spring in Intercollegiate circles. H. Turner, '06, is also a strong runner at this distance.

The development of a team of strong hurdlers in both the high and low hurdles has been one of the most notable achievements of the year for Harvard. With C. Brinsmade, '07, W. Rand, '09, and O. F. Rogers, '08, in the high hurdles; and J. F. Doyle, '07, B. L. Young, '07, and Rogers in the low hurdles, Harvard is sure of winning a substantial number of points in these two events. Rogers and Doyle are the only men in this aggregation who have ever hurdled for Harvard before this year.



THE CYNIC.

A MONOLOGUE.

BY BRAMHARA PSHAW.

Place: The front room of a suite in an apartment house, preferably one with a stone front on the first two stories. The other nine or ten may be faced with brick or stucco, provided enough of these materials is left over for a corridor. Bay-windows look out upon a quiet street, the monotony of which is broken by the unloading of three coal teams.

Time: Morning.

Character: The hero—clubman and cynic—is lounging in a chair sufficiently "Morris" to be comfortable but enough "craftsman-make" to allow the owner the privilege of paying an even dollar instead of ninety-eight cents. He is a typical member of the class whose charity consists in annually giving his laundress the odd change, after settling her bill. The Cynic, however, shows himself to be of a somewhat better sort by consigning an hour, every afternoon, to writing "My Reflections on the Mutability of the Ego with Idio-psychological Digressions on the Futility of Love."

Such necessary assistance as may be performed in the twenty-first century by a dumb "handler" will be given by a valet.

CYNIC. (*Throws down book*). Bah. (*Yawns and takes a cigarette from a case, which snaps loudly enough to make you look at it.*) Bah—rot. That's the last time that I'll ever read a modern novel. Novel, indeed. Name's a paradox. It's only gossip,—mere gossip. Good, that's

a clever idea. I must work it out. (*Goes to a cabinet and takes from it a decanter. Gulps three "fingers" of inspiration and paces to and fro on the rug with sufficient agitation to elicit "bravos," were any one watching him.*) Our fiction today is an hour's gossip stretched over three, four, or five hundred pages, according as it is paid for by the book or by the word. If there is scandal in it, the good matrons will wear out their eyes on it as eagerly as they would in rolling them dolorously when some scandal monger whispers fresh news over a tea table. But let me see—all novels haven't scandal for the fundamental of gossip. I must find that common point. (*Looks out of the window and sees a woman.*) Ah, I have it,—it is love. Love! (*He proceeds to illustrate the statement that a man's snarl is merely a development of an animal's snarl.*) Bah!! Well, if there is love in the novel then the dowager's daughters will use up the force of their emotions,—excellent phrase, I must jot that down—(*Scribbles on his cuff.*) Use—up—force—of—emotions (*stops scribbling*) on the story and have none left for you when they receive that afternoon or evening. Then they consider a man dull unless he is involved in some political or business struggle and asks pleadingly their advice. They don't even think a man eligible if he has said damn more than once in his life and then only at a moment heroically critical. Result is

that there is no love now-a-days. Love? Bah. Who wants it?

(A bell rings. A valet enters ceremoniously.)

VALET.—Sir,—mail, sir. *(Valet presents three letters on a card tray and then retires.)*

CYNIC, *(shuffling the letters nonchalantly.)* That's the trouble with life. Buzz. Buzz. Buzz! Never a moment to one's self. Some day, I'm going to bury myself in the solitude of the Sahara and think. Maybe then it will be possible for me to get started on an original *(emphasis)* trend of thought without being disturbed. Let me see where was I? Marriage and love,—love. Confound it, where was I. *(Wrinkles his brows and tries to look thoughtful.)* Well, I can work that out this afternoon when I write. *(Unconsciously shoves a hand prosperously into his trouser's pocket and holds his head at a trifle higher angle.)*

Might as well open these. *(Looks over the letters, selects one and without opening it throws it into the desk basket.)* Bah! A bill in the middle of the month!! *(Opens one of the others and reads aloud.)*

"Dear George—What the deuce kept you away from the Langdell's week's end party? Ethel was especially put out. She says she hasn't seen you for three weeks. You have a chance to be decent by calling on her Thursday, as she's coming to town with her aunt for several days. Hope to see you out here Friday. Yours, Charles C." *(Puts letter on desk.)* That's the trouble with friends,—always trying to run your own business. Ethel—There's a specific example of the modern girl. Positively no love.

Makes you think that she's in love with you and then, the next day, after having given one whole evening to you, chases down town and lunches with a man you've never seen or even heard of. Well, the only reason men stand for it is because they are such asses. Thank God, I'm not. There's Charley. Bulldozed into staying at the lake to amuse the women. Petted like a dog until he thinks that he stands in with them. Bully idea, comparing him to a dog. This Christmas I'll send him a blue ribbon and a card, reading, "First prize for the puppy show, awarded to Charles Carter." I must jot that down. *(Goes to desk and scribbles on memoranda pad.)* Now he wants to put a collar around my neck and give Ethel the chain. Ha, Ha, Ha.

Might as well open this. Guess it's from Tommy. Addressed in a rather slouchy hand, looks as if he were tired out. *(Tears open envelope and reads contents. Seems surprised and scowls.)*

So Tommy's caught, too. Well, I thought he'd be fool enough sooner or later. Not sufficient individuality to him. My policy is to have an idea and stick to it. It pays—

(The telephone bell rings. He goes to desk and takes up the receiver.) Hello, — Yes, — *(gruffly)*. Oh, Miss Edson, is it? — *(still scowling)*. Why shouldn't I be — Ever since I saw you in Sherry's three weeks ago. — That so? *(sarcastically)* I didn't expect you to own up. Well, good-bye. — What's that! — You say that man was your cousin's husband. I thought —. Ethel, I'm terribly sorry. — Charley writes to me that you'll be in town several days. May I call this afternoon? —. And say, please don't be at home to anyone else. — Good-bye, Ethel.

SUMMARY OF DEBATING AT HARVARD FOR THE YEAR 1905-1906.

BY B. M. NUSSBAUM.

The apprehension is freely expressed among those taking an active part in the debating interests of the University that debating is becoming a lost art; that it is not receiving proper support from the student body. They have found that whereas at Yale every intercollegiate debate is certain to fill Woolsey Hall to its doors, it requires the utmost exertion to provide for only a fair-sized audience on a similar occasion in Sanders; that whereas, in western universities, a debate is anticipated and celebrated with almost as much enthusiasm as a great athletic contest, the triumphant trio being accorded an innovation that falls little short of hero-worship, at Harvard, but few know or care about the approach or outcome of an intercollegiate debate. Here the "stars" flash faintly a few moments and are then consigned to the limbo of oblivion. It is, of course, regrettable that this lamentation is well founded. Despite the earnest efforts which enthusiasts annually expend to stimulate among Harvard men a keener interest in debating contests and debating training, little response awaits them. The Council has gone begging for funds with which to pay the most paltry expenses; seldom has a club attracted a quorum unless refreshments were advertised. And it must not be imagined that this deplorable indifference is of recent birth, as some who speak of the "halcyon days" of debating would give the impression. As a matter of fact there have

never been many halcyon days of the art at Harvard. True enough, it has seemed now and then to present a flourishing exterior because of the magnificent record of Harvard debaters, but any graduate who took an active share in promoting debating interests while in college will tell of the deep concern constantly felt by members of the Council because of the prevailing apathy and of the difficulty with which the slightest support was wrung from the students. This consistent and continuous lack of favor seems all the more surprising when we consider that the standard of debating at Harvard is higher than that of any institution in the land and debating would thus appear highly deserving of support on the part of the student body. Harvard teams have won a large majority of their contests and have established a "system" honored throughout the collegiate debating world. Wherein, then, lies the explanation of this lack of spirit? The merits of a training in argumentation and public speaking cannot be contested; we have seen that the excellent showing made by Harvard debaters, by the *Harvard System*, should commend itself to every loyal student. In view of such circumstances, it is asked, why has not debating been more flourishing among us?

Undoubtedly the trouble has been with the strictly pedantic nature of debating as undertaken by Harvard men in past years. The vast dimensions of the



G. A. Hirsch, '07.

W. M. Shohl, 1L.

A. Tulin, 3L.

A. Fox, 3L.

Harvard Debaters Against Princeton, 1905-06.

University are crushing blows to minor activities: it is the problem of these less favored diversions to provide sufficient means of attraction to overcome the depressing forces of what is commonly known as Harvard indifference. Hitherto, the Debating Council has not met this issue with any degree of success. They have failed either to see or to act upon the fact that, in order to flourish, debating must offer to the average student something more than mere mental and platform discipline: it must include adequate *social* features in order actually to compete with other activities. Those participating in debating must be bound by fraternal as well as intellectual

ties; the atmosphere of the class-room must be dispensed with and a club spirit must take its place. Experience has proved, if it has proved anything, that debating cannot be a major activity in a large university no matter how deserving that art may be; its mission lies in gratifying those directly interested in its pursuit so that the debating problem becomes one not of the whole, but of the group. That is, its success must depend upon its power to stimulate and retain interest *within* the clubs themselves, not to spread its wing over the general mass of students, and this is only attained through the proper cultivation of social life.

It is, therefore, with great satisfaction that we survey the field of debating during the year 1905-1906 and discern the changes and additions. For the first time efforts have been made to emphasize the social aspect of debating by the introduction of new social features and the fair success attendant upon these en-

deavors seems to indicate that herein lies the amelioration of the past unfortunate conditions.

The first step in this new direction was at the outset the reorganization of the University Debating Club into an elective body. A nucleus of those students in the two upper classes and gradu-



A. P. Matthew, 1L. A. H. Elder, '07. C. A. Small, 2L. G. W. Hinckley, 3L.
Harvard Debaters Against Yale, 1905-06.

ate schools, closely identified with debating activities was selected to compose the club, together with those Sophomores who had made their class teams. An applicant for membership to be eligible must have demonstrated his efficiency before the University, or in other debating clubs, and if he came from outside schools he must present worthy credentials of competency. Any applicant must first have been presented for membership by a member of the club to the membership committee, and if his name passed this body, it was voted on by the Club. In this way, although the system had an appearance of making debating ability the sole qualification, it involved sufficient social consideration to create a strong feeling of fellowship among the members. Under the respective presidencies of G. W. Hinckley, 3L, and J. W. Russell, '06, the Club has held weekly meetings throughout the year. It provided teams for two intercollegiate debates.

On December 15, 1905, the twelfth annual debate between Harvard and Princeton was held in Sanders Theatre. Harvard, represented by A. Fox, 3L; W. M. Shohl, '06; and G. J. Hirsch, '07 supported the negative of the question: "Resolved, That intercollegiate football in America is a detriment rather than a benefit." After long deliberation of the judges, the decision was awarded to Princeton, because of the superior weight of her evidence, though Harvard manifestly excelled in form.

In the sixteenth annual debate with Yale, held in Woolsey Hall, New Haven, March 30, 1906, Harvard won by a unanimous decision of the judges. A. H. Elder, '07; G. W. Hinckley, 3L; and A. P. Matthew, 1L were the speakers

for the University supporting from choice the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, That it would be for the best interest of New York City to own its street railway system; the term 'street railway system' being taken to mean elevated, surface, and subway lines." The debate was very close but was won by superior skill in presenting the case.

Another distinctive feature marking debating progress in the University during the past year, was the institution of a new club—the Harvard Forum, which supplanted the old Sophomore Club. The latter had never amounted to much, and the Sophomores, ambitious to effect practical methods in the combination of fellowships and training, and desirous of expanding in order to broaden the scope of these ideas, decided to abandon the old organization, founding one that would include all three upper classes. This was done October 19, 1905, when the name "Harvard Forum" was adopted, and besides the officers, a committee was elected to draw up a scheme of running the Club. The novel plan of conducting a competition among teams of four each within the club was put into successful operation, proving an effective way to keep up a keen interest in debate. Social provisions were not neglected and frequent "pop nights" served to bring the members into intimate relations with one another. The competition among the thirteen teams has just come to an end, silver cups having been awarded to the members of the winning four. Since the spring recess, under the auspices of the Club, a short series of lectures has been given by well known Boston men, followed by informal discussions, which have attested to the Club's enterprise. In many ways the Forum has suggested

paths that will lead to a flourishing regime of debating and has proved a valuable co-operation with the University Club.

A less fortunate venture which had its birth during the past year was the Ex-tempore Club, organized by some twenty-five upper classmen, December 11, 1905, for the promotion of extemporaneous speaking. Because of the lack of solidarity no strong social element was possible; the interest in the body failed and the Club disbanded early in March.

The Freshman Club has just closed an encouraging season under the respective presidencies of O. L. M. Lyding and F. Schenck. Commencing with a membership of about 60, the Club was divided according to custom into two camps to oppose each other in debate throughout the year. The natural enthusiasm of men just entering college, together with the fact that the Freshman Debating Club affords to the new-comers the first opportunity for organization of any kind make it a comparatively simple matter to place this body in good working order. The Freshman Club this year has developed some very promising material under the guidance of University Club critics. Their crowning achievement was without doubt the overwhelming victory over Exeter in the seventh annual debate with that academy, April 29, 1905, making the second time the decision has gone to Harvard. The subject of the debate was the principle of the closed shop. The affirmative was upheld by the Freshman team, composed of E. T. Wentworth, A. C. Lurie, and G. C. Good. W. G. King was alternate.

Interclass debating has been as active and as beneficial as in past years. The preliminary contests took place in De-

cember, the Sophomores and Juniors qualifying for the final Pasteur Medal Debate by defeating the Freshman and Senior teams, respectively. In the championship match which occurred April 9, 1906, the Junior team, represented by E. B. Stern, A. Davis, and I. L. Sharfman, received a unanimous decision over the Sophomores through superiority in the presentation of their case. As the conditions of the Pasteur Medal Debate require the choice of a subject dealing with a modern French political issue, the Juniors chose to support the affirmative of the question: "Resolved, That the French Government should adopt a scheme granting pensions to superannuated workmen." A. Davis, '07, was unanimously awarded the Pasteur Medal for the best individual speaking.

By far, the most pronounced improvement in our debating life from a social standpoint was effected this year when the upper floor of Dane Hall became secured as the exclusive headquarters for all the debating interests of Harvard. This happy stroke was brought about largely by the diligent efforts and zeal of E. M. Rabenold, 2L, president of the University Debating Council, who prevailed upon the Corporation to allow Upper Dane to serve this valuable purpose. Subscriptions were raised, the interior of the building was remodelled and the rooms were comfortably fitted up. On February 15th a large house warming was held in the new apartments, bringing all those interested in debating together on purely social grounds—something unprecedented in the recent years of our debating history. Several prominent speakers delivered addresses. Since then all the clubs have

held their meetings in these rooms; Professor Baker holds his Argumentation course in Upper Dane, and there has been a library of debating literature started. Also, many magazines have been contributed to the periodical and living room. Not the least important function of the new debating home is to furnish a store for the debating records of the University. During the fifty years that debating has held a prominent position at Harvard, hardly any records have been preserved. From now on it will be the duty of the secretaries of the various clubs to collect and preserve the

material that gathers in debating activities, storing them in the three small rooms that extend across the west end of the building reserved for that purpose.

Thus, in centralizing and solidifying the debating interests of the University a new era has been opened. It marks the end of a scattering policy hitherto pursued that has prevented the social and administrative forces which are so requisite to debating success properly to operate; it marks the approach to a condition where unity in debating activities combines with attractive fraternal and educational features.

LACROSSE TEAM PROSPECTS.

BY H. O. TILTON.

Like many of the other University athletic teams, the lacrosse team this spring suffered a loss of half its number and has consequently been obliged to build up an almost new team. The poor weather at the beginning of the season further handicapped the situation so that the squad started on its Southern trip on April 13 with very little practice in stick work and team play. This condition showed itself in the poor record made in the four out the five games played.

At Johns Hopkins University, the team was defeated by a score of 7 to 1 and again in a game with the Mt. Washington club of Baltimore, it lost by a score of 11 to 1. The practice afforded by these games, however, brought about decided improvement, so that on Friday, April 20, the University team defeated the University of Pennsylvania in a very

rough game on Franklin Field by the score of 3 to 0. Better team work was the means of overcoming the individual game of Pennsylvania. Rice at center and Vance at first defence played strong games; Sessa and Wendell were good on the attack.

On the return to Cambridge after the vacation, practice was immediately resumed under the direction of D. P. Penhallow, 4M, captain of the University team in 1903. More candidates for the team came out, partly in anticipation of the class games which are to come off on May 15 and 16, and partly on account of the general athletic revival which always sets in after the April vacation. Much needed practice in stick work was obtained under Capt. Rice's direction, and when the team played Hobart in the Stadium on Saturday, May 12, the faster and more concerted attack

of the Harvard forwards completely out-classed the work of her opponents. Ackerman and Barber were very accurate in their goal shooting and the final score was 10 to 1. Eight of the goals were made in the first half, but in the second the team was most of the time on the defensive owing to the injuries received by two of the University players. However, two goals were shot by Sessa. Under the new regulation limiting the application of the four-year rule to the major sports alone, ex-captain Penhallow again became eligible and was a new source of strength to the team in the Hobart game. Quite a little interest was taken on this occasion by the spectators who gathered for the Harvard-Dartmouth track meet which came on the same afternoon at a later hour. As a characteristically open game, lacrosse can be followed more easily than many of the other sports and there-

fore is better understood on short acquaintance.

Three games remain in the schedule for the rest of the season. Those with Columbia and with the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge, N. Y., on May 11 and 12 should show a better trained team than the first results of the season indicated.

The final game with Cornell at Cambridge on May 24 will be the hardest of the year and the outcome cannot now be foreseen. As for the class games, more interest than usual seems to be shown this year and the presence of a strong Freshman team, coached by W. L. Stoddard, '07, makes the result more doubtful. 1907 had a winning team last year and should have a good chance of repeating its victory. Its nearest rivals are 1908, who have a good number of their team on the 'Varsity.

THE SPANISH PLAY.

La Sociedad Española presented its first annual play, Thursday, May 10, in Brattle Hall, before a small but appreciative audience. The play was "*Los Tres Ramilletes*" — "*The Three Bouquets*," a comedy of the modern Spanish type, by Breton de Los Herreros. The plot centers about the joke played by Don Narciso on his friend, Don Ramon, and the turning of the tables by the latter. Ramon comes to Narciso's rooms in response to an invitation to breakfast, and finds his friend absent. While waiting, he picks up a poem, addressed to Rosa, Jacinta, and Violante, with all of whom the author — Narciso — is so

much in love that he cannot tell which he loves best. Pascual, Narciso's servant, also tells of a letter, addressed in a woman's hand, and sealed with a coronet.

When Narciso returns, he admits that the letter was from a duchess who is madly in love with him, but is married. The two have scarcely sat down to breakfast, when Juana is announced, and is shown in at the desire of Ramon. She delivers to Narciso, a bouquet of roses, sent, she says, by a lady "whose name he will know on seeing the flowers."

Narciso at first denies that this has



SCENES FROM THE SPANISH PLAY.

anything to do with the Rosa of his poem, but when Juana returns with a bunch of violets, sent by another lady, he confesses that the three women of the poem are real. Rosa is the wife of Don Leon Fuenterrabia, a captain of artillery; Violante is the wife of a druggist; and Jacinta—. At this moment, the landlord is announced, and Narciso goes out to settle with him.

While Narciso is out of the room, Juana returns with the third bouquet,—of hyacinths. By this time Ramon has begun to have suspicions, and Juana admits that the whole affair has been arranged between her and Narciso. Ramon takes advantage of Narciso's absence to send a note by Juana to three of his friends in the neighborhood.

Narciso returns from his interview in a great rage, but soon cools off when he begins to say that the women who sent the bouquets are coming to visit him that afternoon. At this moment Pascual announces "Don Leon Fuenterrabia." A man in the uniform of a captain enters, charges Narciso with corrupting his wife, and challenges him to a duel. Narciso knows there is a mistake somewhere, but, sooner than admit that he has been lying, accepts the challenge.

The next to enter is the druggist, who proposes a duel with two pills, one of poison and the other harmless, after the style of the "Study in Scarlet." Narciso drives him from the room.

Finally, the third "husband" enters, a man who has forgotten who he is, knowing only that he is one of Narciso's victims. He proposes that, as his wife is in love with Narciso, the latter shall support her. When Juana returns with the bunch of hyacinths at a signal from

Ramon the "unknown" remembers his wife's name,—Jacinta.

Narciso, seeing how completely he has been "hoist by his own petard," charges Juana with having betrayed him. She defends herself from the accusation. Finally, he accepts the situation, and the curtain goes down as the five friends are drinking a toast to one another, to Juana, and to the ladies of "Los Tres Ramilletes."

W. Horn, '09, as Pascual, Don Narciso's butler and man-of-all-work, made the most of his frequent entrances, being especially realistic in his management of the champagne bottles.

G. Rivera, '09, a native of Porto Rico, had the part of Narciso, which he filled in a most acceptable manner. His pretended surprise at receiving the bouquets, his rage on leaving the landlord, and the manner in which he received the three pretended husbands showed the extent of his powers.

M. H. Woolman, Sc., as Ramon, gave a good interpretation of the longest part in the play, as was appreciated by the audience. He showed a strong tendency to overact in certain places, but these were accepted as being "Spanish."

The three "husbands" were taken by E. F. Schwarzenberg, 1L; G. E. Hyde, '09; and R. H. Lord, '06, respectively. Schwarzenberg, as the Captain, was a little weak, and introduced several meaningless "crosses," but his rendering of the lines was very impressive.

Hyde, as the artificially aldermanic Druggist, gave a very good interpretation of the part. And the Quidam, by Lord, was a fine piece of character acting.

The part of Juana, the flower girl, who is at the bottom of both sides of

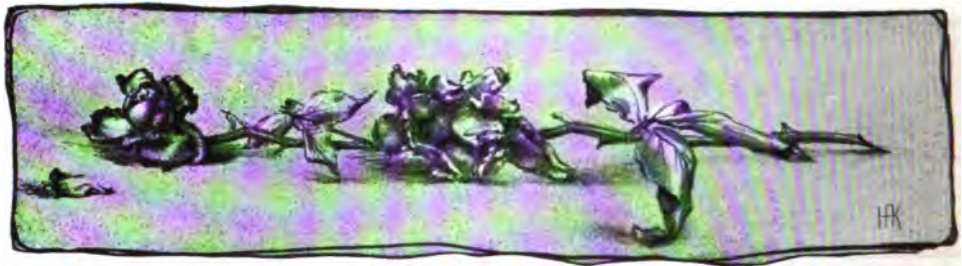
the plot, was acted with ease and distinction by John Murdoch, Jr., '06. His graceful movements showed to good effect in a clever pironet dance, interpolated in the play, which was repeatedly encored.

The entire play went off with more of a snap and dash than might have been expected of a first performance. The familiarity of the two principal characters with the Spanish language contributed largely to this, as they were able to cover up any slight mistakes. The men all knew their parts well, and the prompting was not noticeable.

Much of the success of the play was due to the efforts of the coaches, the

Señoritas Larromendi of Boston, as well as to Mr. Sturgis, President of the Boston Club Español, who assisted with his advice.

The experiment, tried this year for the first time, proved such a success that it will certainly be repeated next year, and it is to be hoped that the Spanish play will become as much an annual feature as the French play or the German. Something of the sort is needed to keep up the interest through the University in Spanish, which received its life-giving impulse from the Cuban Teachers' Summer School of 1900, and has recently begun to fall away to a certain extent.



THE PROFESSION OF JOURNALISM.

BY HANS M. KATTENBORN.

Probably because it is so largely a development of recent years little has so far been written about modern journalism. For this reason, even an indifferent account of some of its features may find a few interested readers. Although newspapers are universally read, few persons know much about the men who make them, or the methods they employ. We rely so largely upon the newspapers to tell us about everything that is going on in the world, that we know little about anything they choose to omit.

The press rarely gives us inside information relating to itself, probably because even a newspaper man cannot see a story of which he is the central figure.

The three things concerning the profession of journalism in which the practical American will be most interested, are the salaries paid to its members, the conditions of their work, and the chances for success which this profession affords. In this country we are accustomed to measure men by their earning capacity. As James Bryce has

pointed out, the American believes that a man is worth what he can get. That standard, when applied to reporters and editors, does not result to their advantage. Newspaper men as a class are poorly paid. Salaries are higher in New York City than anywhere else in this country, yet there are a score of intelligent, well-trained reporters working on daily papers in that city, who are earning not more than \$15 per week. There is another score working for less money, but they are beginners or the kind of slipshod workmen who are not worth considering. The more important newspapers of New York City start a new man on \$15 per week, several pay them only \$12 per week; there is one newspaper, published in Brooklyn, that pays beginners \$6. The poor fellows are told to forget about being hungry, by remembering that they are getting some fine experience. Salary increases are not determined by any fixed scale and depend entirely upon the man. A good man sometimes needs to remember that it is not always enough to earn an increase of salary. Very often he must ask for it, and sometimes he must fight for it.

The reporters who do not receive salaries, but are paid according to the amount they write, sometimes earn as much as eighty or one hundred dollars in one week; upon averaging their earnings week in and week out, it will appear that their space bills amount to little more than the forty or fifty dollars a week that are paid to the best-salaried reporters. If they come to more, it is because they have worked harder and given up their weekly holidays. The average wage of all the reporters employed in New York City is

probably between twenty and twenty-five dollars.

As to the editors, the difference between them and the reporters, measured by the salary standard, is not great. The wages of "desk men" or "copy" editors will average perhaps \$5 higher than those of the reporters. In the case of the editorial writers the difference is more marked, although the modern tendency is to increase the reporter's salary at the editor's expense. This is a natural sequence upon the decreased importance of the editorial columns. The average newspaper reader of to-day is satisfied to get the news.

There are some men thinking of entering the newspaper profession with whom the question of salary is of secondary importance. It is much easier to be enthusiastic in discussing newspaper work with men of this class, for if they really like the work, there is no reason why they should not be happy and successful editors. Still they will have to like their daily task well enough to sacrifice to it their outside interests. Newspaper work is arduous, exacting and generally monopolizes a man's waking hours.

With regard to the hours in which they are on duty, the newspaper men of any large city may be divided into three classes: the morning paper men, the evening paper men and the independents. The first class reports between one and two o'clock in the afternoon and works for eleven hours with one short intermission for dinner. These men sleep from between two and three o'clock in the morning until nine or ten o'clock, and usually have one or two hours at home, before they must return to work. Some are fortunate enough to be able to get home for dinner near-

ly every evening. The men at work on the afternoon papers, report at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, work until three o'clock in the afternoon, and are then at leisure until evening, when they go out on what is called a "night assignment." This means that it will be midnight or later before they get to bed, unless the toastmaster, if it happens to be a dinner, has handed out type-written copies of the important speeches. On the more important afternoon papers the experienced men begin work at eight o'clock in the morning and, after holding to their task until between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, are through for the day. Naturally the hours vary on different papers, and according to the time of year.

In the independent class, may be included space men, special writers, department heads, and such other fortunes whose comings and goings are not controlled by the watchful eye of the managing editor.

By way of compensation, the newspaper man is as free in his work as the Indian hunter of the Northwest, who, when told the kind of game the post sutler wishes him to bring, gallops over the plains and does not return until he carries it before him slung across his saddle. The reporter sometimes telephones the result of his chase to the office, but in the hours of actual work, while he is feeling his way along the delicate threads of a tangled news story, he is his own master. The district men, who cover certain assigned areas in a large city, may not see the editor for months at a time. They report by telephone in the morning if they are working on an afternoon paper, receive their instructions relative to watching for develop-

ments on various matters reported by the morning papers, and are not heard from again, except by way of the "copy" desk, until the following day.

But woe to the reporter who fails to turn in either a story or an excellent excuse before the hour in which the composing room foreman locks the keys on the last form. A New York Sun reporter, sent to report a big fire, was told by the battalion chief in charge, that before long, a big oil tank, stored in the cellar of the burning building, would explode. Within half an hour the fire reached the tank, a tremendous explosion followed, and it was found that two of the firemen had been hurt. With the facts in his note-book, and the dazzling sheet of flame taking shape in his mind in well-constructed sentences, the reporter rushed to the nearest telephone and got his editor on the wire. What the reporter said does not matter, but here are the words used by the editor: "Big story?—You were sent to report a fire.—I don't care a whoop if hell explodes at three o'clock. We go to press at 2.50."

News is worth most when you can get it into type ahead of the other fellow, and it has lost all value, if he prints it first.

And now, how can a man tell whether by talent, temperament or education, he is fitted to take up journalism as a profession, for, after all, no man will allow his choice of a vocation to be controlled by a matter of salaries and working hours, or the amount of fun he is likely to get out of his work. These things are important but not decisive.

It is not easy to specify the exact qualifications that fit a man for a profession in which every minor talent that he

may possess, and every fact stored in his memory will, at one time or another, be of direct service to him. Yet with nothing more than enthusiasm, imagination and the "nose for news" to begin with, any man stands an excellent chance of success in the newspaper field. Everything else can be developed. Because they lacked the "nose for news" some men who have become good authors, failed as journalists; with these three qualifications, hack drivers have been made successful editors.

The college education, in whole or in part, does not of itself determine success or failure. The time may come when it will be required of those who would make journalism their life work, but for the present, the ability to see a "story," and to get it into any kind of shape for the first edition, are what catches the editor's attention. No man can hope to fill the higher editorial positions with satisfaction to himself or his employer, unless he possesses at least the sum of knowledge that the college degree implies. Above all, he must be able to write clear, simple, forcible English. But if his college education has not left

him with a keen and vital interest in everything that is going on in the world to-day, it has failed in its purpose. There is a New York editor who tests the college graduate who applies to him for a position by asking him whether he read a daily paper while at college. The man who answers in the negative will never convince this editor that the Fates have destined him to become a reporter. In the newspaper world a knowledge of Greek roots is respected, but ability to use the typewriter is required.

The editorial rooms are very much in need of college men; more so to-day than at any time in the history of journalism. The responsibilities of the profession are of the highest, its opportunities were never greater. The sensationalism and commercialism that contaminate our modern press will not disappear until it is dominated by a class of men who combine high ideals with the ability of the yellow journalist. The man who feels that he is able to do newspaper work, may come to it in the knowledge that it will give him greater opportunities for devoted and far-reaching service to humanity than any other occupation.

EDITORIAL.

DEBATING AND THE UNDERGRADUATES.

The article we publish in other columns upon Debating shows that in spite of a lack of strong support the Debating activities for the year have been in some respects exceptionally successful. The clubs have been more numerous and better attended than for many years. Yet even this increase in the debating interest is not sufficient for placing that activity upon a permanently firm basis. Debating can never be made as popular among the undergraduates as it might be until competition for college teams is denied to graduate students. Out of the six Harvard debaters against Yale

and Princeton this year four were Law School men. As long as they, with their superior training and larger experience, are allowed to make the teams, so long will undergraduates who might otherwise compete, refrain from doing so. Restricting competition to undergraduates will, of course, make Debating a College rather than a University affair. Yet, since the problem is to increase the interest in Debating among undergraduates, it would be well in this case to make a concession to the needs of the College.

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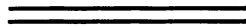
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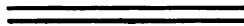
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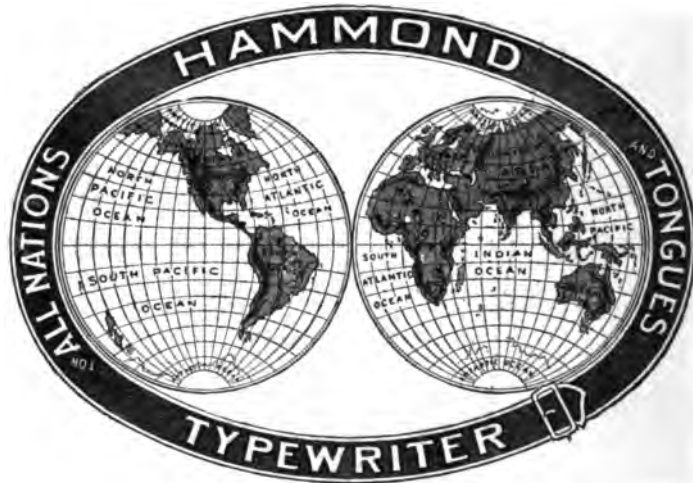
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THE UNIVERSITY BASEBALL SEASON OF 1906.

BY B. M. NUSSBAUM.

When the candidates for the University baseball team were called out about the middle of February the prospects for the season were anything but encouraging. In the first place, but three of last year's star team had returned to college and were eligible for playing—Dexter, Leonard, and Captain Stephenson—so that most of the material available was crude and uncertain. In the second place, a coaching difficulty arose that left the team greatly weakened. For a long time it had been impossible to procure a desirable man for coach. When it was finally announced that Coburn would coach the team unassisted, anxiety was felt in many quarters. To mould such green players into finished form would require highly expert coaching, and although Coburn had distinguished himself in the box, the feeling was generally expressed that his limited experience in this new field scarcely qualified him for the responsible position. A tremendous burden devolves upon the coach. He must not only be a thorough instructor of all the fine points of the game, but he must also be able to inspire the men with confidence; he must have

the faculty of getting everything possible out of the players. As a rule, it takes a trainer of long experience to do this. The short transition from player to coach Coburn made remarkably well. The men once chosen, their confidence was secured and retained throughout. Recently, some assistance has been given by W. T. Reid, '01, but for the main part Coburn has undertaken the entire task of coaching. Considering the great disadvantages under which he has been forced to labor, his work stands as great credit to him.

With the difficulties she has had to contend with, Harvard had little expectation of a championship team. The long line of defeats during the season surprised no one. Poor batting, stupid base-running, and costly fielding errors are not likely to win many games, and these have been defects lamentably prominent in Harvard's playing this year. At times the fielding has been clean and the hitting good, but scarcely any consistent ball-playing has been done by the team. Only three men have played steady ball throughout the season—Dexter, Leonard, and McCall. Dexter es-

pecially has shown himself very strong at the bat and heady in base-running, while his fielding has been practically errorless. He is perhaps the star player. Leonard has strengthened the team considerably by his batting and can generally be depended upon for a hit when it is needed. He is fast on his feet, but a poor fielder. For steady fielding none have surpassed McCall, who, though only a Freshman, has displayed true 'Varsity ability.

A serious handicap has been felt in the lack of a first-class pitcher. Although both Greene and Castle have pitched good ball at times they have not developed the necessary speed or control. Of the two Castle has more victories to his credit, but this need not indicate that he is a better pitcher, as Greene has been defeated numerous times by miserable support. For a short period during the Bates game Snyder was put in the box and was fairly steady, although he received hardly a fair test of his powers. Hartford, another Freshman, was at first looked upon as a remarkable find after pitching a winning game against Lafayette and Amherst, but soon proved unsteady. None of these men can bat or field with any sureness; Greene, in particular, has made costly errors.

Stephenson behind the bat has been a great disappointment. At the beginning of the season his throwing was fairly strong and accurate; in the Annapolis game especially did he show good speed and headwork, but later he weakened and finally had to be replaced by Currier. Stephenson's base-running has also been disappointing, especially in the games with Princeton. However, Currier, another Freshman, is making good as catcher. He also bats well.



P. N. Coburn, Coach.

At first base, the husky Freshman All-American guard, Burr, is playing good ball. He is built for the place, having a broad reach, and being heavy enough to hold his base down against a speedy runner. However, he is slow at base-running, though he occasionally hits well. Harvey and Simons at short-stop have been on the whole erratic, especially the former. In addition to Dex-

ter and Currier, in the field, Hellman, McCarthy, and Pounds have been given successive trials, and with the exception of Hellman have proved fairly satisfactory. The two latter have done well at the bat; especial mention should be made of Pounds' home-run and two-bagger in the Exeter game.

It is unfair to criticise too severely the year's work, for the team has at times played good ball. In the games with Pennsylvania and Lafayette, not an error was made, though the opposing nines played fast ball, and the twirling of Castle and Hartford was excellent. The first Princeton and the Annapolis games revealed unusual strength in hitting and fielding, but this has been rare. A brief summary of the games played so far this season will suffice to bear out this assertion.

Of the twenty games whose scores are given below, Harvard has won eleven.

April	4.	Harvard	9,	Vermont	4.
	8.	Harvard	13,	Trinity	0.
	14.	Harvard	5,	Trinity	6.
	18.	Harvard	7,	Ran.-Macon	3.
	20.	Harvard	4,	Annapolis	2.
	25.	Harvard	4,	Bates	1.
	29.	Harvard	1,	Dartmouth	3.
May	2.	Harvard	2,	Amherst	1.
	6.	Harvard	2,	Holy Cross	4.
	9.	Harvard	2,	Williams	5.

	13.	Harvard	4.	Pennsylvania	1.
	14.	Harvard	2.	Andover	3.
	16.	Harvard	7.	Lafayette	1.
	19.	Harvard	6.	Princeton	8.
	23.	Harvard	5.	Brown	6.
	27.	Harvard	0.	Princeton	5.
	30.	Harvard	8.	Exeter	1.
June	2.	Harvard	4.	Cornell	5.
	6.	Harvard	1.	Brown	0.
	9.	Harvard	4.	Penn.	0.

This makes a total of 71 runs for Harvard against 54 by her opponents. In these games, Harvard men made 47 errors, of which Harvey alone made 14. And this loose fielding has always been at critical moments: the Princeton, Williams, and Dartmouth games were all lost on costly errors.

The question arises: What are Harvard's chances against Yale this year? It must be admitted that the Crimson has little to boast of so far, even though her showing has not been discreditable. Fortunately, Yale has not shown much strength, and if comparisons count for anything, it would seem that the chances are about even. Like Harvard, Yale is weak in pitchers, and her fielding and batting have been ragged. Holy Cross, Brown, and Williams have defeated Yale. Andover, on the other hand, defeated Harvard but was defeated by Yale. But taking everything into consideration, it seems that the chances are slightly in favor of Harvard.



CLASSICAL PLAYS AT HARVARD.

BY T. E. DABNEY.

As H. N. Smyth remarks in the March number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, the presentation of ancient classical plays at Harvard has become a tradition. A tradition that was conceived in 1876, born in 1881. To signalize the completion of Sanders Theatre, Professor Goodwin suggested that the "Antigone" of Sophocles be given by the students in the original Greek. After much discussion, however, and consideration of the enormous difficulties that would be met, not unmixed with a certain misgiving that even so enlightened a gathering as a Boston audience would not appreciate the Greek drama, the idea was abandoned.

Only to be revived again in 1880, by the brilliant success of the "Agamemnon" at Oxford and in London. Spurred to emulation, the classical department of Harvard decided to present the "Oedipus Tyrannis" of Sophocles, because it was a masterpiece of the classic stage, was typical of so many elements in Greek thought and life, and lastly, because of the appeal of the plot to a modern mind, and its adaptability to modern and local conditions. English newspapers commented on the "manner in which America follows everything that is initiated in England"—obviously unjust, for the idea was born in America. England furnished merely the immediate inspiration, just as the stays are the immediate means of launching a ship, and not its building.

The arrangements for the production were undertaken by the professors of the Greek Department. Too much cannot be said of the great work done by Professors W. W. Goodwin, J. W. White, Louis Dyer, and the enormous difficulties their indefatigable energy sloughed off; and all through their arduous undertaking, they were most ably encouraged by Professor Chas. Eliot Norton. Mr. F. D. Millet, an authority on Greek dress, supervised the costuming. The chorus, consisting of members of the Glee Club, Mr. George Riddle, the instructor of elocution, drilled, while Professor Paine wrote the music. About the magnificent odes and chants of the play, he weaved all the modern wealth of harmony and instrumentation,—“one of the landmarks in the history of musical art,” said a critic in the *Nation*.

For five months there were rehearsals three or four times a week; and during the six weeks preceding the performance, they were daily. Boston was seething with excitement; the newspapers teemed with accounts of the coming play.

Eighteen hours ahead of time, a crowd gathered in front of the University Store to buy tickets that sold for two dollars and three dollars each. Speculators received five, ten, fifteen dollars; and the largest agency in Boston canvassed the streets for tickets at twenty dollars apiece. In some instances, more was paid. From all over the country, requests flooded in for extra performances.

Sanders Theatre, on Tuesday evening, May 15, 1881, held a brilliant assembly. In addition to the leading college professors and presidents of America, in addition to every one of the Harvard instructors, in addition to the leading magistrates, leading editors and special correspondents from all over this country, the most eminent literary men of the day were there. Emerson was there; Holmes was there; Curtis was there; Howells was there; Longfellow was there; and others of the goodly crew, too numerous to mention. But it was not merely an esoteric gathering—not merely an assembly of brains and moss-backed scholars. Every age and condition of mankind was

represented: butterfly society ladies, earnest young men with their burning looks, giggling school girls, business men who didn't know the difference between Greek and Hebrew, un-literates who could not appreciate the play as drama, but found much to absorb them in its own immediate interest.

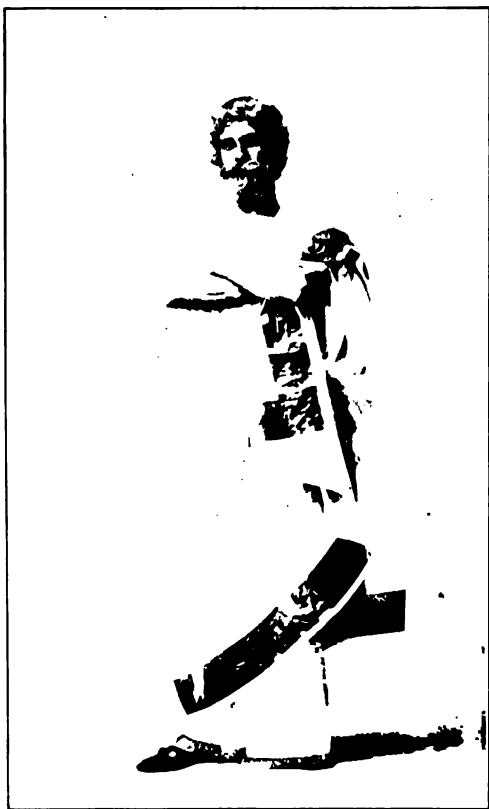
The "Oedipus" was presented three times; and on May the twentieth, was ended this first great Harvard triumph.

The next classical play given was the "Phormio," of Terence, in the original Latin, on April 19, 20, 21, of the year 1894. As will be seen, the night of its first production was the anniversary of the Concord Fight—in accordance with the Roman custom of giving plays on public festivals. The "Phormio" was chosen as the most likely of the Terentian plays to suit a modern audience, and as highly illustrative of Roman life and Latin comedy of manners—being typical of the new comedy that had its vogue from the time of Alexander to 250 B. C.

Not produced with such significance as the "Oedipus," it was from first to last a "domestic experiment;" still, its success was great. Though a Latin play, the "Phormio" is Greek in spirit: the scene is in Athens, and the characters are Greeks, every one.

Eighteen men took part in the performance; and the music was written by Professor F. D. Allen.

The last two scenes from the "Birds" of Aristophanes was given on May 8 and 10, 1901—some 2,315 years after its first performance. To the "Oedipus" the "Birds" is a complete contrast: while the former is a tragedy, the latter is farce of the broadest order—a burlesque of what we moderns would call "imperialism,"



F. H. Birch as Leader of the Chorus.

and a certain "expansion" expedition to secure the Athenian supremacy over the Greek world.

The "Birds" was presented in the Fogg Art Museum, and its success was also unqualified. Though every word spoken was Greek, the actors were so skilful that the audience—even those who couldn't tell Greek from the barking of a dog—could feel the humor, and appreciate the farcical situations.

Merely to hear the music, which was written by Professor John Knowles Paine, many people came. What a triumph the music was, everybody knows, for it is included in the repertoire of the leading orchestras today. The swinging uplift of the rhythm was perfectly in harmony with the sonorous Greek words. There were two choruses: one, the regular Greek chorus, composed of sixteen members of the Glee Club, wearing bird-like helmets, and the other a supplementary chorus of almost the same size, composed of graduate students, who sat about Professor Paine as he played the accompaniment on the piano.

Professors Wright, Moore, White, Gulick, and Mr. Winter directed the production.

The classical plays produced so far have been given under most unclassical conditions. As is well known, the Greek theatre was in the open air, without a roof; the scenery was represented by a permanent stone building, and when necessary to the understanding of the lines, the actors pointed to the natural scenery. Of course, the Greek theatre could not be simulated in Sanders and Fogg; but now that the Stadium has been built, it will be pos-



A. S. A. Brady as Cassandra.

sible to give the "Agamemnon" on June 16 and 19 under almost similar conditions as when it was produced almost 2,400 years ago. So much has been said about the "Agamemnon" on the literary and artistic side; the public is so glutted with descriptions of the play, and references to the cast, and other details rubbed in *ad nauseam*, that it seems better in this article to stress the almost-classic conditions under which it will be given.

Owing to its size, the Stadium has presented many difficulties; but they have all been surmounted by Professor Warren. In shape, the Greek theatre is



P. H. Noyes as Agamemnon.

a dropsical crescent, containing a circle—the orchestra, place for the chorus; while tangent to the circle and facing the crescent auditorium are the “skene,” or stage buildings with a space for the actors. Now, the theatre at Oropus, on which Professor Warren models his plans, is only eighty feet across at the widest place, while the Stadium is two hundred and thirty. This difficulty has been surmounted in the following manner. The “skene,” which will represent the palace of Agamemnon at Argos, will be a hundred and thirty feet long, decorated with engaged Doric columns, entablatured, and in the centre a portico

with four free-standing columns. The “skene” will be about fifteen feet deep, and contain rooms for the actors to dress in. From the slightly projecting ends on either side of the “skene” a wooden wall, fifty feet long, will run to the Stadium, its object being merely to relieve the blank space. In front of the “skene” and nestling in the apse, will be a circle marked off by chalk, in which will take place singing and dancing. The altar to Dionysus, in the centre of this orchestra, has had to be exaggerated to be on a scale with existing conditions; beneath it, will be stationed four musicians and a prompter—quite an unclassic figure by the way—while on top, a dummy pipe-player will simulate the Greek accompaniment.

But while the Stadium furnishes a much larger “stage” than the Greek theatre, the equilibrium is more than restored by the Greek auditorium. In the theatre at Athens, there were thirteen sections; here, there are nine. The thirty-one tiers of seats at the Stadium could be tucked away, so to speak, in the auditorium vest pocket of the Athenian seventy-eight. And contrast the Stadium seating capacity of six thousand, with the Greek seventeen thousand!

There will be a slight departure from the classic condition in acting. The tragic cothurus and the masks will not be worn. The former, because our unskilled actors would be at a greater disadvantage than if they were learning to walk on stilts; the latter, because the masks that Aeschylus meant to excite pity, terror, etc., would have quite an opposite effect on a modern audience, susceptible as it is to the burlesque in

even the most sacred things. Besides, the classic masks contained megaphonic appliances to make the voice carry; but the size of the Stadium obviates this necessity.

A dozen words more. About the music—the only original thing in the performance. There are three methods possible: elaborate modern incidental music, like Mendelssohn's music for "Midsummer Night's Dream;" music in direct imitation of the Greek, or what we know of it; or else, the mean between the two—modern in form and melodic character but suggesting the old. This latter method, Mr. John Ellerton Lodge has chosen. Most happily, we think. To a modern audience, the wild, cacophonous Greek music would be unendurable. The Greek choral odes were always sung in unison; each musical note corresponded to each syllable of the sung words; the metre regulated the time. Reared as we are to entirely different traditions, this would be exceedingly monotonous. On the other hand, Mr. Lodge has not made his music as elaborate as Professor Paine's: to stick to the Greek music so far as it would not become monotonous has been his aim. Only in the processional song does he retain the unison method. Instead of the flute or harp, which was usual in ancient times, there will be three clarinets and one bassoon—and a dummy flute player, as above mentioned. Besides frequent chorals, there will be a vocal duet between Clytæmnestra and the leader of the chorus.

The general committee supervising the production consists of Professors H. W. Smyth, C. B. Gulick and W. F. Harris. The committee on music consists of Professors Gulick, Morgan and Howard.



H. S. Wyndham-Gittens as Clytæmnestra.

Mr. B. G. Willard, instructor in public speaking has trained the chorus which consists of members of the Glee Club. Mr. Willard and Mr. George Riddle assisted by Mr. A. S. Hills, have had charge of the dramatic action and elocutionary effects. W. W. Goodwin, Professor of Greek literature, *emeritus*, who has for years made a special study of the "Agamemnon," has prepared a libretto of the play, giving both the Greek text and the English translation. The color schemes of the costumes and scenery is under the direction of Mr. Joseph London Smith, the well known artist and

student of Greek painting. His designs are based on his study of the famous sarcophagus of Alexander at Constantinople.

Parts were assigned last June, and ever since November rehearsals have been going on steadily. In addition to the numerous supernumeraries—attendants, captives, body-guards, etc.—the spectacular effect will be heightened by two chariots drawn by small cream-col-

ored Norwegian horses with hogged manes, closely resembling the horses of the Greeks.

The cast is as follows:—

<i>AGAMEMNON,</i>	P. H. NOYES, '06
<i>CASSANDRA,</i>	A. S. A. BRADY, '08
<i>CLYTEMNESTRA,</i>	
	H. S. WYNDHAM-GITTENS, L. S. S., '06
<i>HERALD,</i>	D. GARDINER, '07
<i>ÆGISTHUS,</i>	A. L. BENSHIMOL, '07
<i>WATCHMAN,</i>	M. C. CLAPP, '07
<i>LEADER OF THE CHORUS,</i>	F. H. BIRCH, 2L



RÉSUMÉ FOR 1905-1906.

BY H. A. MUMMA.

A resumé of this year's intercollegiate activities in which Harvard takes part, cannot be complete, because the season for two of the major sports will not be ended when this article appears. Still, a review of the year to date will be interesting as showing how far Harvard has been successful.

The football season started very brilliantly, and because of the signal victories over West Point, Brown, and the In-

dians, it was thought we had a championship eleven. But the week previous to the Pennsylvania game, the team took a slump and lost by a score of 12-6. The tie game of 6-6 played with Dartmouth showed much improvement, however; and for the final contest with Yale, Harvard put forth a team of amazingly unexpected strength. That game will always be remembered as the best of recent years. A defeat by a score of 6-0

was such only in name; and had it not been for an unfortunate fumble made in the last five minutes of play, probably no score would have been made. Captain Hurley was unable to play in the game because of illness. In view of the great change made in the coaching system, and the employment of sensible methods, the football season was on the whole successful, and was indicative of greater progress to be made next year under Captain Foster.

In basketball, Harvard was also fairly successful. During the first half of the season every game was won: two victories over Princeton, one over Cornell, and another over Yale. The first defeat was by Pennsylvania by a score of 24-13, and later the team was twice defeated by Columbia by scores of 17-13 and 22-17. Harvard won a second time, though, from Cornell and Yale, and thus finished third in the intercollegiate league.

The hockey season was a splendid success. Harvard did not suffer a single defeat. The team won from Columbia, Princeton, and Brown, and finally completed the season by defeating Yale by a score of 4-3, thus winning the intercollegiate championship, and obtaining permanent possession of the cup. A more unqualified success could not be desired.

In debating, Harvard won from Yale, but lost to Princeton. The year witness-

ed the placing of Harvard's debating system upon a firmer and better organized basis than ever before.

The lacross team also had a successful season, but lost the intercollegiate championship to Cornell by a score of 1-0.

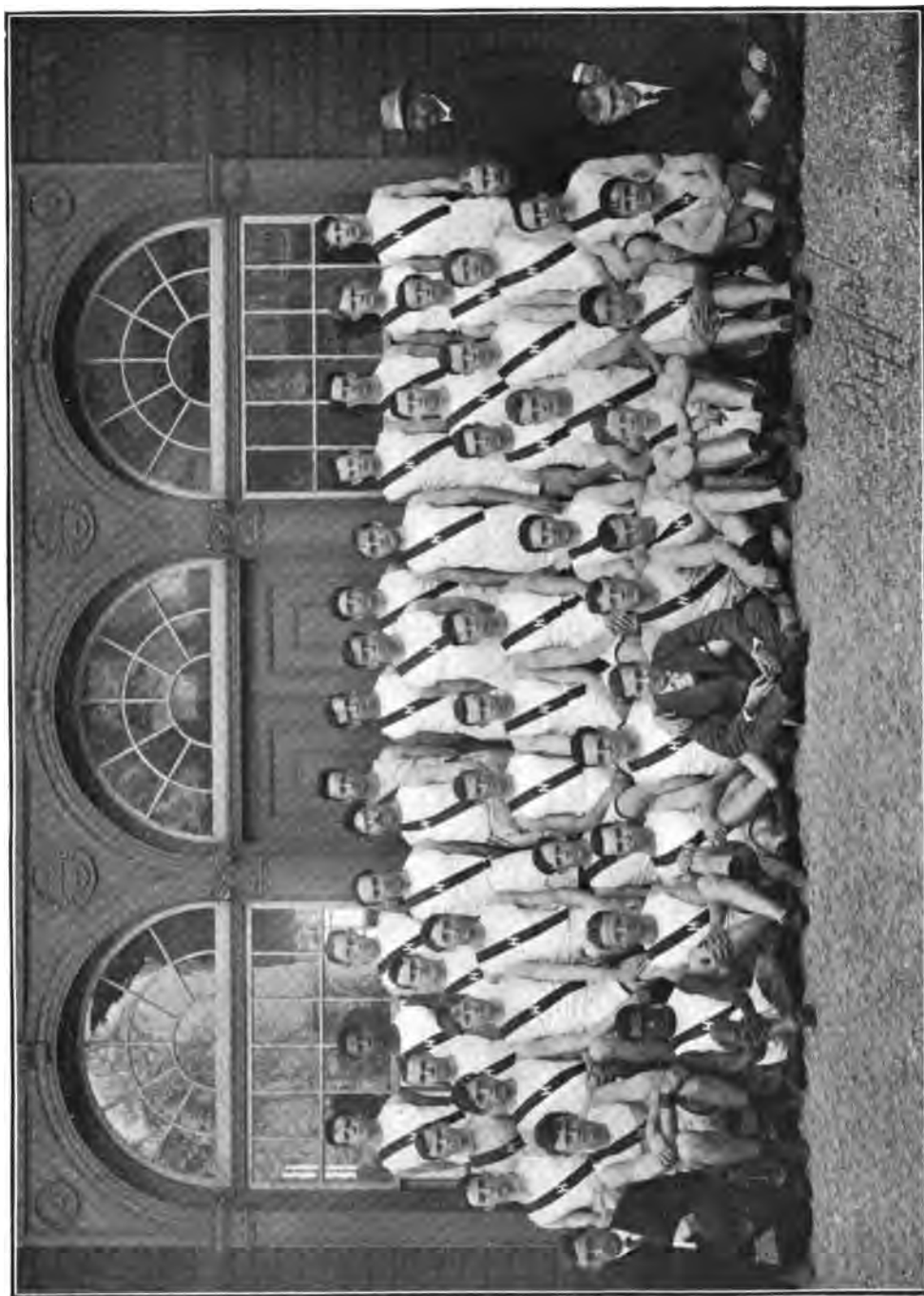
Harvard had its usual success in tennis, and defeated Yale by a score of 7-2.

On the track, Harvard this year won a signal victory. Dartmouth was defeated 101-16, and in the Dual Meet, Yale was defeated by 57½-46½. In the intercollegiates, Harvard finished third, but the main object of the season, a victory over Yale, was accomplished. This success was due in great measure to a change in coaches.

The baseball team has won from Pennsylvania, but has been twice defeated by Princeton, and also by Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, Holy Cross and Cornell. Owing to the fact that half of the team is composed of freshmen, the playing has often been erratic; but with a month's more practice, a well-developed team may be rounded out for the Yale games.

The crew has also been defeated by Cornell; but in view of the far better showing made this year over last against Cornell, and the fact that last year's crew barely lost to Yale, it seems that a victory over Yale is not improbable on June 28. The end of the year may bring several surprises.





THE TRACK TEAM.



W. F. REID, JR.

SOCIAL SERVICE AS A PROFESSION.

BY JEFFREY R. BRACKETT.

Director of the School for Social Workers, Maintained by Simmons College and
Harvard University, Boston.

In my desk is a parcel of letters, which is steadily growing larger. The letters are requests from heads of institutions and agencies in many places, asking if I can recommend young men and women to fill positions in social work. The kind of work varies greatly. A few requests are for temporary workers, such as teachers or leaders in summer schools and playgrounds. Most of them are for permanent work in societies for organizing charity, child saving, or social settlements. A few are from associations which touch civics in unusual and interesting ways. The positions offered are generally subordinate ones, but sometimes head workers are wanted. These letters come to me because I am director of a school for social workers. Most of them cannot be answered helpfully. If we turn to the Employment Exchange, which is maintained in New York by the Charity Organization Society, in connection with the publication "Charities and the Commons," we shall find the same story, only a longer one. In a recent statement, entitled "Room at the Top," we read, "Opportunities for entering social work have increased phenomenally in the last five years." Only about one-half of the applications to this Exchange can be filled. Doubtless we shall get the same word from Chicago and other large cities. Some of the applications would

be found to be duplications, but, after all allowance for that, the condition certainly exists of greater demand than supply of good workers in social service.

There are more applications for women than for men, yet men are frequently asked for. Why more men do not take up social work as a calling is an interesting question. I venture several suggestions in answer. My first is that social work is not, as yet, generally thought of as a profession. That we are at the beginning of such a calling, however, no one can doubt who has been privileged to take part in the National Conference of Charities and Correction which has just held its thirty-third session in Philadelphia. The leaders in that National Conference are men and women who stand for thoughtful, purposeful service in that particular field, with the qualities of head which makes work scientific, with the qualities of heart which makes an occupation a calling. Yet a general recognition of such a calling is only beginning to be.

Another reason why more of our young people of ability do not enter social work is a misunderstanding of its scope and possibilities. There is perhaps a common notion that it means merely intelligent care of persons who, in one way or another, are defective; that it is a work, therefore, largely for

the rather helpless and hopeless. We need to make clear in our own minds and the minds of others the real significance, the possibilities of true social work. Such work is not merely caring for this or that needy person, or any number of needy persons, widely as we may interpret the word needy. It is also the effective use of all possible forces in legislation, administration and general measures for education, with the end of doing away with the ills that oppress many, of bringing opportunities to many. It is the application of methods of science to the forces of charity, neighborliness and civic responsibility. It involves a work of statesmanship in aim and method. Such conceptions of social work should appeal to the best young men and women.

Some young men and women, seriously needed in such service, are doubtless kept from entering it because of the small salaries. It is true that the pay of social workers is not what it should be. That it is small for beginners is not an exceptional situation. Young doctors and young lawyers do not expect large pay in the first few years out of the medical or law school. They expect to give much in return for the experience which they get. But the young doctor and lawyer of good parts looks forward to the possibility of earning enough to support a family comfortably within a reasonable time. In social work there are some places with fairly adequate salaries, but they are few comparatively. This situation is serious, much to be regretted. Yet some of us believe that young men and women of ability may well enter this field of social service as a calling, just as the ministry

or teaching in our higher educational institutions are being entered.

Bishop Lawrence, of the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts, has recently spoken on the subject of salaries of ministers in his diocese. He tells us that seven ministers receive a salary of four thousand dollars and over, that six receive from three to four thousand, that twenty-seven receive from two thousand to three thousand, and that one hundred and seventeen receive less than two thousand dollars. And he states his earnest conviction that people of this country, even in the most cultured communities, have not begun to realize the final economy in paying their spiritual leaders or their school teachers such salaries as will give the best efficiency. In the *Outlook* for May 19, President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, states that three hundred and twenty-seven colleges and universities in this country employ six thousand, two hundred and seven permanent members of their faculties, not temporary instructors, at an average pay of fifteen hundred and fifty dollars a year. The Employment Exchange of the New York Charity Organization Society says that in several instances the past year, there has been difficulty in supplying the man or woman especially fitted to meet the particular requirements of places in social work paying from one thousand to three thousand dollars. Two years ago I ascertained the salaries paid the chief salaried officials in leading charitable agencies, maintained mostly by general subscription, in twenty-five of our largest cities. Seven received three thousand to five thousand dollars; five, about twenty-five hundred dollars; six, fifteen

hundred to eighteen hundred dollars. The subject was treated in my address as president of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, on *The Worker: Purpose and Preparation*, published in the Conference Proceedings, 1904.

At the National Conference of Charities in 1897, one of our leaders, in making a plea for training schools for social workers, said, "We can never acquire a professional standard until we have the school." The payment of more adequate salaries in this field can come only by the gradual education of public opinion to the conviction that the best can only be done by able service, that the raising of money for administration in social work is not begging, that payment for constant, thoughtful service is payment for fulfilling a necessary part of the community's responsibility. Such education of public opinion, if done for little pay, is in part a missionary work. It is a great one, however, inasmuch as the scope and possibilities of social service are great.

In the earnest belief in the possibilities of social service and the need of

more trained workers for it, special schools have been established in the last few years in London, Liverpool, New York, Chicago and Boston. So far, in their beginning, they are naturally used only by a few. The preparation for effective social work will be largely, of course, in observation and experience, in purposeful and thoughtful living. But these schools help young men and women to economize truly in preparation. The aim is to give a bird's-eye view of the whole field; also to teach some of the technique of dealing with needy persons and of neighborhood work; and to give an abiding conviction of the inter-dependence of such technique and the more general methods for neighborhood and civic work. These schools combine study of books with the experience which is gotten from very experienced workers, and with practical work of the students themselves with selected agencies.

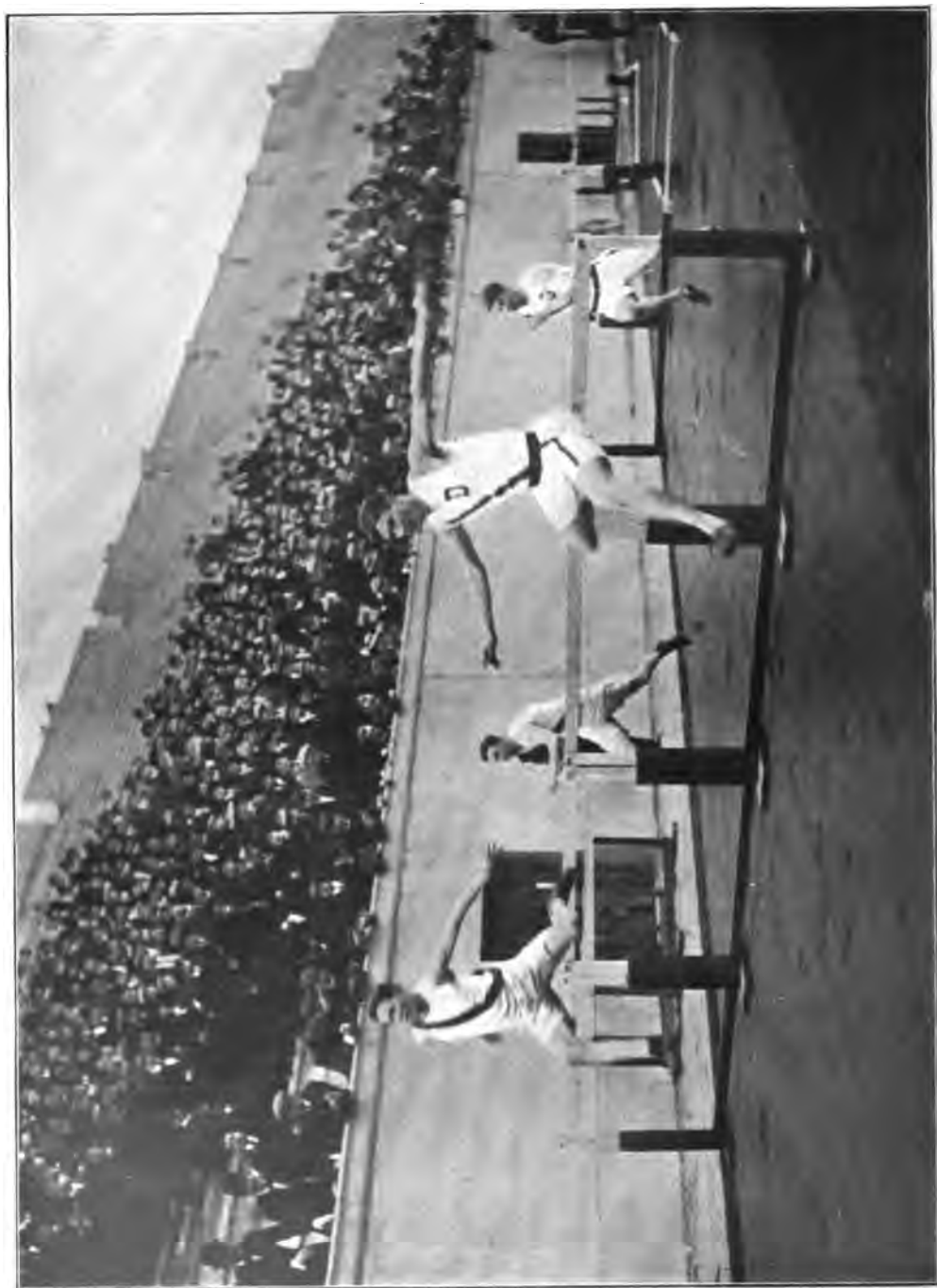
Very interesting and significant is the beginning of recognition of a new profession. Let us take courage to teach and preach the value and dignity of the calling of this social service.

THE YEAR IN TENNIS.

BY H. O. TILTON.

The Dual Tennis Meet concluded, as far as the 'Varsity team is concerned, one of the most successful seasons for some years. The last two years have seen a rapidly increasing interest in the game, and although many new courts have been opened on Jarvis Field condi-

tions are still somewhat crowded, necessitating the development of new grounds, especially since the addition to the Law School destroys nearly ten courts on Holmes Field laid out within the last five years. This popularity of tennis should be carefully provided for, since it not



HARVARD-DARTMOUTH DUAL TRACK MEET, MAY 5, 1906.

only brings out excellent material for 'Varsity teams but gives to a large number of students many short hours of healthful recreation. Tennis is one of the few individual games at Harvard which can be easily learned by any who care to devote to it even a few hours each week. Owing to the absence of a good up-to-date gymnasium with swimming-pool facilities, tennis is an important factor in promoting physical development during two-thirds of the year. The more exclusive use of the courts by university instructors and students has been advocated with good reason, yet when not being so used they are still often open to outsiders. Furthermore, it is but just to the many patrons of the game that more of the profits realized by the Tennis Association should go toward the proper maintenance of the present courts and toward meeting the expense of new grounds which are now so much needed. One improvement of this spring has been the daily sprinkling of the courts, doing away, for the most part, with the dust which has often been somewhat distressing in the past.

The fall games of 1905 brought forward a new championship winner in the person of N. W. Niles, '09, whose brilliant play since the interscholastic games in which he took part before entering the University has been deservedly admired.

The spring games for the trying out of class and 'Varsity teams also furnished surprises and brought out excellent material, the new men taken to the 'Varsity team being N. W. Niles, '09, J. M. Morse, '07, S. W. Howland, 2L, and S. A. Eiseman, '07.

At New Haven, on Saturday, May 26, the University Tennis Team won its

thirteenth dual match with Yale. Although Captain R. N. Smither, '06 and F. J. Sulloway, 3L, the University champion of 1904, were the only members of the team remaining over from last year, the new men showed up so well that the University Team was much the superior, winning seven of the nine matches. The individual playing of the team in the single matches was well proven, nearly all being won with ease. Indeed, by winning five of the six matches in the singles enough points were scored to place the outcome of the contest beyond doubt.

On the Yale team were Captain Wells, Behr and Spaulding of the 1905 team, and Dolbeare, Partridge and Marens as new men. This team was considered one of the strongest that has ever played against Harvard, having defeated Columbia by the score of 9-0. This fact made all the more decisive the defeat inflicted by Harvard on May 26.

Niles, the new University champion in the fall tournament, played the most brilliant game against Behr of Yale, winning by his steady drives and faultless break service. Captain Marcus of Yale was defeated in both singles and doubles; in the former by S. W. Howland, 2L; and in the latter with Dolbeare by Howland and Eiseman. The score in the doubles was very close, however, three sets being played 4-6, 9-7, 6-4. Both Captain Smither and J. M. Morse easily defeated their opponents in the singles but were beaten in the doubles.

Although the former tennis champion, F. J. Sulloway, will undoubtedly be missed, four of the six members of the University team will be eligible to play next year, and the team should win another easy victory.

BILLY THE POSTMAN.

A new postman on the yard route? Billy tells us that the change is to come soon, probably next year, and those of us who are coming back to room in Yard dormitories feel vaguely that if Billy is to have a successor, we may receive fewer dainty missives in feminine handwriting, and more bills and ominous calls to the College office. Particularly, bills. Until a new carrier has been well broken in, we would be flooded with impertinent suggestions for settlement from tailors, stationers, cafés and other insignificant Cambridge establishments. Billy has long since learned to treat bills with the contempt they deserve; and as to College office calls, we hesitate to think of their being delivered by a green postman without tact.

Yet Billy seems pretty well determined to leave. We have heard his carefully computed estimate of the miles of stairs which make up his daily travels. We have agreed with him that his work is "no graft," but after all, we're not entirely convinced that we can spare him.

In June, 1874, he made his first circuit of the Yard, and since that time he has delivered letters (occasionally bills and office calls) to the men of thirty-three classes. Two silver service stars upon his arms bear faithful witness to the proud record of unremitted service. During this time he has seen new buildings added, as Sever, Fogg, the new lecture hall, Brooks House, and later Robinson and Emerson.

How Billy came to be on the route is

most clearly told by a sketch of his life.

Billy the Postman, or, to give him his right name, Theodore Parmelee Prentice, was born in Hartford, Conn., in October, 1846. Since the age of two, he has lived in Cambridge. After a school education, he learned the printing trade at the University Press. In the autumn of '64, however, news of his father's capture by the Confederates made him resolve to enter the Union navy, and here he served faithfully for ten years. He is, therefore, rather unique in the distinction of being at once a veteran and the son of a veteran.

He first saw active service on the United States steamship "Connecticut," Captain Boggs, a converted side-wheel wooden merchantman. This was ordered to the West Indies, and at Aspinwall they received the sad tidings of Lincoln's death. Putting on a mourning coat of black, the vessel proceeded north to Havana, where later the Union fleet joined them and they bottled up the Confederate ram, Stonewall Jackson, in the harbor until the end of the war.

At the close of the Rebellion, under Admiral Farragut, Billy went on a European cruise, touching at all the important coast cities from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, visiting as well the Black Sea, the Holy Land and the west coast of Africa. In the summer of 1868 he was transferred to the store-ship "Guard" to come home, and arrived in New York in October of the same year. In 1869 he reënlisted, and during the



"Billy" crossing the gutter between the entries of Weld Hall.

following five years served as ship's printer, and later as nurse. In February, 1874, he took his discharge at Norfolk and came at once to Cambridge. In March he entered the Post-office, and in June was given the Yard route. He has kept it ever since.

How did Billy get his name? He himself is not positive, but offers a possible explanation. Both his immediate predecessors bore the name of William, so it seems quite likely that the appellation was passed down to him with the uniform he assumed. At any rate, for over thirty-two years the name has clung to him.

So close in touch to the fellows has Billy come during the thirty-one years he has been about the Yard, that Har-

vard men have honored him in various ways. As long ago as 1878, the Hasty Pudding Club made him a member, as did also the Institute and the D. K. E. In 1894 he was elected to the Pi Eta, and more recently, to the Delta Upsilon. In the plays given by each of these organizations, at one time or another, Billy has had some part.

Mr. Prentice comes of a family of Congregational ministers, and belongs himself to the First Cambridge Baptist Church. He is, as well, an active member of Post 56, G. A. R., and formerly was Post Captain of the S. S. Sleeper Camp of the Sons of Veterans. Recently he joined the Kearsarge Naval Veteran Association and also the Massachusetts Army Nurses Association of the Civil War.

THE SENIOR PICNIC.

Promptly at 8.30 on the morning of June 1, as the sun was pouring into the Yard with a June brilliancy and warmth, about two hundred loyal seniors formed in front of Holworthy ready for their annual spree at Nantasket Point. "Old clothes, bats, balls and gloves," read the *Crimson* notice. So with Heinrich's band setting the pace, and with Grant, Preston and Emerson leading off, the whole crew of would-be ball-players and clam-eaters fell into line and danced and skipped before the bulging eyes of long rows of washed-out "grinds," who would thrive on the second-hand air brought back from the shore by the picnickers. Each man was labeled with a green placard, furnished by the picnic committee, and giving his proper status for the day. There were bunches of "married men," "bachelors," "bats," "bums," "grinds," "Red Cross men" and "babies." The signs, however, were not for class distinctions; on the contrary, every "bat" tried to shake hands with every "bum," every "baby" "got next" to every "grind," while the "married men" and "bachelors" and "Red Cross Men" mingled in a yeoman-like fashion.

Special cars were waiting for the men in Harvard Square, and landed the rough-and-ready lot safely on board the good ship, "Philadelphia," which had just completed repairs required after 1905 abandoned it last year. Each man was furnished with a tin cup for handy use of the barrel of "suds," and during the sail to the Point the "amber" flowed

merrily to the tunes of Brother Heinrich. Heinrich has served seniors well for at least two years, and let us hope that 1907 next year will flow down the bay to his tunes.

A liberal education is not complete without a visit to Nantasket Point. Its attractions on this gala day were one good ball field; item: one lemonade counter; item: one African dodger; item: one "shute the chutes"; item: one clam dinner; and item: one ocean.

"Shute the chutes" and baseball occupied the time of most of the men during the morning, while Brother Heinrich and his group of holy blowers emitted tunes from the pavillion.

When dinner was called, the crowd of husky, sunburnt seniors rushed to the benches in the pavillion much the same way in which men do not rush to Memorial after a lecture in the sulphurized Dane Hall. The clams and lobsters were a long time arriving. Meanwhile, Ware tried to lead the band, and "got the hook." Brown-bread and soft drinks furnished our table of contents until the lobsters and clams appeared.

After dinner there was a session on the ball field, between the "married men" and "bachelors." The "bachelors" would have undoubtedly won out had not the "married men," with an adverse score of 101-2, set their opponent's first base man on fire with a bunch of fire-crackers. The "married men" used in all thirty-two men, and the only hit they

made was in trying to play the game at all.

The grandest event of the day, however, was the great wash in the wet ocean. The water was cold to begin with, but when about a hundred Harvard men jumped in, the neighboring fish shivered and left home. By very good luck, bathing suits were left at home, so each man got primævally wet.

At about four o'clock, the whistle of the old "Philadelphia" called men back to the "amber" and Cambridge. It took

a long while for some men to wake up from their siestas under the old maple trees, but finally the fold was complete, and the ancient ship was once more abandoned to the crew and the sea.

The interest of the return trip was the really clever vaudeville performance of Walter Weeks, who went through his repertoire "unhooked." At about six o'clock, we aroused the loafers around Foster's Wharf with three long cheers for "six," and found our own way back to the yard after the sun had left it.

THE CREW.

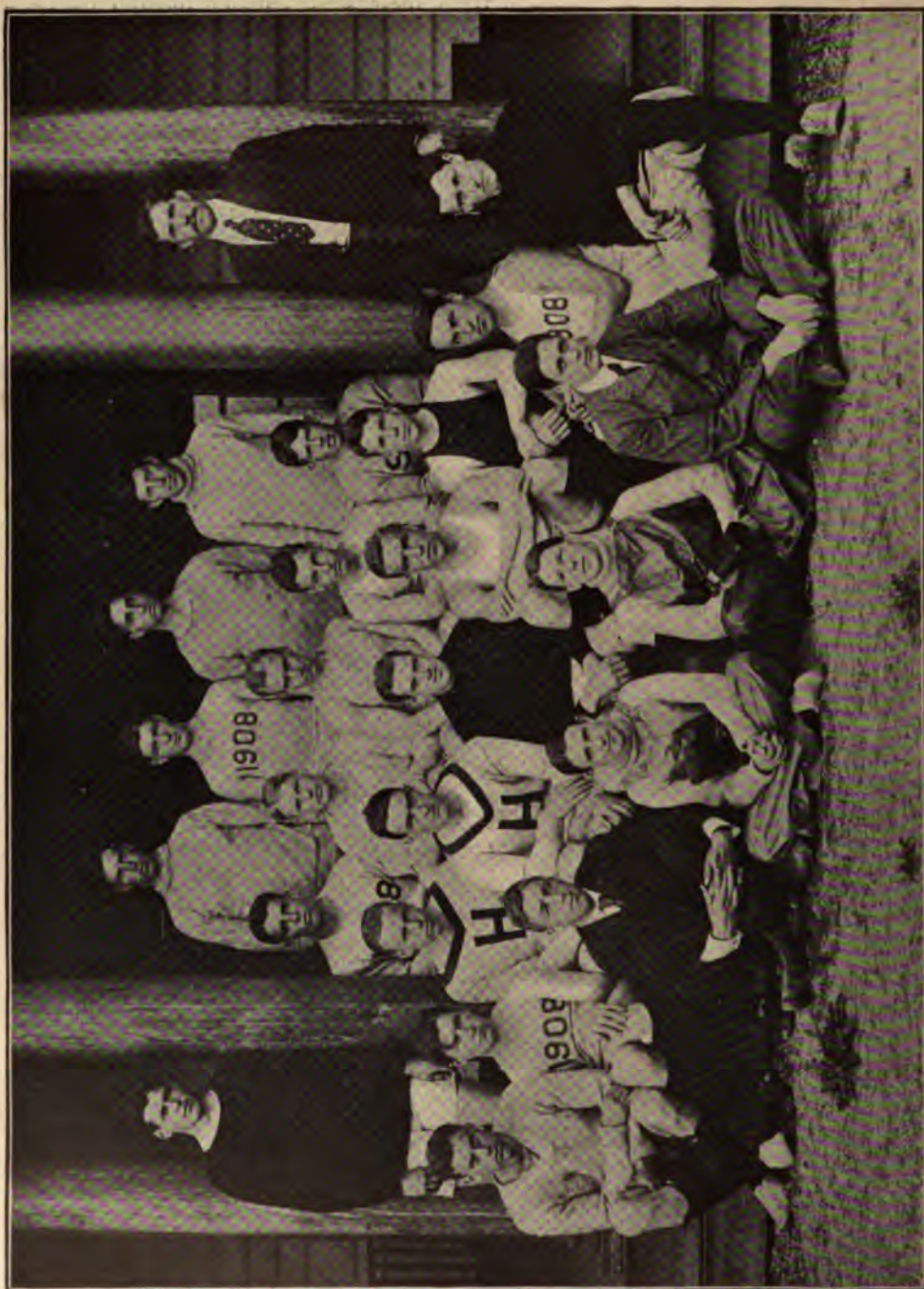
BY G. C. TOWNSEND.

The chances of the Harvard varsity eight of a victory over Yale on the four-mile course on the Thames this year were greatly diminished by the loss of Phil Flint, '06, after the Cornell race, and but a little more than three weeks before the race with Yale. Flint was declared ineligible to row against Yale because he was not a senior according to the College books, though he had entered College as a member of the class of 1906. Flint had always done the required amount of College work and had done satisfactory work in all his courses. His ineligibility was, therefore, particularly hard to bear, because it was entirely undeserved.

Flint entered College with some entrance conditions. In his freshman year he took studies to remove these conditions. The result of this was that when he came to his senior year he lacked a

half a course of the necessary number to be promoted to the senior class. By taking six courses, he would earn his degree this spring with his class. Though he was a *bona-fide* student in really excellent standing, Flint was thrown out of the varsity boat, and the crew seriously hurt.

Corlett was at first tried at bow, but it was found that he did not fit in very well. Consequently, Tappan was shifted from three to bow, and the problem for the coach was to find a new three. Emmons and Morgan were the men tried out for this place. Emmons was tall and accustomed to row on the star-board side of the shell. Morgan was short and powerful, but had been stroking the second eight and first varsity four. Emmons was slow, however, and it was thought that Morgan would last the four-mile race better than Emmons.



Lowell,	Fish,	Emmons,	Ball,	Swain,	Lord,	Wray, <i>Coach</i> ,
G. C. Bacon,	R. L. Bacon,	Wiggins,	Mason,	Gill,	Richards,	Glass,
	Emerson, <i>Mgr.</i> ,	Flint,	Bladgen, <i>Cox</i> ,	Filley, <i>Capt.</i> ,	Tilton,	Richardson,
			Arnold, <i>Cox</i> ,	Newhall,	Tappan,	Whitney, <i>Asst. Mgr.</i>

UNIVERSITY CREW SQUAD.

Morgan was, therefore, given the seat. This upset the crew seriously. The showing made in the Cornell race, while not brilliant, had been such as to warrant the belief that Harvard had a comparatively fast crew. With Morgan at three and Tappan at bow, what the crew can do in a four-mile race is entirely a matter of guesswork.

The crew has plenty of power in it, however, and two weeks of hard driving coaching should get the eight into such shape that Yale will have to pull a better race than last year to win the big event.

The varsity four oar was a very uncertain proposition after the shake-up in the varsity eight. Morgan was counted upon to stroke this boat, but that lot fell to Ball, who, though not so powerful an oar as Morgan, was cleaner, and possibly a better man for a four oar

than Morgan. Emmons at three, Richards 2, Gill bow, and Arnold cox., is the probable order of the crew behind the stroke.

The freshman eight of 1909 is one of the very best freshman boats that Harvard has ever turned out. Every man in the boat is big and strong. In fact, in point of physique, the eight looks more like a varsity crew than a freshman. They are rowing well together under Wray, and should win their event without doubt.

The last order of the varsity eight follows: Captain Filley stroke, Newhall seven, Bacon six, Richardson five, Glass four, Morgan three, Fish two, Tappan bow, Blagden cox.

The order of the freshman eight: Cutler stroke, Rackerman seven, Lunt six, Faulkner five, Mulligan four, Severance three, Crandall two, Kennard bow, and Wise stroke.



THE BALKAN TRAIL.

THE BALKAN TRAIL. By Frederick Moore. The Macmillan Company. New York. Smith, Elder & Company. London. 1906.

An intensely interesting book of travels in the Balkans has been written by Frederick Moore, a man from New Orleans, who is now at Harvard, doing special work. The title of the book, "The Balkan Trail," is admirably descriptive of the narrative. It is a strong story of hard trails on mean roads. It is first a tale of the author's own experiences as special correspondent of *The Times* (London), which he served for two fighting seasons, as the term goes. Twice the melting of the snows found him in the mountains of Macedonia, watching the brigand insurgents, with

their dynamite, and tracking the Turks to scenes of massacre—often hazardous work, for the foreign correspondent was never wanted. His zigzag trail through the rebellious Christian province is the central theme of the story, but a strong light is thrown on the romantic characters of the contestants, both religious fanatics of the Crusade order, neither of whom take prisoners.

Mr. Moore encountered Sandansky, leader of the insurgent band which captured Miss Stone, and gives the brigand's story of the affair. "Sandansky asked fondly after Miss Stone," according to the book, "and said that the revolutionists were most grateful to the American people for paying them \$68,000, all of which was devoted to



Illustration from "The Balkan Trail."

the purchase of arms and dynamite now being used against the Turks."

The book is timely; it tells the story of Southeastern Europe to-day, and explains the strange condition of affairs which has long threatened the peace of

Europe, and promises to continue till the Turk returns to Asia, whence he came. The illustrations are of a high order, from photographs taken by the author, sometimes under dangerous circumstances.



GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

While the friends of the seniors are congratulating them upon the completion of their college work, no one but a Harvard man can appreciate the full justice of such congratulations. There is no doubt but that during their freshman or sophomore years many Harvard men have severely questioned whether they have done most wisely in choosing such a big institution as this. Such men have often felt the oppressive weight of numbers here at Harvard, even as a stranger does in a large city whose life he cannot seem to comprehend. But as the junior year creeps along, deepening the ties between classmates, and enlarging the appreciation of men, they grow more accustomed and reconciled to the vast and varied life of the University.

Then in the senior year, when men feel at home where they had once felt strange, and bind their friends to them "with hoops of steel," their final judgment is one of deep satisfaction. For they feel that the heterogeneity, the individualism, and the almost cold immensity of Harvard, is kind to them in the long run. It has called forth a cosmopolitan spirit, and deepened their self-reliance, so that they meet the world as men having lived in the world. They are thankful to their *alma mater* for having evoked that large-mindedness, without which the world can never be to them a home. They are thankful for having seen an ideal to which they must grow. Admitting all the alleged benefits of a small college, in one respect at least it falls short of giving a man the best training: it cannot, by its very nature, instill the cosmopolitan spirit; its

immediate graduates have yet to be introduced to the world. But men who have spent four years at Harvard, feel that they have already met and contended with a world, and the comprehensive attitude derived from that experience is not the least of the reasons for which Harvard men rejoice.

THE ILLUSTRATED has completed another year on the periphery of college life. We are pleased to announce, however, that we have chosen competent undertakers for the work of next year, and we trust that our present subscribers who shall return to college another year will desire to renew their subscrip-

tions. The Editor-in-Chief for next year will be Mr. Ralph W. Smiley, '07, and the business manager, Mr. Percy G. Lamson, '07. THE ILLUSTRATED has a purpose, and if it can adequately fulfill that purpose, there is room for it in the University. The aim of THE ILLUSTRATED is to print timely, illustrated articles on subjects relating to college life. If successful the paper will be valuable to the college public as giving a record of student affairs, and it will be valuable to its managers as giving them an incentive to take a wide interest in University life. It is therefore hoped that when the call is made for candidates next autumn, men with ability for writing will respond.

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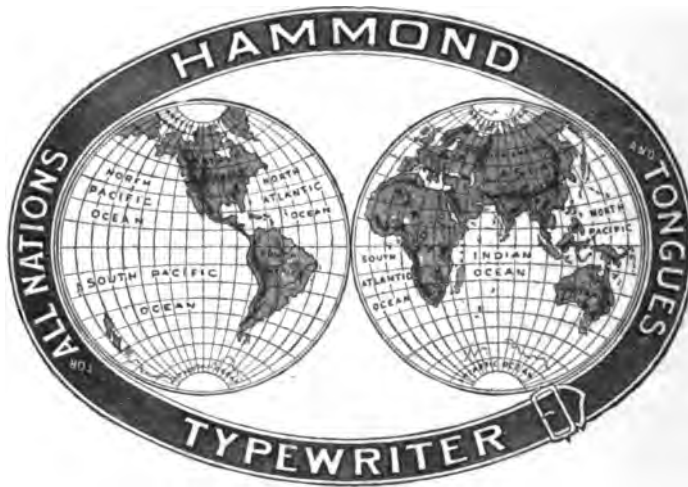
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